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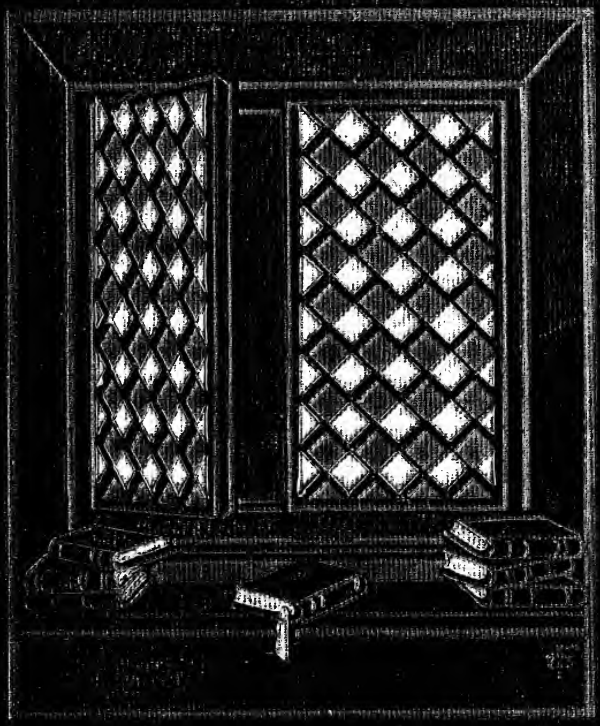
WINDOWS *for* SERMONS



By

LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

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WINDOWS FOR SERMONS

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A STUDY OF THE ART OF SERMONIC ILLUSTRATION, TOGETHER WITH FOUR HUNDRED FRESH ILLUSTRATIONS SUITED FOR SERMONS AND REFORM ADDRESSES

By

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An Opening Word

For years I have been receiving letters from all over the country, asking how and where I get my illustrations for my sermons. It is in response to this wide interest, evidenced by so many letters, that these chapters have been prepared. I have tried therein to answer the many questions that have been put to me concerning the sources of illustrations and the art of using them. I have also added several hundred fresh illustrations, gathered from everywhere, but especially from the current life and discussion of the world. It is the hope of the author to be useful to his brethren, not only in furnishing helpful and suggestive illustrative material, but also in the greater work of stimulating his readers to original search for such material in the ever-new volume of experience and observation which comes to them with each recurring day.

LOUIS ALBERT BANKS.

NEW YORK CITY,
December 14, 1901.

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The Art of Sermonic Illustration

The Art of Sermonic Illustration

I

THE IMPORTANCE OF ILLUSTRATIONS IN SERMONS

DULNESS is no longer regarded as an indication of either a profound mind or a pious heart. The day has passed when people will scratch their heads and lift their hands in admiration over a sermon which is "so deep" that they can not understand it. People call it by another name now; they say the sermon was "muddy," or "dry," or "dull," or "uninteresting." The latter-day judgment is undoubtedly the better. The deep and profound sermons that nobody could understand were delivered by men who lacked either clearness of thought or the wise use of language to set their thought in a bright and understandable setting.

It is no longer a crime to have a style that can be at once comprehended. There is no premium on a book to-day, in any circle, because it is one that requires half a dozen dictionaries and an expert counselor to find out what it means. In this quick, alert age in which we are living, men want to see

the truth and grasp it at once. If you have anything worth while to say, you can get an audience for it only by presenting it so that it may be apprehended at the first glance of the intelligent mind.

There is no place where clearness and simplicity are more absolutely imperative than in the pulpit. The empty churches of the country are mostly empty because the man in the pulpit has not found out that sermons which are not interesting never win. And a large part of these sermons are uninteresting for the lack of the illustrative faculty, or the proper development and use of it, on the part of the preacher.

We shall see the importance of illustrations in sermons very clearly if we consider some of the figures which are used in the Scriptures to set forth the mission of the preacher.

In the first place, he is called a fisherman. Christ put his seal on that when he told those young net-menders by the Sea of Galilee that if they would follow him he would make them fishers of men.

Now the fisherman knows that fishing is an art requiring a good deal of self-sacrificing study; and any man who sets out to go a-fishing with an expert trout fisherman, or a good black-bass or salmon angler, will readily find out that it is not so easy to catch fish as it looks at first. One of the points where the fisherman's wisdom counts most is in the choice of bait. He must lure the fish to his hook.

The fish is not consumed with anxiety to make his acquaintance. A young fellow went up into the Northwest for a summer's fishing. He was rich, and so he got up the most remarkable fishing-rig that had ever gone into those woods. Such a fishing-suit the natives never had seen. He had a different rod and a different sort of line for every kind of fish. He had hand-nets and gaffs and baskets galore. Ordinary people stood around with eyes wide open. There was a good deal of interest about the sportsman's hotel when the young nabob set off with two guides for his first day's fishing; and there was a good deal of amusement when he came back empty-handed at night. When he was asked what was the trouble, and if he saw no fish, he replied: "Oh, yes! I saw a great many fish, and some large ones, but the difficulty really seemed to be that I somehow failed to attract the attention of the fish." He was not a good fisherman.

Gospel-fishing is like that. Men are taken up with worldly things. They are fascinated by the pleasures of society or they are intoxicated in the race for wealth. They have been caught, it may be, in the current of passion and self-indulgence. The noise and din of fleshly things come in like a flood to drown out the better intuitions and longings of the soul. You must attract the attention of these people and awaken an interest in them before you can do anything to help them. The preacher may be good, he may be scholarly, he may be earnest;

but if he does not seek out the proper bait to catch the eye and ear and heart of men and women who are indifferent and sinful, he will not catch them for his Lord.

Again, the preacher is called the messenger of good tidings. He brings the good news of salvation to men and women who sadly need it, and yet they do not know the depth of their great need. He must act the part of a messenger. The bringing of great news is sensational. A messenger who has a reprieve or a pardon for a condemned man whose life may depend upon the speed of the messenger and upon his making himself known at the important moment, must make himself heard and seen. He must announce his mission so sharply and earnestly that it will at once reach the minds of the people. The preacher is a messenger from God; he has good news to tell. Wo be to him if, through reading his perfumed essays or droning his goody-goody commonplaces, he fails to get his Master's message to the people to whom he has been sent! The messenger must appear in him. There must be about him a certain atmosphere of haste, and an intensity of earnestness, a picturesqueness of speech, that will change the most indifferent hanger-on into an interested listener. He is the best messenger who will attract the attention of all the people to his message, and so present his message that the people will hear and consider it. He is the best preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ who makes

the most people see Jesus as "the One altogether lovely," and who forces home upon their consciences the claims of Christ as their divine Lord and the boundless love of Christ as their divine Savior.

The preacher is a prophet. He is not only to speak the message which God gives him, but he is to tell forth everywhere the story of God's dealings with men, and the love which he has even for his children who have wandered into sin.

He is a story-teller. He is to tell the story of Jesus Christ—the story of his coming from heaven to earth, the story of his life on earth, the story of his sacrificial death, the story of his resurrection and ascension. In a peculiar sense the whole Gospel of Jesus Christ is a series of stories. The man who can not tell a story well should go to school to somebody who can teach him, if he wants to be a successful preacher. There is a true sense in which the preacher's whole mission is to tell the story of Jesus. Profound essays or heavy, abstruse lectures are not valuable in telling a story. To tell a story well you must appeal to the imagination. Your subject must be incarnated in individuals. The great passions of love and hope and faith, of fear and hate, must be pictured in personalities, so that the men and women who listen to the story may see it and in a way live it as they listen. You can never greatly stir men's hearts without this appeal to the imagination. It is hard to understand how

so many preachers could have made the great mistake they have in fighting shy of the imagination and of making any appeal to the emotions. Christianity's supreme appeal is to the heart of man. If we get his heart we shall get his head; but it often occurs that we capture his head and never get his heart. Men's lives will never be greatly transformed unless we stir that great fountain whence the tears flow and whence the deep emotions rise up into the white-caps of interest and excitement.

It is needless to say that the greatest preachers have always understood these facts, and by the use of illustrations of every kind have sought to catch the imagination, arouse the interest, and stir the hearts of their listeners. Christ is the supreme story-teller among all the great teachers of mankind. After hearing long sermons of his the reporter sometimes summed it up by saying, "Without a parable spake he not unto them." Christ embodied his supreme message in stories that the people could understand. Paul and Peter were good story-tellers. The great preachers of the Reformation knew the power of illustrations, and many of them added to it a marvelous development of the dramatic gift. In our own time men like Liddon and Spurgeon and Farrar and Pearse and Simpson and Phillips Brooks and Beecher and Moody and Talmage have been the men who knew the power of talking in pictures.

It is folly to fight against God as revealed in all

history by continuing to be careless or indifferent to the subject of illustrations in sermons. The old cry that illustrations weaken a sermon is solemn nonsense. Sermons are weak which do not have illustrations to let the light into them and illuminate them. That is a weak sermon which fails to do the work for which a sermon is made, and that is a strong sermon which reaches the object of sermons —the bringing of a man to God or building him up in the faith.

There is one other thought worth noting, and that is that we are living in an age of pictures. Never before have the common people had so good an opportunity of seeing as well as of hearing about the interesting things of the world. It is forming a habit of mind which requires and demands illustrations. It emphasizes the reasons for following the footsteps of our Master and attracting and holding the attention of the multitude by a skilful use of parables.

II

ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT AS ILLUSTRATIVE MATERIAL

LIFE begets life. Living men are always interested in what other living men have done and are doing. People may differ in their appreciation of scientific or natural-history illustrations, but a living man can not be found anywhere who is not interested in a pertinent anecdote or incident which conveys an important lesson. Sometimes we hear men speak of an address as being "very uninteresting" and "hard to listen to," but yet "profoundly logical"; while another address which has been enlivened by incidents of human life and spicy anecdotes that went sharp to the point is described as "most charming" and "fascinating," tho somehow the reporter thinks the dull address is the one which has the logic. I think that the fact that there are such people restrains many preachers from making their sermons interesting by the use of anecdotes. Now, the fact is, an anecdote is often the very essence of logic. While Abraham Lincoln was alive most men regarded him rather as a great story-teller than as a logical debater; but no one now fails to recognize that his most logical and powerful speeches were those in which he relied more upon anecdote and incident than upon anything else to convey his thoughts and persuade his audiences to vote as he

wished. Lincoln knew that a good story set in the middle of a speech, a story which contained the gist of the great principle he wished to instil into the minds of his audience, would remain fresh and green and bear fruit long after any eloquent statement he might make would be forgotten. When he had his debate with Douglas, which lasted through a great campaign, the most famous in American history, he planted more good stories in the minds of the people, that went on repeating themselves with a thousand variations, than had ever been told in the same length of time before. These stories were repeated over and over again at the fireside, and where men met together about their work, and at all sorts of public meetings, and they bore fruit in his election to the Presidency of the United States.

I have used Mr. Lincoln as an illustration somewhat at length, because his is a very conspicuous case about which nearly all will agree. I think you may lay down this principle: that if you want a principle or a truth to vitalize in the human heart you must get it incarnate, so that the hearer will carry it away with something human in the picture. Our Lord evidently thought that the best way to cause a great truth to eat like leaven into the heart of mankind was to put it into the form of a story. When he wished to make clear and abiding forever the great duty of neighborly kindness, he did not give voice simply to a few eloquent statements like the Golden Rule, but he told the story of a man who

took a trip from Jerusalem to Jericho, and was waylaid by thieves on the road, robbed of all he had, and left wounded and helpless. A priest came along, but he decided not to be troubled with him, and passed by on the other side of the road. A Levite came that way, and did have a surface impulse of sympathy or curiosity that made him come close up to the spot where the victim lay and look at him for a while; but he concluded that it was too much trouble to take it on himself to interfere, and so he passed on. And now there comes jogging along, down the road, a Samaritan, another traveler, and he sees the plight into which his fellow traveler has fallen. He knows at a glance that there is no tie of nationality to bind them together, but he recognizes the higher tie of human brotherhood. And so he ministers to him, gets him up on to his own beast, and brings him to an inn. When he must continue on his journey, he leaves money and credit that will care for him until he is well.

Now that is an anecdote not a whit more dignified or different in any respect from anecdotes and incidents which are in the reach of the ordinary preacher every week—incidents happening in the town where he lives, the accounts of which are being brought to him by every day's paper. And yet out from that story has gone a stream of benevolence and charity that has filled the world with hospitals and houses of mercy and peace; and millions of money are given every year now because of it. Surely Christ knew

what he was doing when he used that anecdote as a seed of charity to plant in the heart of the world.

There is something about a story of human happenings that will quicken into some sort of activity the most dull and heavy mental temperament. Many people are lethargic, and it is hard to force them in their thinking up to the acting point. With such people a story will be more valuable than anything else, because it has life in it. On the other hand, it can not fail to be valuable to the quick and alert mind which catches the point of the story at a glance and surrenders instantly to its logic. In revival work, in all earnest evangelistic preaching, where the purpose is to produce immediate personal decision on the part of the people who are listening, nothing is ever so effective with the average individual as the story of how a certain man or a certain woman became a Christian. I have personally known in my own ministry of more than twenty young men who have been led to happy and vital decision to accept Christ through the telling of that very brief little incident, so often repeated, of how Wendell Phillips heard Lyman Beecher preach in Boston, when he was fourteen years old, and went home and locked the door, and threw himself on the floor and surrendered himself to God that night. The story is very brief, but it is a very intense little story, and it shows how one boy did it, and that it turned out well with him. Something of the tremendous will-power of Wendell Phillips seems to get

into young men who are halting and undecided when they hear that story. I never fail to cherish every incident of that kind which occurs in my own ministry, or which comes to me through the press or through correspondence, because such incidents mean the irresistible bait by which other men may be caught for the Master.

Of course, everybody will admit that all the great and successful evangelistic preachers of our own time are dependent very largely on this class of illustrations. No man has ever known how to use such illustrations better than D. L. Moody. I have heard him preach for an hour, and looking back it seemed like one single string of stories with scarcely anything between. And yet they had all been pertinent to his subject; they had been told not for the story, but because they made his subject live in the minds and in the hearts of the people before him. If anybody says he was not a great preacher, then all I have to say is that I pray God most devoutly to give us in America some thousands of men of the same kind who are not great preachers, men whose sermons, pulsating with heart and life, incarnate in anecdote and incident, grapple the attention and the conscience of men and win them to the Lord.

It is a comforting thing that, while anecdote and incident furnish by far the most powerful illustrations within the reach of the preacher for arousing men to immediate decision, they are also the easiest

for the average preacher to get hold of. Life is going on forever. Every home, every community, every workshop is teeming with illustrations; every day's history as chronicled in the newspapers furnishes inexhaustible sources of incident and anecdote to the man who is awake and alive in his search for feathers with which to trim his arrow for its flight to the heart of the sinner whom he must win to Christ.

It is worthy of note that it is always interesting to couple with the anecdote and incident, when it can be done, that which is important and striking in personality or place. An incident connected with some great man or some woman who is beloved by many will often have a much greater effect than an anecdote connected with an unknown personality. The preacher must take advantage of all these things. To the last limit of our power we are to be like our Master and "know what is in man." For next to knowing "the secret things of God," that is the supreme knowledge of the Christian minister. Many ministers know creeds, know languages, know philosophies, until they are experts, and preach to empty pews because they do not know the human heart and have no power to make vital with personality the elaborate and profound message which they prepare. The preacher must not be ashamed to be a story-teller. How dare he be when that was the rôle assumed by his Master? "The servant is not greater than his Lord."

III

THE EFFECTIVENESS OF POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS

THE real poet and the true preacher are very closely akin to each other. Their purpose and method are much the same. All the great poets are also preachers. They have a message from God which they seek to convey to their fellow men. The greatest poem comes to us with much of the power and unction of a sermon, for poetry never reaches its highest flights except on the wings of a supreme purpose to help men and lift them up toward heaven. One can not imagine such a thing as a great preacher who finds no comfort or inspiration among the poets. While none of the great preachers have been poets themselves, I do not now recall one who has not been a great lover of poetry. Most of them have drunk deep at that fountain of feeling and inspiration.

The benefit to the preacher himself of earnest study of the poets is apparent at a glance. In the first place, it is the preacher's business to paint pictures. The fatal defect in the ministry of any age or time is the lack of the power so to present the Gospel that men will see its message incarnate in pictures that they can not shake off and can not forget. Nowhere else can the preacher get so much

help in this power of painting pictures by the use of words as among the poets. That is the poet's peculiar power. To be poetry at all, so as to stir the soul, it must have this picturesque, pictorial quality. The greatest painters have not been men who made pictures with a brush. Shakespeare and Browning and Wordsworth and Dante and our own Whittier and Lowell among poets, and South and Robertson and Spurgeon and Beecher and Storrs among preachers—these are the great painters, the men who paint pictures on a canvas that will never fade or wear out.

Another important service which the poet will render the preacher who comes into close fellowship with him is that he will teach him how to feel. He will open the flood-tides of his heart and let his emotions have free play. The poet is the one man left in this artificial and so-called practical age who is allowed to feel without being sneered at as sentimental and gushing. The poet who does not feel is not a poet. All of us feel what we do not find language in ordinary prose to describe. We are taught from the time we are born until we die to build dams against this feeling and shut it back, and men do this until they are hardened and the great fountain of sympathy is dried up. The poet teaches men the value of feeling. Now, next to the poet, the preacher, of all men, must feel and must make other men feel. The preacher who does nothing but instruct the people, who appeals only to their

intelligence through his sermon, will, after all, do but little good. He will be a very feeble warrior in any attempt to tear down the works of the devil and a very unattractive personality in seeking to win a man to Christ. Above and beyond the intelligence there is a world of feeling and emotion. The people may not know exactly what it is, but they see that there is about the preacher a glow, an unction, that warms their hearts, that entrances their imagination, that compels them to turn from sin and yield to the attraction of righteousness. The poet is the man who will largely help the preacher to be a man of feeling.

But, after all, the important phase of our theme for this discussion is the effectiveness upon the audience of the poetical illustration used in the preacher's sermon. In the first place, it will always attract attention. I have watched this very closely during my entire ministry. I have never noticed in an audience, either under my own preaching or that of any other preacher, an unattentive listener during the quotation of an apt and pertinent poem. At the very name of the poet there is an added alertness on the faces of the people, and if the preacher has carefully committed to memory the poem which he wishes to cite, and it is well rendered, there are on every hand indications of interest and pleasure. This is not a small matter in itself. A congregation to be in the best condition to receive truth must be alert and watchful, keenly at

tentive, and an occasional poetical illustration would be worth while for that, if for nothing else.

Another fact which I think many preachers overlook is that while the average man or woman does not read much poetry, there is a very universal liking for poetry among the people generally, and a truth conveyed in a striking poem will often go home to the heart and be carried away to be reflected on again and again and to be talked over in the family and among friends, when it would have received but passing attention if presented in any other form. The poem incarnates the truth, as it were, sets it apart, gives it definiteness and personality. A man might talk thirty minutes in the most eloquent manner regarding the duty of treating our fellow men in a brotherly way, without making one-tenth part the impression on his audience that he could do in five minutes' straightforward statement, winding up with the quotation, for instance, of Sam Walter Foss's little poem entitled "The House by the Side of the Road." During the last two years I have delivered that poem several times, in different States, at large conventions, to enforce the thought of the importance of brotherliness on the part of the Christian of to-day. The fact that I have received literally hundreds of letters asking about the poem and the author, and where it could be found, is, I think, good evidence of the truth of what I have been saying concerning the general interest of average people in our audi-

ences in a striking poem that incarnates an important truth.

One of the great values of a sermon, that which makes the preacher still important in this day when the world is flooded with newspapers and magazines and books published so cheaply that they are within the reach of everybody, is that by the art of public speech and by the aid of the personal magnetism of the man he may arouse an interest in an old truth that has been presented a thousand times before, and give it all the appearance of being something new. The poet will often help the preacher to do that. And the family at home, discussing the morning sermon, will often centralize their discussion around that apt and striking poetical quotation.

Such illustrations will arouse many young people in the congregation to an interest in good poetry, and will give them a taste of it in such an appetizing way that they will be led to read more. The preacher can do great good in this way. On the frontier, on the Pacific coast, in my boyhood, the backwoods circuit-rider brought into the community nearly all the books that the people obtained. He was not only book-seller, but book-reviewer and book-suggester, and many young boys and young girls got their first love of books and their introduction into the realm of literature through the preacher. In a nobler way every preacher ought to do that in our own time. The quotations and illus-

trations of the sermons ought to have a flavor about them of the great world of poetry, the great realm of lofty feeling and thought, that will lead the ambitious youth to climb upward into the higher fellowship of the best books and the noblest writers.

The preacher who makes proper use of the poets will find that they will introduce him to a great many people from whom he would be barred otherwise. Nor will these by any means come from the most cultivated classes. There are many hard-working people, who do not have much of a chance for reading, to whom the poets are fountains of life. Frederick W. Robertson, the great Brighton preacher, found this out, and used to go frequently to a hall and read the very best English poetry to hundreds of men who were so prejudiced against the churches that they would not come to hear him preach. Of course, some of them were won to hear him preach in that way. Others never came, but that great and good man felt that whether he was able to bring them, as he wished, to hear with complete assurance his whole message from God, he had still in an important sense ministered to them and helped to modify the sorrows and sins of their lives, if he could make them listen for an hour to the pictures of better things presented by the best poets.

The poet will always be the preacher's best helper, outside of the Bible, in dealing with the perplexing problems constantly arising in relation to labor and capital, and the employer and employee classes.

The great poet is never a man of a caste. The poets are the great democrats of the world. There is no music in class prejudices and in caste distinctions. God's great singers behold, as do his great preachers, with clear eyes the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and feel that like their Master their mission is to all men. As Christ went with equal freedom and willingness to the healing of a poor leper or the recovery of a rich man's child, so the poet and the preacher are God's messengers to man as man.

IV

PROSE QUOTATIONS AS ILLUSTRATIVE MATERIAL

THE value of prose quotations as illustrative material for the preacher's own individual sermon is greatly underestimated by many preachers. Indeed, some very eminent authorities have urged that quotations should never be made in sermons; but observation and study of the field of pulpit eloquence and pulpit usefulness will certainly bear out the statement that the rank and file of most interesting and helpful public speakers in the pulpit are those who read widely, who draw inspiration and help from many quarters, and who do not fail to give credit for these sources of their power.

My judgment is that where the quotation is pertinent to the theme, and is direct, so that at a glance the hearer recognizes its message, it never detracts from the sermon, but always adds interest to it with the average hearer. It is a mistake for the preacher to believe that his people desire him to feed them strictly on what he is able to evolve out of his own inner consciousness. All the people whose good opinion is specially valuable (I mean intellectual good opinion) know very well that an inner consciousness is like a granary: it will soon be empty unless constantly filled up; and the people like to feel that the man who ministers to them in holy

things industriously searches for treasures new and old to bring to them in his sermon.

Of course the first great source of prose illustration is the Bible. There can be no doubt that with a large number of people an appeal to the Bible itself, some time during the enforcement of every leading thought in the sermon, is a powerful adjunct to the preacher's ability to impress the sermon as authoritative on the mind and heart. I am not now referring to Bible incident or story—that is a theme by itself—but to statements of doctrine, to the enunciation of clear and convincing epigrams that cut straight home in questions of ethics. These quotations from the Word of God, whether they be from the proverbs of Solomon, from the letters of Paul, or from the sayings of Him who "spake as never man spake," will have with many people not only a vivifying effect on the sermon, but will deepen the influence of the preacher over their hearts.

But the whole world belongs to the preacher, and he has a right to search in science, in fiction, in philosophy, in history, anywhere in all the great realm of literature, among the gathered treasures of the centuries, not only for great thoughts which he may absorb into his very being, digesting them until they become a part of himself, so that they come forth in his own speech as a mountain-spring bubbles out of the side of the cañon, but he has a right to take captive striking utterances that have been crystallized by great word-artists into shapes

peculiarly their own, and bring them to strengthen or beautify or give wing to the message which he wishes to send home to the minds and hearts of his hearers. But when he brings these gems from the treasury it is right and proper, of course, that the gold-miner who first dug them and fashioned them into this peculiar and attractive shape shall have due credit for it. Let no man for a moment imagine that it will detract from the interest of his sermon or from the weight of his own influence as a preacher when he brings these riches accredited to their authors to share with his people. Often a single sentence or a single aptly turned phrase put in such a way that a man once hearing it never can forget it will arouse interest and attract attention to a sermon that otherwise would have no value to some listeners.

Many strong and powerful preachers are signal illustrations of the use that may be made of this rich field of illustrative material. Canon Farrar, the great English preacher, who for many years has drawn great crowds to his ministry, is a very conspicuous example. Take, for example, his sermon, "The Mending and Marring of Human Life," in his book entitled "Ephphatha." In that sermon there are fifteen prose quotations. Schiller, Archbishop Whately, William Blake, and Milton each furnish an illustration; one quotation is credited to "an American writer"; still another is introduced with the phrase, "It has been said." The other

quotations are simply enclosed in quotation marks without suggestion as to the field from whence they were gleaned. It is interesting to note that in addition to the prose quotations used in an illustrative way in this sermon there are eight poetical quotations, each from two to seven lines in length.

But in this sermon Canon Farrar was very forbearing in the way of illustrations. Take his sermon in the book entitled "The Silence and Voices of God," on the text, "Speak, for thy servant heareth." There are thirty-five quotations in this sermon. They are drawn from a very wide range. Bernard, Montalembert, Ruskin, W. R. Grey, Alphonse Karr, Pliny, Luther, Baba Metzia, each furnish one. One long quotation is introduced as "The language of one who is dubious about many Christian truths." One quotation is credited to "A living author," another to "A legend of the Talmud," still another to "A great philosopher of Germany," and another is introduced as "A heathen said." In addition there are in this great discourse three poetical and eight Scriptural quotations.

But lest you should imagine that I have pointed out some exceptional cases, I must state that in Canon Farrar's sermon on "Sincerity of Heart as a First Condition of Service," in the first volume referred to, there are twenty-two quotations used as illustrations. But none of these is unusual for this great preacher, for in the sermon which opens the

book, on "Why Jesus Sighed"—one of the most splendid we have of Canon Farrar—there are forty-six quotations used in an illustrative way. They are drawn from every realm. It is exceedingly interesting to note the authors. Froude, Hoffmann, Luther, Chrysostom, George Eliot, Mohammed, Edmund Burke, Sir William Napier, Queen Blanche of Navarre, Marie Antoinette, the Talmud, and the Old and New Testaments furnish prose quotations, while Keble, Tennyson, Milton, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and several unnamed poets are drawn upon for poetic illustrations to strengthen and illuminate the discourse.

In all of these sermons there are many brief quotations in which no author is named, but which are used with telling effect. It requires but to quote a few of these phrases or sentences to show how powerful they would be in the hands of a master. I select at random some of them: "A haggard, malignant, running for luck"; "Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous"; "All the trumpets shall sound on the other side"; "Rumple the jerkin, you rumple also the jerkin's lining"; "Sick beast of envy"; "The world's history is the world's judgment"; "A stream of tendency flowing through the ages"; "Blown about the desert or sealed within the iron hills"; "Dumb animals, driven through the midnight upon a rudderless vessel, over a stormy sea." It does not require much imagination to suggest that such sentences as

these, rightly used, would add immensely to the interest of a sermon.

One of the great arts of public speech is to keep quickened the attention of the audience. And if the audience can feel that unless they are alert they are certain, in the course of a sermon, to miss many interesting and instructive references to the best books and the noblest authors, it will help to rouse them to rapt attention.

Of course it is essential that in the use of such illustrations the purpose should always be superior to the means. The quotations must ever be selected with reference to strengthening and illuminating the sermon itself. But that is true of all illustrations. There must be the white heat of earnestness, the glowing soul, the unction of the Holy One, to fuse and mold the discourse into a weapon to break down evil, or into a powerful message of inspiration to the weak and the weary. But given the great purpose, and the supreme consecration to the great mission of the preacher, there is a vast field in prose quotations within the reach of every intelligent minister.

V

THE VALUE OF BIBLE STORIES AS ILLUSTRATIONS

HERE, at least, there will be no difference of opinion on the main question. Every earnest preacher of the Gospel will admit that Bible incidents are peculiarly suited for use as illustrations in the pulpit of to-day, and every careful student of what is influential and powerful in pulpit address must be convinced that such illustrations have about them an influence and power not easy to explain. A story about God's dealings with David, or Abraham, or Moses, or Samson, arouses far more attention and interest, and is more effective—provided the story is told with the same carefulness as to detail and manner—than a story concerning Napoleon or Frederick the Great or any other striking character of modern history. This is partly due, no doubt, to the reverence of the average mind and heart for the Bible. As a matter of theory we all believe that God is dealing just as directly with men in these modern times as he did in the days of the Patriarchs. We believe that as history is unrolled Gladstone and Bismarck and Abraham Lincoln are factors in God's dealings with men just as certainly as was Solomon or Daniel or Nebuchadnezzar. But we do not feel so certain of our ground:

the moral teaching connected with the modern incident is not so easy to be applied as in the stories recorded in the Bible. God has not told us so plainly what he meant in the later incident as in the earlier, and the average mind receives the message of the story from Bible history in a way that leaves a far deeper and more conclusive impression than any story out of modern life.

These stories of the Bible are always new. Strange, is it not, that men who would go and hear one lecture on Napoleon and feel bored if asked to hear another within a year on the same theme will listen to a dozen sermons a year on Paul or David, and will hear with satisfaction and interest the same incidents of God's dealings with those men repeated over and over again without it ever occurring to them that it is an old story? It is not only that the stories are full of intense life; it is that somehow the presence of the living God is felt in them. We see the relation of the man to God all the while, and these stories recall and illustrate to our minds our own relation to God, and that keeps them ever new to us, tho we have heard them a thousand times.

The Bible has this great advantage as the storehouse of illustrations for the preacher, that it furnishes illustrations of every phase of human life and experience. The fact that it has been a finished book, as we have it now, for many hundreds of years, and that it was born in a little land far away

from us, in an age so different, does not prevent it from being, far and beyond all other books, an illustrator of the imaginings, the purposes, the motives, the hates, the fears, the loves, and hopes of the human soul. Compared with the Bible, Shakespeare with all his riches is narrow and limited as an illustrator of humanity. There is not an experience that enters at all deeply into the human life in the twentieth century which the preacher may not illustrate from the Bible, nor in dealing with which find a feather for his sermonic arrow in the Old and New Testaments.

Does he want to deal with the subtleties of temptation, the insidious approach of evil which draws the tempted man or woman on by a suggestion that catches the fancy and the imagination and leaves its poison in the heart? Where is there a picture like Eve's dialog with the devil in the Garden of Eden, or those other pictures, in the New Testament, where the assault fails with the Christ on the mountain-top and on the pinnacle of the temple?

Is the topic the cowardice which sin develops and arouses in the heart? Then Adam and Eve pinning their fig-leaves together and hiding in the garden from the face of God; or Cain fleeing from the face of man as a vagabond; or Peter, but now shivering over the fire, suddenly too hot and burning, with fear and shame flushing his face, going out in the darkness to weep over his sin—these tell the story so men never forget it.

Does he want a picture to show how God makes the way of the transgressor hard that he may cause the man to stop and think before he is lost beyond remedy? Where will he illustrate it with such power as to paint the picture of Balaam and the angel that blocked his path with the drawn sword? It is a path leading to hell, and God's angel will save him if he may.

Is the theme the dangerous power of evil associations, the peril of yielding to a current that sweeps toward evil? How can it be better impressed than by showing the audience the tents of Lot, camping out on the way to Sodom, his final settlement in that city, and his escape, wrecked and bankrupt, at the last?

Is the sermon upon the wisdom of choosing the permanent rather than the temporary, of denying one's self in the little that he may have the great? Then the choice of Moses, the young idol of the Egyptian court — his banishment, his long waiting in the desert, his dramatic coming back to leadership, his struggle, and victory, and immortality — does the work. Your sermon is preached for you when that story is drawn with a graphic hand.

Perhaps it is the folly of the giddy young man who thinks more of appearances and applause than of real value. There is Absalom: Absalom the dandy, who had his curls weighed every year that gossips might talk about it; who built a great

monument for himself ahead of time; but who was at last flung into a trench and covered over with stones as one might bury a dog. Where is there such another illustration of your truth?

Perchance it is the weakening force of self-indulgence, the disintegrating process that goes on when a strong man yields to lust and fleshly appetite. What an illustration you have in Samson! Samson, who could face difficulties with a smile, rend a young lion in his fingers, eat honey out of the carcass of his youthful victories, slay his thousands with the jawbone of an ass, and find a fountain of water in the weapon by which he triumphed! And yet this is the Samson who is caught in the lap of Delilah, blind and beaten, taking the place of an ox at the mill, pulling down the temple on his head, dying in the common ruin with his enemies! Here is a warning for self-indulgence for all time, and no modern illustration can have such power.

Is it the thought of the sure Nemesis that follows after the sinner, never sleeping, shadowing him on his brightest day, causing him to do just the wrong thing at the right time to bring the ruin he has planned for another down on his own head? Then you have the story of Haman and Mordecai, a story so full of logic that just to tell it is to send the arrow straight to the heart of men who need it.

Is it the beautiful thought of love and devotion,

the glory of fidelity? Then the story of Ruth is as full of summer and ripened fields to-day as it was a thousand years ago. But why go on? I might write a volume, naming one illustration after another that would crowd the mind of any man who for twenty-five years has been studying the Bible to find in it God's revelation of his purpose toward mankind.

I am persuaded that the great reason why so many men fail to use Biblical illustrations is because they are unwilling to put into them the work necessary to reach the highest effect. No man can tell a Bible story well, so that it will produce the effect it is capable of producing on the hearers, unless he gives to it the most earnest and devoted study. A man must study the story until the characters become real to him; until he feels in his heart the passion and ambition that animated the men and women about whom he is telling. Then, and then only, will he be able to make the truth of the story vital to the people who listen to him. We can not make other men feel unless we feel, and it is only by entering into the Bible story until its life becomes a part of our life, touching our love or our hope, or arousing our anger or our fear, spurring conscience, threatening disaster; only when we are alive to the trembling point with these vital stories; that we can make other men and women feel them and be affected by them as we desire. The Bible is no lazy man's book of illustrations; but the preacher who is will-

ing to pay the price of faithful, reverent study that will make it possible for him to get into their spirit, and clothe them with language which is his own, for the people to whom he preaches, will find it the greatest storehouse of sermonic illustrations that it is possible for him to enter.

VI

UP-TO-DATENESS IN ILLUSTRATION

In a Western town I once saw a little daily paper which had for its motto: "This paper is published for the people now on earth." It struck me that that was a good motto for a paper, and would be a good motto for a preacher to consider in the preparation of every sermon. That all do not consider it is evident. Many sermons are delivered to comparatively empty pews because they are prepared without any definite earnest thought of the needs and requirements of the special people to whom they are to be delivered. Naturally, nobody is especially interested in them. The preacher who has no special interest in particular men and women to whom he feels called of God to bring a divine message of warning or inspiration or comfort will not be likely to speak in such a way as to make people hungry for his message.

I had the opportunity on one occasion of examining the written sermons of a large class of young preachers who were fitting themselves for the ministry and most of whom had been preaching for two or more years. In the entire lot there was only one sermon which could not have been prepared and delivered with perfect propriety, and without the changing of an illustration, to a congregation in the fifteenth century. There was

nothing whatever in them to suggest the age or the epoch in which they were prepared. Now, these young men were well educated. They were college men, and were of good average intelligence. Their orthodoxy was all right. They knew the common interpretations of the church as to Scripture faith and doctrine. They could be relied upon to do the safe and proper thing; but there was about their sermons absolutely no atmosphere of the modern, vital world of our own time. Men would stay away from such sermons mostly, and pious women would go to sleep under them.

One of the sermons was of another kind. The man was not more brainy than the others, perhaps, but there was about his discourse a breath of the present. A number of its illustrations were taken from the common life of the world of to-day, and no man or woman listening to it could have failed to be interested and alert, on account of the pertinent application of the old truths of the Gospel to the modern happenings of our own land and times.

Now this last man, with ordinary application to his duties, will always have an audience. Men who feel that they are too busy to go and hear platitudes will go to hear him, because he will interpret to them the moral and spiritual meanings which lie beneath the strenuous and forceful lives which they are leading. The human mind is so constructed that its most alert interest is reserved for the incident that is happening to-day; especially is this true just

now. It is the age of the daily paper; and not only the daily paper, but the daily with many separate editions. We are considering the history of the world hour by hour. It is all very well to say that when a man goes to church he likes to forget the worrying secular things of life and have his spiritual nature developed by an altogether different discussion; but that same man will listen with intense interest if the secular world, in which he is immersed, is made to illustrate to him the deep spiritual things which his soul longs to know.

We must also take into consideration the fact that there are multitudes of men and women whom the preacher desires to reach who have lost their interest in spiritual things, who do not care for sermons because they are sermons, and, sad as it is, are not conscious of any great hungering for the church at all. If such people are to be reached by the pulpit it must be because the preacher has the art of catching their attention and quickening their interest through something they are interested in. If we are to reach the great unchurched masses we certainly must do so by taking their standpoint and not our own in considering the proper method. The dear old deacon who has never missed a Sunday since he was a boy ten years old, who is always in his place in the church service, and who has swallowed dry sermons and dull sermons just as patiently as the juicy ones and would rather hear a sermon than anything else on earth, is of little concern to the

preacher who is considering how he shall reach the multitude who believe all sermons to be dull and would a hundred times rather go to a circus than to a church. The preacher must look at the matter from the attitude of the people. He need not turn his church into a circus in order to get them, but he must find some common ground on which they can stand together, some way of attracting their attention and arousing their interest, in order to get his divine message home to their hearts and minds.

Now, I believe this can often be done by an earnest, faithful preacher who realizes that, while his Master is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and the great truths of the Gospel are the same in every age and clime, it is yet not improper, but, indeed, is a matter of the highest propriety, that he shall present these old Gospel truths in the fresh dress of modern speech, illustrated by the living vital incidents of the life of to-day; that he shall make Jesus Christ, "the One altogether lovely," attractive to men by calling their attention to what Christ is doing now to bring blessing and comfort and good cheer into our own world.

People are interested in hearing an incident that is fresh in their own minds used to illustrate high moral truths. Any matter of great public interest which is certain to make every hearer alert is a valuable thing for the preacher to use, when it is to the point, and his hearers feel it is pertinent to the occasion. The old story of the prodigal is ever useful

as an illustration, but many a man and woman who would grow drowsy under it will be awake and interested in a moment if you illustrate your message by some modern prodigal who is known to them, who has wasted his substance under their very eyes, it may be, and who is eating the husks at the present time. The old story of Daniel and his den of lions never fails to stir people's blood if well told by a man in earnest, but the old story gets red blood into it and becomes irresistible when you can point to a case in the every-day life of the present where a young man is now in his den of lions, risking everything, and daring everything, that he may serve God and be true to his convictions. Such a case not only arouses attention, but it makes every hearer feel not only that the preacher is an up-to-date man but that the Bible itself is an up-to-date book, a book which is never outgrown; that it is not a book of ancient history only, but a book of life, as valuable to this age as to the past.

It may be laid down as a rule that all-important and interesting and much-discussed events, which have absorbed the attention of a great many people and about which people are generally talking, are valuable for the preacher to use in some way in the illustration of his message. The preacher must not fight shy of what his people are reading and thinking and talking about. Instead of trying to take their minds entirely away from the all-absorbing questions of the hour, he should rather seek to make

these waves of popular discussion the buoyant water on which to float home his ship with its cargo of divine teaching.

The preacher who thus adapts himself to the situation will make men feel that he is an important and legitimate factor in the current life of the world. He is to apply the moral standards that are as old as Moses and Christ to the life that is as new as this morning. He is to discern the spiritual meanings in secular affairs and to be the voice of God in a community given over largely to the competitions and struggles of earthly existence. He is not a foreigner, breaking in upon all their thoughts and conversations and discussions with an outside message from another world, but a man among them and of them, a fellow citizen with them, who calls them to see the deep spiritual realities hinted at and suggested in every-day life. Sure it is that only such a man, who lives intensely and feels in his own nostrils the breath of the present, can be of any real force in molding the lives and characters of the men and women of our day.

VII

SOURCES OF FRESH ILLUSTRATIONS, AND HOW TO GATHER THEM

A WELL-KNOWN humorist has said that he owes his success to a judicious use of the "chestnut"; and it is somewhat remarkable how the public will continue to endure ancient and honorable friends in the way of jokes and stories that have the spice and pith of wit and humor about them. But our friend the humorist only told part of the truth. No doubt he had dressed up the old stories in many a new gown; yet his real success has not been in the use of the ancient, but in the measure of new, fresh stories that have been sufficient to hold the public and cause them to look with charity and forbearance on his stale material.

In every department of public speech a certain amount of fresh material, especially by way of illustration, is essential to get and hold the mind of an audience. This applies peculiarly to the preacher. His theme is as old as human nature. His texts have been preached from over and over again for hundreds of years. The real subject-matter is not new and can not be new; and in order to obtain the quickened interest of his audience he must put his subject before them in a striking and original manner. In this the illustrations will count more than anything else. There are certain standard lines of

illustration that, in a sense, never get old. The old Bible story retold in a fresh, original way by a live, vital man will always get a hearing. The illustrations that spring out of the changing seasons and the ever-living panorama of nature will always catch the attention when presented by a man whose eyes and ears and tongue are really alive. But after one has said all this it must also be said that the preacher, to get a strong hold upon the community in which he lives and to insure a large audience of attentive and interested listeners, must have something about himself and his speech that makes him a part of the present-day world in which he lives.

The venerable and eloquent Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, has recently declared it to be his conviction that the true basis of oratory is the study of the ancient classics, and, as a basis for oratorical education, that will probably be generally admitted; but there have been in our day many men in the pulpit who have been well versed in classical literature, and whose illustrations have been almost entirely drawn from those rich old treasuries of Greece and Rome, who have nevertheless preached to empty benches. A little of that sort of thing in modern speech is attractive, but if a preacher lives in it too much it robs him of power over the living men and women of to-day.

There is a tendency to sneer at the man who reads largely of current literature, as tho that were not

worth while, and were in some way demoralizing. Such a sneer is full of folly. The ordinary literature of to-day is far above and beyond what it has been in any age of the world before. Here and there a writer hidden among the great classics of past generations stands up like snow-white mountains in the long chain, but the average mountain range of literature was never so lofty as it is now.

The preacher who would get and hold the attention of the people must make the people who listen to him feel that he is a man who not only knows his Bible, and is keenly sensitive to the great message which has been entrusted to him from God, but they must feel that he knows the life of to-day, that he is acquainted with the men and women who are living and thinking and struggling at the present; then he becomes indeed an interesting factor in their world. Therefore I say that for practical use in the making of sermons the best books for the present-day preacher are by all odds the books that are being written now.

The best books of fiction are always valuable to the preacher. The true novelist has a genius for human nature. He sees deeper than most people into the motives that are back of human living. And the preacher will often find striking illustrations for his message in the characters drawn by some keen novelist whose book at the moment is being read and pondered and discussed by the people who are listening to him.

New poems, fresh from the mint of the poet's fancy, are very valuable to the preacher who knows how to use them. While we may not have any Shakespeares or Tennysons or Brownings or Lowells alive at the present, we have many singers who picture truth in pleasing lines, which, when they are presented by a man who has absorbed them until their pictures are his own, will quicken an audience and give it completely into the preacher's hands for that sermon at least.

The magazines which are so abundant to-day and the ever-increasing and growing religious newspaper will furnish the alert preacher with a profitable field for search after illustrations. Remember that it is not essential that your illustration shall be something entirely unknown to the hearer. It may and often will have more interest to your listener if you seize upon a scene or an incident in some magazine story which he has read and about which he has thought a good deal, and open up a great moral lesson suggested or enforced by it which he had not thought of before. And that, after all, is an essential part of the business of the preacher. He is to enforce the moral standards of Jesus Christ with reference to this present-day world in which men and women are so likely to see only the struggles of the flesh. And when you can take the reading which is fresh in the minds of the people and show them how it illustrates some great message from the Word of God to their souls, they are not only interested and pleased, but

they are impressed with the sacredness and importance of their own every-day living.

The daily newspaper is a very valuable field for illustrative material. It is a strange folly that we hear coming up from so many sides, this cry against newspaper-reading, as tho it were almost a crime. The daily newspaper is simply the daily history of the world, nothing more nor less. And yet men who think it a dignified thing to get what they call a historical illustration from some dingy old legend of a thousand years ago turn up their noses at the idea of getting an illustration from the daily paper that tells the history of yesterday or the day before. The fact is, the average man cares vastly more about the doings of Kitchener in South Africa, or Waldersee in China, or MacArthur in the Philippines, than he does about the wars of Alexander the Great or the mighty Napoleon. The breath of the present is in the one, and the new history that is being made is of live interest to the average man and woman. Hence the daily happenings of the world furnish, after all, the greatest source of fresh illustrations for the pulpit, tho of course the preacher will have need of all his tact and taste and good common sense in selecting, condensing, and putting them into form. Every great disaster on sea or land—as the hurricane that destroyed Galveston or the famine in India—is fruitful in suggestions to the wide-awake preacher. He does not need to preach on these things by themselves. He gets all the advantage

out of them that can be had by using them to enforce his great message.

Another field of fresh illustration more commonly spoken of is worth a word of emphasis, and that is the daily pastoral visitation and fellowship which the preacher has with his people. Such illustrations have to be used with great care, and often require an entirely new setting, but they have blood in them and will stir the preacher's heart and stir the hearts of the men and the women who listen to him. If pastoral visiting did no other good than to serve as a window through which the preacher may look into the hearts of toiling, hoping, fearing, loving, hating men and women, it would still be a very important part of the work of a Christian minister.

VIII

CHRIST AS AN ILLUSTRATIVE PREACHER

So completely did Jesus Christ use the illustrative style in preaching that it was said of him that he never spoke without a parable. We may naturally infer that the essence of Christ's preaching, what the Holy Spirit regarded as most essential to humanity, was preserved, and it is certainly very suggestive that more than nine-tenths of this is composed of illustrations. The brethren who sneer at the anecdotal preachers get no backing from the example of Jesus Christ.

The illustrations of Jesus may be divided into a few great classes. The first class is those taken from household affairs and homely experiences which were understood at a glance by the people to whom he was speaking. Take the illustration in which is told the story of the man who has gone to bed at night, and he and his family are all sound asleep; a friend of his comes from a long distance to stop over night with him, and pounds on the door till he wakes him. Late as it is, he has had no supper, and the host finds that there is no bread in the house, and he goes to his neighbor to borrow. Or take the one about the leaven. Not a week passed, not often a day went by, but that these women who were listening to Christ had the experience of kneading bread. The marvelous

chemical effect of yeast in the meal was immediately understood and appreciated by them. The story of the sower who went out to sow in the fields in spring-time, and who cast the seed broadcast with his hand, some of it falling on the hard road that skirts the field or it may be cuts it through the center, still other grain falling on the rocky soil and other yet dropping among the roots of the thorns, but the great bulk of it settling down into the good ground that has been well prepared to bring forth a crop, was an illustration that did not have to be argued. Every man, woman, and child listening to him had seen it over and over again in their own neighborhood. The story of the hidden treasure which a man found in a field, and then went and sold all that he had and bought that field, was of the same sort. There were no banks or safe-deposit vaults or iron safes in those days, so the earth itself became the bank of the common people. It would often happen that a man would die suddenly, without having a chance to tell the secret of the hiding-place of his hoarded treasures, and after hundreds of years of this sort of thing such treasure-bags abounded. It was not an uncommon thing for a peasant, in plowing, or in digging for a foundation of a house, to uncover such a hidden treasure. Probably there was not one man who listened to Christ as he used that illustration but could have told stories of a like character known to himself.

Another class of the illustrations of Christ was

drawn from nature. He had a very careful, observing eye. When he went by a fig tree he knew whether it had fruit on it or not. His curious interest in natural things had pondered the extremely small seed of the mustard and the great widespreading bush that it made in the autumn when it was fully grown. The birds were always of interest to Jesus, and he uses them to great advantage. Take the lesson of comfort which he enforces with the sparrow; he reminds the people that two sparrows were sold for a farthing, and that it was a common thing in the market if a man bought two farthings' worth to throw in an odd sparrow and give him five for two; and yet, tho we consider ourselves as humble and insignificant as the odd sparrow which is thrown in with the bargain, we may be sure that God cares about us, and we shall never fall to the ground without his notice. The ravens were interesting to him and their glossy plumage furnished feathers for his arrows. Christ loved the flowers; even the green grass on the hills in the spring was precious to him, and was mingled by him into his discourses. The lilies bloomed in Christ's speech, and told of the care and love of God for little things and for beautiful things.

Another great class of illustrations used by Jesus with a force that gathers momentum with every succeeding generation was his stories of social and business life. The story of the Good Samaritan was never so vital as now. That kind-hearted and

generous traveler travels all roads, his store of wine and oil never gives out, and his credit is always good at the inn. Hospitals rise with that story for a foundation-stone wherever the Gospel of Jesus Christ is preached among men. And the story of the wedding, with its ten virgins, wise and foolish; its tragedy at the midnight, when it is discovered that five lamps have ceased to burn, is as alive and vital to-day as ever. The five lamps of those foolish girls failed to burn then, but they must have laid in a good stock of oil that night, for their lamps have burned in warning ever since. The story of the shepherd who counts his flock as they pass through the little stone door into the fold and finds but ninety and nine when there should be a hundred, how it has worked its leaven in the meal of humanity! Many a modern preacher is sent forth through city streets or over country crossroads seeking after the wanderer because he hears ringing in his ears the cry of that shepherd as he went back over the trail and down into the cañon, calling for the lost sheep, never giving up the search until he had found it and brought it back on his shoulders rejoicing.

Dives and Lazarus also are living men, shouting their lesson in the ear of our own time. And the rich fool, with his wide-spreading fields and the plans for his new barn, and the folly of his purpose to comfort his soul with the fulness of his granary, still lives and breathes and plans at the opening of

the twentieth century. And that story of the king who made a wedding-feast for his son, and sent out in the last emergency into the highways and the hedges, hunting after the poor and the ragged to find guests to enjoy his feast. And that one sullen, surly fellow who refused to make his toilet, and would not put on the wedding garments offered him by the king's servants, but who sat there at the table, the one black, ugly, ungrateful spot at the feast, how vital he is, and how full of teaching yet! And the story of the prodigal, reenacted over and over again in every generation. How alive it must have made Christ's sermon when he first delivered it!

And so one might go on through all the stories of Jesus. They have certain great characteristics. In the first place, they are simplicity itself. There is no attempt whatever to work up an elaborate story. The message is put just as directly and clearly as possible. A ten-year-old boy, brought up in a Christian home of average intelligence, will easily understand the message which Christ gives in any of his illustrations.

Another characteristic of these stories of Jesus is that they appeal not to the head only, but to the heart. Christ was a great preacher to the heart, and the simple, homely stories which he used as illustrations are such as must have started the tears and aroused the deepest emotion of the people who listened to him.

It ought to be a great inspiration and comfort to

every modern preacher to feel and know that the kind of illustrations which Jesus used are open to every one of us. The grass, and the flowers, and the birds, and the trees, and the great living, struggling life of mankind are the same in every age, and are full of illustrations. The common things, the common experiences of life which come to us in our daily observation and reading—these are the great levers which stir the soul's profoundest depths. No man of average intelligence who will follow the example of Jesus Christ in his method of illustration will fail to be an interesting and effective preacher.

IX

THE SOURCES AND CHARACTER OF PAUL'S ILLUSTRATIONS

PAUL was a many-sided man and drew his illustrations from a wide range. It would be hard to find in all history a strong, dominant, forceful personality with more power to adapt himself to the situation in hand than the Apostle Paul. Paul is peculiarly strong in illustrations drawn from objects universally known and appreciated. Take that oft-quoted illustration which he gives in the twelfth chapter of First Corinthians, dealing with the relations existing between the different portions of the human body, by which he illustrates the relation between Christ and his church. It is doubtful whether any other illustration in the Bible, with the exception of the story of the Prodigal Son, has been of more value to Christian ministers.

Paul was an up-to-date man in the matter of illustrations. He was very sensitive to surrounding conditions. Many of his illustrations are drawn from the life and experiences of soldiers. That matchless paragraph in the sixth chapter of his letter to the Ephesians is unsurpassed in all the literature of Christianity as a superb example of powerful and effective illustration of Christian truth. As you read it, the Christian soldier stands before your

gaze, armed complete, with undaunted flashing eyes and sword uplifted, eager for the march and the attack, confident against any onslaught from the enemy of souls.

Very effective are his illustrations drawn from the Grecian games. His reference to the conditions by which a runner booked himself for the race as illustrating the entrance of the new convert on the Christian course is very strong; and the race itself, as set forth in the twelfth chapter of Hebrews, when all the heroes of the faith are called upon to watch us from the gallery of the skies, and we are urged to drop everything that weighs us down and to strip ourselves of every besetting sin, that we may run with patience, having our eye on the prize, has rooted itself in the thought of all Christendom.

It is remarkable how many of Paul's illustrations have become common stock to-day, and men use them not infrequently without knowing where they come from. Take the case where he compares the Word of God to a sharp two-edged sword; or where he says that some people are only babes and must have milk, while strong men must have meat; or that splendid figure where hope is compared to an anchor that will not drag; or where he compares the people that are converted under his ministry to "a crown of rejoicing"; or where he makes the church grow before us as a temple, stone upon stone, "living stones," magnetic, loving, taking hold upon one another by invisible spiritual sympathy and fellow-

ship. These and multitudes of other similar illustrations have become a part of the common speech, an inheritance of mankind.

Paul is very strong in some of his illustrations drawn from the Old Testament Scriptures. He gives evidence of great knowledge of these Scriptures, and such illustrations as that where he makes Christ our Passover, or the one in which he uses the relation between Hagar and Sarah, making them types of the two covenants, are very strong. It would be hard to find an illustration in which illustration and argument are so completely woven together as in that striking example in his Epistle to the Galatians. His argument concerning the priesthood of Christ illustrated by the ceremonies in the Temple and the relation of the priest to the people and to God is also a very happy example of his use of the Old Testament material for illustrative purposes.

Nothing is more splendid, in an illustrative way, among the utterances of Paul, than the great figures by which he makes clear man's relation to the body both in death and in the resurrection. How the hope of mankind has been exalted by his lordly way of describing the human body as a house, in which the man lives for a time, and which after a while is beaten to pieces by the storms of life; but over which, if he be a good man who is at peace with God, he does not grieve, for there is being erected for him a much better and more permanent house in heaven! And that great paragraph concerning the resurrec-

tion. He lifts the whole subject out of the dust; all littleness is taken away from it as we consider that there is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars, and that as one star differs from another star in glory, so God takes care of his children, and they shall not lose their personality nor their just setting, but each shall shine in his own sphere in the heavenly world. The dropping away of the earthly body that has decay and corruption and weakness and dishonor about it, and the being clothed upon with the spiritual body which is full of power and glory and is beyond the touch of corruption, are all figures calculated to exalt the mind and to lift the subject out of everything that is petty and insignificant up into the realm of that which is noble and glorious and immortal.

Paul did not fail to take advantage of the local situation. At Athens and other places, when talking to people who would appreciate that sort of thing, he quoted from their own poets and philosophers to illustrate or back up the truth which he wished to enforce.

And yet the most effective and powerful of all Paul's illustrations seem to have been drawn from his personal experience. In many ways the most picturesque and splendid narrative in the Bible, if we except the story of creation, is Paul's narrative of his own conversion, when he is being examined by King Agrippa. Paul depends almost entirely

in that case on the story of his conversion. He falls back on his own Christian experience as something which can not be answered. And that was a common thing with Paul. Previous to the shipwreck, when on his way to Rome, when he stood forth to encourage the captain and crew of the ship, he appealed to his own experience of the night before; and again and again you will find Paul appealing to the story of his hardships and trials for Christ, telling how he had been shipwrecked, how he had been beaten with rods, how he had been imprisoned for Christ's sake, to illustrate some strong truth which he wished to impress upon his hearers.

Many of his most striking utterances are illustrated in that way; as when he tells about his "thorn in the flesh" which he prayed for deliverance from, and the Lord did not see fit to grant his prayer, but instead gave him strength to bear it. Another strong example of this sort of illustration is when he tells of being carried up into "the third heaven," and hearing things that were unlawful for man to utter.

Paul is always picturesque, and this characteristic endured with him to the end of life. The last things he wrote—as when he describes himself as "ready to be offered," and when he expresses his confidence that the time of his "departure" is at hand, and sees laid up for him the "crown of glory" which the righteous Judge shall bestow upon him—all are picturesque and interesting.

Paul is a significant and splendid illustration of a preacher who was highly educated, keenly intellectual, valuing argument and logic very highly, and who yet never for a moment lost sight of the necessity of employing picturesque, striking, up-to-date illustrations to make his message clear to the people to whom he was writing or speaking. No man who follows Paul's example will make the mistake of building his sermon without windows.

Modern Illustrations

Modern Illustrations

THE GREATEST CROWN

The tragic death of King Humbert and the ceremonies connected with his funeral brought to public notice again the old iron crown of Lombardy. This relic is held in great veneration. It consists of a circlet of iron covered with gold leaves and jewels. It is believed that the iron belonged to one of the nails used in the crucifixion, found by St. Helena and converted by the Emperor Constantine into a crown around his helmet. St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, mentioned it in the year 395. It was worn by Charlemagne at his coronation in 744, and after him by various kings. Napoleon the Great placed it on his own head at Milan in 1805. It is now the property of the King of Italy. There is another crown which is within the reach of the humblest man or woman in the world, which it is a far greater honor to wear than the iron crown of Lombardy. It is the crown that Paul speaks about, and which he calls "the crown of righteousness." Even the iron crown of Lombardy shall fall to dust after a while, but the crown of a righteous character will abide forever.

THE JOY OF COMING HOME

We sometimes go away on our vacation with rapturous delight, feeling that there is nothing so good as to be away from work and home, but when the rest time is over there is a pathos and a tenderness about coming home which far exceeds all the joy of going away. Mrs. Sangster has a little song about it which emphasizes our thoughts with real poetic insight:

There's joy in sailing outward,
Tho we leave upon the pier,
With faces grieved and wistful,
Our very dearest dear;
And the sea shall roll between us
For perhaps a whole round year.

There's a joy in climbing mountains,
In fording rushing brooks,
In poking into places
We've read about in books,
In meeting stranger people
With unfamiliar looks.

But the joy of joys is ours,
Untouched by any pain,
When we take the home-bound steamer
And catch the home-bound train;
There's nothing half so pleasant
As coming home again.

REPRESENTING THE PRINCE

One of the newspaper men in Pekin recently told the world that the emperors of China are relieved of some of their burden of representation by doubles trained to perform the part. Servants of the palace, carefully picked, are told what to do, and on ceremonial occasions represent the emperor. It has often been rumored that a device of the same kind is used to protect the sultan, and a tale of a similar sort about the German emperor is going the rounds of the press. The men who are selected for this dangerous position regard it as a high honor to thus stand in the place of the prince. Every Christian is called upon to occupy that relation to the Lord Jesus Christ. We are to share his fate among men. It is our privilege so to live that those who know us shall see him in us. How careful we ought to live that in our personation of him before the world we shall not bring the name of our Prince into disrepute.

OPPORTUNITIES

To do our best in life it is important that we seize every opportunity for labor or service, for personal enjoyment or for bestowing sympathy, day by day as it comes to us. These opportunities will not last, and will be lost to us forever unless used at the proper moment. Richard Watson Gilder puts our

thought very beautifully in a little poem entitled "On the Wild Rose Tree":

On the wild rose tree
Many buds there be,
Yet each sunny hour
Hath but one perfect flower.

Thou who wouldst be wise,
Open wide thine eyes;
In each sunny hour
Pluck the one perfect flower!

THE GRACE OF RECEIVING

A fox-hound, as every sportsman knows, if caught in a trap or suffering pain from an injury, is most dangerous to approach; even if you assist him out of danger—say from a pit or hole where, but for you, he would probably be drowned—he will show his gratitude by biting you. Several kinds of dogs under similar circumstances will bite not only strangers but their own masters. These ungrateful dogs have not, however, a more ugly way of receiving help than many people. It is not uncommon for men or women who are helped out of a mortifying position by some kind-hearted neighbor or sympathizing friend to receive the help in such an ugly way that the one who bestowed it can never think about the occasion with pleasure. It is a gracious art to learn how to receive the aid of our fellows beautifully. Simple gratitude and thanksgiving for

a kindness received is like sunshine: it floods the whole transaction with light and grace, and both the one who received the help and the one who gave it recall the occasion forever afterward with joy.

THE THINGS THAT LAST

Wisdom in regard to the conduct of our lives consists largely in having a proper estimate of the relative importance of things. The folly of some people comes mostly in their treating little matters as if they were very important and treating great concerns with indifference. We would often save ourselves much sorrow by keeping in mind the truth that the little wounds and hurts of daily life are of small account compared with the deep undercurrent of faith and character. Dinah Mulock Craik brings it out clearly in a little poem :

The little griefs, the petty wounds,
The stabs of daily care—
"Crackling of thorns beneath the pot,"—
As life's fire burns—now cold, now hot—
How hard they are to bear!

But on the fire burns, clear and still;
The cankering sorrow dies;
The small wounds heal; the clouds are rent,
And through this shattered mortal tent
Shine down the eternal skies.

A HELP OR AN ENCUMBRANCE

The census has been contributing to the gayety of nations. This story is one of the most suggestive that has come to my notice: The intelligent census-taker asked of a live Western woman, "Do you own your home?" This was answered in the affirmative, and then came the question, "Is there any encumbrance on it?" Without a moment's hesitation the woman replied, "None—excepting my husband." It is a very pertinent question to put to ourselves, whether we are so living that the people who have most to do with us regard us as a blessing or an encumbrance.

OUR PLACE

Isabel Darling brings out, in a poem entitled "Just Where Thou Art," the very important truth that it is not the part of wisdom for us to wait until some great opportunity for service comes to us, but rather to use the lever at our hand, to do the best we can where we are. There where God has placed us he will find how to make us of service if we will but do our best.

Just where thou art lift up thy voice,
  And sing the song that stirs thy heart;
Reach forth thy strong and eager hand
  To lift, to save, just where thou art.

Just where thou standest light thy lamp,
'Tis dark to others as to thee;
Their ways are hedged by unseen thorns
Their burdens fret as thine fret thee.

Out yonder, in the broad, full glare
Of many lamps thine own might pale;
And thy sweet song amid the roar
Of many voices slowly fail;
While these thy kindred wandered on
Uncheered, unlighted, to the end.
Near to thy hand thy mission lies,
Wherever sad hearts need a friend.

GENUINE PRAYER

One of the great secrets of effective prayer is that the attitude of the heart shall be right toward God. The heart that recognizes the divine wisdom and love and trusts to them will pray as simply as a child asking help from its mother. One of the most beautiful prayers I have ever read is that of Fénelon: "O Lord! I know not what I should ask of thee. Thou only knowest what I want; and thou lovest me, if I am thy friend, better than I can love myself. O Lord! give to me, thy child, what is proper, whatsoever it may be. I dare not ask either crosses or comforts. I only present myself before thee. I open my heart to thee. Behold my wants, which I myself am ignorant of; but do thou behold, and do, according to thy mercy, smite or heal, depress me or raise me up. I adore all thy purposes without knowing them. I am silent; I offer myself

in sacrifice. I abandon myself to thee. I have no more desire but to accomplish thy will. Lord, teach me how to pray. Dwell thou thyself in me by thy Holy Spirit. Amen."

THE SAVING INFLUENCE OF CHILDHOOD

He must have lived very unobservingly indeed who has not noticed the mellowing and deepening of character that have come to more than one father and mother under the influence of their own children. To many a soul fatherhood or motherhood has been the very call of heaven. It has given them the vision of a grander and better life than they have ever known. Swinburne has recently published a little poem in which he calls childhood "The Salt of the Earth."

If childhood were not in the world,
  But only men and women grown;
No baby-locks in tendrils curled,
  No baby-blossoms blown;

Tho men were stronger, women fairer,
  And nearer all delights in reach,
And verse and music uttered rarer
  Tones of more godlike speech;

Tho the utmost life of life's best hours
  Found, as it can not now find, words;
Tho desert sands were sweet as flowers,
  And flowers could sing like birds;

But children never heard them, never
They felt a child's foot leap and run—
This were a drearier star than ever
Yet looked upon the sun.

LOYALTY TO CHRIST

After Mr. Gladstone had been married fifty years he said one day to a friend, "My wife has known every political secret I have ever had and has never betrayed my confidence." On one occasion in Mr. Gladstone's early days of cabinet office his young wife dropped a word in the presence of some of his colleagues which implied that she knew some matter of confidential importance. Immediately realizing that she had made a slip, she left the room and wrote a penitential note, which she sent in by a servant. Instantaneously came back the reply: "Dearest C—. Don't blame yourself. I don't blame you. It is the only little mistake you ever made. Your affectionate W. E. G." Paul uses the ideal relation between husband and wife as an illustration of the relation that should exist between the Christian and Christ. Every one of us should be as loyal to Jesus as Mrs. Gladstone was to her husband, and we may be sure that if we are he will be still more gentle with us than the great Prime Minister was to the wife to whom he was so devoted.

THE FIDELITY OF NATURE

Amid the worries and trials that come to us in our human lives it is a beautiful thing and one full of infinite comfort to us that we can always trust to the reliability of nature. Men may be kind or hard, the years may have brought sorrow or joy; but however the world may have tricked or cheated us, we know that the spring flowers and the summer trees and the sunset and the sunrise will not fail us. Margaret Sangster puts it very sweetly in her song, "In the Lane."

A tangle of vines and a waft of sweetness,
And a cup that brims with honey dew,
For here in its wonder of rare completeness
Is the very same wild rose I knew
Years ago, when my hair was golden—
Years ago, when my step was light;
The rose, with its petals of silk unfolden
And kissed into bloom by a star last night.

CLINGING TO THE PRISON

There is a man in the Ohio State Penitentiary at Columbus who has been there over thirty years. The crime for which he was imprisoned was committed when he was but a young man, only twenty-two years of age. He is now past middle life and looks like an old man. Nearly 25,000 prisoners have come and gone since he first went to his cell.

For a long time he longed for freedom and dreamed of pardon, but the other day when he was offered a release on parole he declined it, and said he preferred to end his days in the penitentiary. There are many men like that in regard to their sins. They have carried their chains so long that they cease to rebel against them, and give themselves over to be "led captive by the devil at his will." It is a terrible thing to surrender one's self to the prison-house of sin, and thus run the risk of seeing the day when the freedom of a noble life will seem to be a thing to be shunned.

FAITH IN GOD

The great anchor of the soul must always be in our faith in the presence of the living God in the world and the hope of his personal care of us. Ella Wheeler Wilcox brings out strongly the supreme comfort of this faith to the soul:

Though time may dig the grave of creeds,
  And dogmas wither in the sod,
My soul will keep the thought it needs—
  Its swerveless faith in God.

No matter how the world began,
  Nor where the march of science goes,
My trust in something more than man
  Shall help me bear life's woes.

Let progress take the props away,
And moldering superstitions fall;
Still God retains his regal sway—
The Maker of the all.

Why cavil over that or this?
One thought is vast enough for me—
The great Creator was and is
And evermore will be.

THE RICHES OF CHILDHOOD

James Whitcomb Riley, with real poetic genius, sums up in a little song in his latest volume of Child's Rhymes the riches with which God endows childhood even at its poorest.

He owns the bird-songs of the hills—
The laughter of the April rills;
And his are all the diamonds set
In morning's dewy coronet,—
And his the dusk's first minted stars
That twinkle through the pasture-bars
And litter all the skies at night
With glittering scraps of silver light;—
The rainbow's bar, from rim to rim,
In beaten gold, belongs to him.

THE WORLD'S GREAT NEED

Dr. George H. Hepworth, commenting on the words of Paul, "Love is the fulfilling of the law," says that as you can boil a large quantity of maple sap and change it into a small lump of maple sugar, so you can condense all that Christ and the apostles

said and wrote into the one sentence, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." And as from the single bone of a prehistoric animal found in the clay banks of Siberia it is possible for science to reconstruct that animal and even to define its habits, so from the single word "love" a government can be constructed which would bring about the millennium on earth. When love is projected into the body politic it is like leaven in dough, it changes every ingredient in the whole substance.

VIOLIN MAKERS

A fourteen-year-old boy in Northern New York has a passion for violins and the making of them. The boy is a natural musician and has played on the violin since he was large enough to hold one. Some months ago he started to make a violin after the model of the great Stradivarius. He got books from the public library treating on the subject and procured seasoned woods. He lacked tools fine enough for the delicate work, but, with the skill of a genius, he improved the tools he had until they were adequate to his purpose. Then he set to work, getting up at four o'clock in the morning that he might have time for his violin-making before school. When the violin was completed he found that it weighed too much according to the Stradivarius standard, and with marvelous patience he took it apart and again smoothed and sandpapered its sur-

faces until it was reduced to the proper weight. The violin was christened not long ago in the boy's home, and all the musicians in the town were present to see and hear his violin, which they declared to be a wonderful work of genius. In a spiritual way every one of us ought to be a musician. There are materials in our own hearts which by the divine help can be wrought into a musical instrument with sweeter tone and wider compass than any violin ever constructed, even by Stradivarius himself. Our christening day will come after a while, when Christ shall praise us in the presence of all the ransomed hosts of the skies.

THE WAY OF FAITH

All important things in this world are carried on by faith. Men build railroads and dispatch trains over them, they build steamships and ship cargoes in them to distant ports, all through faith. To the Christian faith in God and in the divine goodness is the key to every closed door of life. William Kitching helpfully sings this truth in a poem entitled, "The Christian Faith."

A faith that trusts in Jesus' blood,
And proves the promises are good ;
A faith that follows where he leads,
Who knows his children's hourly needs—
Such faith be mine!

A faith that trusts no human skill,
My pitcher at the fount to fill;
A faith that conquers in his name,
Who for our full salvation came—
Such faith be mine!

A faith that doth for blessing trust,
Tho self be humbled in the dust,
And gladly takes the lowest place,
Sustained by undeservèd grace—
Such faith be mine!

A faith that, tho the heart be rent,
Doth yet the mercy-seat frequent,
And find it in the hour of grief
A place of ever sure relief—
Such faith be mine!

A faith that looks time's shadows through
And keeps eternity in view;
Yet with the talents God hath lent
Is on some useful mission bent—
Such faith be mine!

A faith that, when life's day declines,
Can ever read between the lines
Upon the glorious page,
"How bright the Christian's heritage!"—
Such faith be mine!

HOW TO MAKE WORK GLORIOUS

Dr. Hepworth, in a recent "New York *Herald* Sermon," says we ought to recognize the fact that all work is honorable, that a man is a high priest of

God in whatever sphere he labors. No one is condemned to drudgery. He who does his work grandly and does it with his soul as well as with his hands is making the world better by living in it. It is nobler to lay bricks according to the plumb-line than to rule a kingdom badly. The distinction between one man and another is not to be found in social position or the environment of wealth and power, but in the qualities of the heart. The humblest creature that ever lived, whose horizon is bounded by poverty and obscurity, has a wider prospect for the future, if the soul is consecrated, than crowned selfishness, tho all mankind may look upon the latter with envy. The artisan and the merchant, the one with slender means, the other with means beyond the reach of arithmetic, are equally the servants of God, and there is more eloquence in their daily deeds than ever poured from the lips of the orator. To feel that the work you are now doing is God's work and must be done with fervor and fidelity is to stand facing the throne of the Eternal and to wear the robe of authority.

THE LIFTING OF THE FOG

Up in the mountains last summer I often noticed in the morning that the fog filled the valleys on every side, so that on the mountain top where I was, three thousand feet above the sea, I seemed to be on an island in the midst of the ocean. The fog

shut me in on every hand. Yet the sun as it rose higher in the heavens never failed to lift the curtain of fog and sweep it aside, showing the road by which I might go forth to business or pleasure. The perplexities and difficulties of life are often like that. To our narrow-sighted vision there seems to be no escape, but if we wait patiently the fog curtain will be lifted aside. Some one whose name I do not know sings it very picturesquely:

On the Jersey sands I silently muse, as I list to the ocean's roar,
And mark the delicate rim of lace foam curving on the shore;
Beyond are the valleys and crested peaks of a boundless billowy sea,
Tho at my feet falls a vale of mist which hides them all from me.
But the mist shall drift,
And the cloud shall rift,
And the curtain of fleecy fog shall lift.

Bewitchingly fair are the castles we build, as we stand on the threshold of life,
And little think we of the cares of the world, with its sorrows, its toil, and its strife—
Of the mountains to climb, of the deserts to cross, and the perils that often befall.
'Tis well that a Hand all-wise has dropped a curtain concealing them all.
But the mist shall drift,
And the cloud shall rift,
And the curtain of fleecy fog shall lift.

Ah, the day will come—for come it must—when each
shall be standing alone,
With a trembling hand and a faltering foot on the
shore of a land unknown.
From the ken of men concealed there lies a region
beyond the skies,
But soon shall shine that light divine on our wondering
raptured eyes.
But the mist shall drift,
And the cloud shall rift,
And the curtain of fleecy fog shall lift.

MODERN HEROISM

Not long ago on one of the railroads running into Chicago the lightning express was coming down the track. It was the tender's duty to see that the crossing was clear and to signal that fact to the train with his white flag. He did so, and was slowly backing from the track, still waving his flag, for the day was dark and the engineer might not see till the train was near. Just then from the other side of the track a little girl suddenly came toddling down right in front of the swiftly approaching train. The train was almost upon her when the watchman saw her. He shouted, but she did not hear, or if she did it was too late for her to heed. Even as he shouted he ran. He knew what it meant. To save her was to lose his life. Yet he rushed right before the train, caught her, threw her with all his might beyond the rails, and in that instant met his death. The writer who tells this

story comments that this is no tale of knighthood during the age of chivalry. It was no Arthur or Galahad who did this deed, but a knight in old clothes. It is the glory of our common manhood that such qualities lie often unrecognized, and not infrequently latent, in the humblest lives. When they appear now and then, brought into visible shape by some emergency, they glorify not only the one man who is seen to do them or the one exceptional deed which he performs, but all men who so labor with fidelity that may become heroic. The opportunities for acts of signal heroism are exceptional, but the opportunities for fidelity that is essentially heroic are constant.

THE POWER OF RECUPERATION

Mr. Gladstone once said proudly to a distinguished literary man, "My wife has a marvelous faculty of getting into scrapes, but a more marvelous faculty of getting out of them." That shows the difference between people who succeed and people who do not, as much as anything else. Josh Billings once said that the difference between a wise man and a fool was that the wise man will not do the same fool thing twice, and that is a very important distinction. David was a man after God's own heart, not because he never got into a scrape, nor fell into sin, for he did both; but because when he found he was wrong he was quick to repent and face about to do right.

UNSELFISHNESS

One of the greatest characteristics of a true soul is unselfishness. Some one has well said, "Most men are like eggs, too full of themselves to hold anything else." This striking and suggestive figure shows the secret of the failure of many people to get wisdom and to grow in ability as they grow in years. It is to the open mind, the humble heart, the unselfish nature that all the world is a teacher, and every acquaintance brings each day some gift to enrich such.

THE NEED OF PERSEVERANCE

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, of the English Parliament, writing of the great Lord Russell, who was perhaps the greatest lawyer in Great Britain in this generation, recalls the fact that Russell began at the bottom and had a very hard struggle to get on at all at the law for many years. He passed through many experiences of debt and discouragement. On one occasion during these earlier years three young barristers met one day in London and all of them were discouraged. They were sighing for work that did not come, and they debated together what desperate course they would adopt. One talked of India, another of Australia, and the third of going to the United States. Those three young men almost ready to give up were Herschell, who became Lord Chancellor before he was fifty; Gully, who is now

speaker of the House of Commons, and Russell, who died Lord Chief Justice. This story ought to encourage any young man who is at the starving point in his career.

THE HEALING PLANT

There is a plant in Central America which has very remarkable healing qualities in cases of poisoning. The leaves, roots, stems—in fact, all parts of the plant—are an infallible antidote against the bites of all poisonous insects and reptiles. Bites of the most venomous snakes are absolutely harmless with this plant at hand. Humboldt says that the native of Guatemala never travels without carrying a small sack of the roots of this plant. Thus equipped, he is never molested by insects or reptiles of any sort. There is a plant in the spiritual world which is a certain remedy for the poison of sin. Christ is the Plant, and is a Tree of Life to every one that will lay hold upon him.

CONQUERING A LION

An officer of the French army has written a letter to his brother in this country, giving a graphic account of how it feels to look into a jungle lion's mouth. The hunter had seen and shot at a superb lion which had made its escape, tho the officer felt

sure that he had wounded it, and was not disposed to give up the chase. Suddenly on emerging from a thicket he found himself confronted by the lion. He stood about fifty yards away, gazing at his human foe and lashing his flanks with his tail. The officer and his attendant fired, and the beast sprang high in the air, and with a roar went straight at them. The cowardly attendant ran away and left his master to his fate. The officer fired twice in quick succession and hit the lion, but he did not fall. In a second the beast was upon him. He rose to his feet and fired again, full in the lion's face. He saw a frightful, gaping mouth and then he went down under him. He felt the hot breath on his face, and tried desperately but vainly to clutch the big tawny throat. But suddenly, as if by a miracle, the lion left him. He saw him standing two yards away looking after his fleeing attendant. The officer dragged himself toward his gun, and with rare coolness aimed and fired at the head of the lion. The beast fell dead just as he was about to return and make an end of the hunter. Tho badly wounded, the brave young officer is recovering. That is the kind of pluck men need to conquer all the obstacles of life. When once a man's mind is made up to fight the lion of difficulty he must feel that it is a fight to the death. Men who face their lions in that spirit can work miracles in these days. The Scripture declares that even the devil shall flee from us if we face him with a brave heart.

WAVING THE DANGER SIGNAL

A young girl in Colorado, who lives near a railroad track, ran to the door the other evening on hearing the whistle of the coming passenger train. As she looked down the track toward a sharp curve around which the train would soon wind its way, she saw a sight that froze her blood. The outline of a huge boulder lying directly on the track was distinguishable. The frightened girl rushed to the curve and attempted to remove the boulder, but her frail strength could do nothing. She ran back into the house, where a stick of kindling lay near the stove. She poured kerosene over this kindling, and lighting her improvised torch at a lamp, rushed frantically from the house to the track, for the whistle had sounded again and ominously near. She flew around the little curve and waved her signal in wide circles, and with a quick "down brakes" the belated train stopped three lengths from where the plucky little lifesaver stood. And none too soon, for so great was the momentum that the locomotive crashed into the huge boulder that barred the way, and tore away a portion of the pilot. The brave girl saved a score or more of human lives. It is not always possible for us to roll out of the way of the difficulties that threaten our fellow men with danger and destruction. But it is possible for us to wave the signal lantern, and do our best to stop them from running to ruin. They will not always heed, but

we must wave our lantern just the same. God will give us many a grateful heart as harvest for such faithful work.

DANGEROUS LITERATURE

A boy in Chicago recently committed suicide by hanging himself to a rafter in the hay-loft of a barn. He was known to his companions as "Red Top." A few minutes before a play had been in progress in a barn, for admission to which the boys of the neighborhood paid two pennies. The play was called "Red Eric's Revenge," and was written by "Red Top" himself. The scene was laid in a Chicago ghetto. The villain's part was taken by "Red Top." The climax of the play was the suicide of the villain, and thunderous applause greeted his exit from the world. "Boys," said "Red Top," coming to the front of the little stage in answer to the cheers, "this is only fun; der'll be a real tragedy here bimeby." Half an hour later "Red Top's" body was found hanging to the rafter under which he had committed a stage suicide. The boy's mind had been thoroughly saturated with vile sensational literature and this was the result. Parents and teachers need to watch with the greatest care what children are reading. Vile literature is worse than vile words spoken, for the printed word is read over and over again until it leaves an impression which nothing can eradicate.

CONTENTMENT

No grace is more essential to happiness and usefulness than contentment. A recent writer uses this significant illustration of the value of a contented mind. He says that when a man is climbing a mountain he ought to understand that, tho his ultimate object is to reach the summit, he should enjoy the prospect at every step. If he worries because he is not already at the top, and envies his fellow travelers whom he sees on a higher level, his ascent is a constant and painful effort. He spoils the present by thinking overmuch of the future. His business is to do the best he can, and to get as much pleasure out of the journey as possible. To ruin the satisfaction of having accomplished something, however little it may be, by the bitter thought that his path has peculiar obstacles, is neither good philosophy nor good sense. Let each day bring its own comfort. Let him forget the more favored, and find happiness in his own surroundings. If he can only abolish envy and the covetousness which demands large results from small causes, he will have learned the great secret. Fretting is only another name for weakness. Be a whole man in a small place—if it be a small place where God has put you—and force from every day and hour whatever enjoyment it contains, just as the honey-bee finds food even in the thistle.

THE REWARD OF PATIENCE

No man has stood more abuse for the sake of righteousness and civilization in the farthest Northwest than Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the heroic home missionary. With the eye of a statesmen, Dr. Jackson saw some years ago that the only salvation of the Indians of Alaska was to introduce into that country the reindeer, which would insure them a food supply. He kept at it until he got the government to undertake it, and while the experiment was yet in its infancy, corrupt politicians, and scoundrels who hated him for his war on the liquor traffic and the protection against lust he sought to give to Indian girls, set a large part of the press of the United States at work abusing that unselfish and devoted man. Dr. Jackson went on steadily, however, doing his duty, and it is now announced that the experiment is entirely successful. The Laplanders, who were brought to Alaska to introduce the reindeer and to train the Indians to take care of them, have gone home because their work has been successfully accomplished. The herds have rapidly increased until there are now five thousand reindeer in Alaska, and this means tens of thousands in a few years. The incident ought to encourage every man who has a great duty before him to go steadily forward without regard to the abuse of the wicked or the ungrateful.

THE BASEST INGRATITUDE

A young lady of Washington, D. C., has recently gone to Bombay, India, to marry a young officer in the English army. He was to have come to this country for his bride, but fell very ill and had to be away from his regiment so long before he recovered that it was impossible for him to get a leave of absence. So, since he could not come to her, she has yielded to his earnest requests, and makes the long journey to India to meet her beloved. If after this great proof of her love, on her arrival at Bombay, the young officer should spurn her, and refuse to recognize her as his affianced wife, the whole world would cry out at such base ingratitude. And yet how many men and women are doing the same thing in their treatment of the Lord Jesus Christ. Christ put aside all the glory of heaven, and came to earth, and suffered, was spit upon, was crowned with thorns, and died for them, and yet when he comes seeking their love they spurn him. Surely such ingratitude is unworthy of the human heart.

A MUSICAL CHILD

A wonderful interest is aroused in the scientific and artistic world over a little child with a remarkable gift of music. It is said that Pipeto Ariola, a three-year-old Spanish child, can play the most difficult classical compositions on the piano without

having had any musical training whatever. It is an extraordinary spectacle to see this tiny child solemnly sitting at a piano playing Beethoven's most complicated work with seemingly perfect skill and taste. The mother is a most devoted musician, and the child seems to have been born not only with the mother's love of music but an intuitive knowledge of it as well. The child has been before the International Congress of Psychology, the members of which have taken great interest in the case. It suggests the great fact that we are the children of God and we are born into this world with the power and the disposition to worship. There is no soul so poor in its inheritance but that the possibility of the spiritual life is there. We are the children of the Highest, and tho sin may have blinded the spiritual eye and made deaf the inner ear, the soul of man belongs to God.

THE SOUL CRIES OUT FOR GOD

Some one has well said that the instincts of men who deny a personal God are stronger than their logic. They may fill the air with the cry that there is no God, that we are drifting like fallen logs on the current of chance, but their cry has not the true ring to it. It satisfies no one, and so proves its own falsity. We want something more and something different if we are to meet the great emergencies of life without being overwhelmed by them. In the

dire struggle, in the solemn bereavement, when sorrow enters the house unbidden and unwelcome, then a man who would persuade us that there is no one to look to for help is in the attitude of a torturing enemy and his words add to our agony. He may be honest in his doubts, but at such a time we want none of them.

THE MASTER AND THE CHISEL

Margaret J. Preston has a very striking little poem, entitled "The Master and the Chisel," in which she brings out with great clearness the wisdom of yielding ourselves completely, without protest, into the hands of the Divine Sculptor :

'Tis the Master who holds the chisel ;
He knows just where
Its edge should be driven sharpest,
To fashion there
The semblance that he is carving ;
Nor will he let
One delicate stroke too many
Or few be set
On forehead or cheek, where only
He sees how all
Is tending—and where the hardest
The blow should fall
Which crumbles away whatever
Superfluous line
Would hinder his hand from making
The work divine.

With tools of thy choosing, Master.
We pray thee, then.
Strike just as thou wilt; as often,
And where, and when
The vehement stroke is needed.
I will not mind,
If only thy chipping chisel
Shall leave behind
Such marks of thy wondrous working
And loving skill,
Clear carven on aspect, stature,
And face, as will,
When discipline's ends are over,
Have all sufficed
To mold me into the likeness
And form of Christ.

THE GAYEST FELLOW IN THE WORLD

A writer in the *Nineteenth Century* declares that the Irish peasant is still what Sir Walter Scott called him after the visit of the great novelist to Ireland, "The gayest fellow in the world under difficulties and afflictions." He has a cheerful way of regarding circumstances which to others would be most unpleasant and disheartening. A peasant met with an accident which resulted in a broken leg. The neighbors, of course, commiserated him. "Arrah," he remarked, with a gleam of satisfaction in his eye, as he regarded the bandaged limb, "what a blessing it is that it wasn't me neck." There is inexhaustible happiness and contentment in that kind of a spirit. All the men who are accustomed to having

the blues ought to take a lesson at the feet of that Irishman. He looked on the bright side of things and was gay, and I do maintain that it is ever happier, as well as more religious, to be gay than blue in the face of difficulties.

COMRADES AND BROTHERS

By a curious chance of empire, when the gates of Pekin were shut, when the legations were finally cut off, they closed on two brothers who belonged to quite different branches of the British service, and might have been divided by thousands of miles—Dr. Wordsworth Poole, the medical officer of the legation, and his younger brother, an officer in one of the companies sent forward at the last moment to guard the legations. The story of these two brothers reads like the romance of the Corsican brothers. Wherever one is in danger the other seems to be sent to his help. The military brother some years ago was laid up with the fever in a small station on the West Coast of Africa. He seemed very near the point of death, but a messenger was sent to a British doctor who was rumored to be in the neighborhood. The messenger arrived, and the doctor came post haste to what he supposed to be the bedside of a stranger, but to his amazement found his own brother. No man on earth, however poor or sinful, is beyond the reach of the assistance of the great Elder Brother. If the poor sinner will

but cry out for help, he will come over all obstacles to his relief and salvation.

CHARACTER MORE THAN MONEY

A pretty little romance, as well as a beautiful glimpse into character, came out recently when ex-Secretary of State John Sherman deeded a large part of his great wealth to his adopted daughter. It recalled the fact that a few years ago Mary Sherman fell in love with a very noble and worthy young man who was only a clerk in the Judicial Department at Washington. He was bright, clear-headed, clean-hearted, and of good habits. But he had no money. It is a commentary on the wisdom of those noble people, John Sherman and his wife, that they were greatly delighted at their daughter's selection of this young man of high character, from the many men of wealth among her admirers. How many marriages that are loveless, and lead to homes that are only hells on earth, would be avoided if such wisdom was held in universal esteem.

HARDIHOOD

An anecdote has recently been published proving King Victor Emmanuel's pluck and hardihood when quite a youth. In 1887 experiments were being made at Fort of Monte Mario, Rome, on some cases of dynamite rendered inert for transportation. They were tried by firing bullets at them at a distance of

five yards. The then Prince of Naples was watching the proceedings with great interest, standing close to the men who fired. All at once one of the cases when struck exploded, and the fragments flew over the heads of those present. It seemed that no one was hurt. The young Prince had not moved, but was seen to draw his mantle, which had been hanging loose, closely about him. He ordered the experiment to be continued. When all was over it was noticed that the Prince in walking left traces of blood on the ground, and it turned out that he had been struck by a fragment, tho not severely, and that he had drawn his mantle about him to hide the fact that he was bleeding. While the old American Indians carried hardihood to an extreme, there can be no doubt that in our time the tendency is toward needless "ease and self-indulgence." We need to listen to Paul's exhortation to learn how to "endure hardness as a good soldier." It is not well to make much of the little suffering or pain or loss which comes to us in the doing of our duty. The Christian life is a fight, and the promised reward is "to him that overcometh."

CONSECRATING CHILDREN

A male child has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Shen Tung of the Chinese Legation at Washington. The parents have decided to bring it up as an American child. In consecrating their baby to American

ideas and customs, the Shens have done away with the bright red clothes that in China are supposed to bring good luck, and in which Chinese babies are invariably dressed. These people have named their child Washington, have clothed it as American babies in well-to-do families are clothed, and have secured for it an American nurse. All this is wise if the family intend to bring it up a real American. It suggests what Christian parents ought to do if they intend that their children shall grow up to be Christians. They should be consecrated to Christ from their childhood, and in all their teachings and surroundings, so far as the parents can control, the effort should be made to inculcate Christian ideas. Nothing is sadder than to see little heathen growing up in the midst of so-called Christian homes.

THE WELCOMING CHRIST

Jessie Ferris has a pretty song interpreting the invitation of Christ to the heavy laden; those marvelous words that stand out through the centuries, opening to us the heart of God: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."

"Come to me," and thou shalt find it ointment for thy bitter care,
Solace for thy broken hearthstone, hope for all thy keen despair.

Hard thy task and great thy burden? Child, I know thy every pain,
Trust in me and I will heal thee; think thou not 'tis all in vain.

For my heart is kind as woman's and my power more great than man's,
And thy smallest grief shall vanish with the healing of my hands.

Only faith I ask. I love thee more than human heart can know.
Come to me and I will make thee whiter than the lily's new-born snow.

THE NOBLEST VINE IN THE WORLD

Several curious beliefs are in existence concerning the famous vine, now more than one hundred and thirty-two years old, at Hampton Court, London. Its roots are popularly supposed to extend under the Thames, which is nearly four hundred yards away, and investigation has shown roots at a distance of about twenty-five yards from the main stem. It is very fruitful and every year starts forth three thousand bunches of grapes, but only twelve hundred are allowed to remain. The noblest Vine in the world is that to which every Christian is attached as a branch. How comforting are those words which Christ uttered to his disciples, and which John has treasured up for us, "I am the vine, ye are the

branches: he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing."

THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL

"Don't you believe in moral suasion?" asked the neighbor. The indignant father stopped with the switch poised in the air. "Of course I do," he answered; "I tried it once, and I'm going to try it again, just as soon as I lick this boy hard enough so that he'll know enough to be ruled by it the next time I try it. Yes, sir; moral suasion is a great thing, and I'm going to teach this boy how good it is, if I have to thrash him every week to do it. He doesn't appreciate its advantages yet." That is the theory of all prohibitory laws in society. If a man will not be ruled by the Gospel, then the law must be his schoolmaster to bring him to Christ.

THE WORK OF THE MASTER

St. Bartholomew's Protestant Episcopal Church, New York City, is building at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars a six-story free dispensary where the sick poor are to have as good care as can be secured by the rich. Surely this is the work of the Master. When the disciples of John the Baptist came to Christ asking for some proof of his Messiahship to carry back to their master, who was in prison, Jesus said that they should tell John not only

that the poor heard the Gospel, but that the eyes of the blind were opened, that the deaf were made to hear, that lepers were healed. Surely the church of Jesus Christ must more and more seek to bless not only the souls but the bodies of men.

THE POWER OF DREAMS

God has endowed us with the imaginative faculty for a great and wise purpose. A consecrated imagination is one of the richest blessings God can bestow upon any one. By holding the imagination to pure, lofty meditation, one may rise superior to all the difficulties of life. Arthur Symons brings this out in a striking way in his poem entitled "The Loom of Dreams."

I broider the world upon a loom,
I broider with dreams my tapestry;
Here in a little lonely room
I am master of earth and sea,
And the planets come to me.

I broider my life into the frame,
I broider my love, thread upon thread;
The world goes by with its glory and shame,
Crowns are bartered and blood is shed:
I sit and broider my dreams instead.

And the only world is the world of my dreams,
And my weaving the only happiness;
For what is the world but what it seems?
And who knows but that God, beyond our guess,
Sits weaving worlds out of loneliness?

A WELL-EARNED MONUMENT

Maine was the birthplace of Dorothea Dix, who was called "The Soldier's Friend," but who well deserves the wider name of "The Friend of Humanity." The women of that State are now planning to erect a monument worthy of her memory. The veterans of the Civil War know the story of her heroism and her patriotism. As superintendent of the women nurses, she stood at her post in Washington without a day's furlough throughout the entire war, and remained there eighteen months afterward, so that she might fulfil her promise to dying soldiers that she would aid their loved ones. Many a soldier's widow and daughter owed their means of livelihood to Dorothea Dix, tho they themselves were often not aware of it. The monument at Fortress Monroe, marking the resting-place of the brave boys who fell there, was built by the exertions of Miss Dix, who in a brief time raised $8,000 for the purpose and who personally purchased the necessary granite and superintended the building of the memorial. At a time when women were unaccustomed to public work she took up the cause of the insane. Through personal investigation, as early as 1842, she found their condition unspeakably wretched. There were then only a few asylums in this country, and these were crowded far beyond their capacity. In prisons, dungeons, often caged and naked, chained, and deprived of all liberty, these unfortunates were herded

together, with no means of external warmth and with insufficient food. Through the efforts of Miss Dix, North, South, East, and West, all this was changed. Her method was, personal investigation first; then efforts to interest the leading members before presenting her memorial to the legislature of a State. It is claimed that she raised over three million dollars for philanthropic purposes; that she remodeled or built from the foundations twenty asylums and many almshouses, many of the former of which are to-day models for improved methods of treating the insane. Dorothea Dix won her title to immortality by heroic service. Wherever work opened to her that needed to be done, her hands were offered. The world needs such service to-day on many fields, and we need to learn the great lesson of the life of Dorothea Dix over and over again. Not by getting, but by serving, do men and women become truly great.

THE MISSIONARY AND THE CONSUL

Every cheap foe of Christianity throughout the civilized world is voicing on every occasion to-day sneers and insults at the missionary. These gratuitous and uncalled-for slurs have their occasion in the troubled condition in China. A writer in the *Review of Reviews* brings out very clearly the relation between the missionary and the consul in China, which ought to be voiced from every pulpit

for the information of the people. He says that the fact that Protestant missionaries, when occasion requires, appeal to their consul is sometimes spoken of to their disparagement. But it should not be forgotten that the position of the foreigner in China under the provisions of the exterritoriality laws is a peculiar one. The consul, by official appointment, exercises the function of mediator, lawyer, protector, judge, and, in a certain sense, lawgiver on his behalf. The foreign citizen is explicitly directed in the treaties to invariably appeal to the consul when it is necessary that he should have official relations with the authorities. He is not allowed to address officially the representatives of the government without first submitting his case and his communication to his consul. He can be tried, in case of misdemeanor, only by his consul; and all matters subject to regulation and jurisdiction, as between the foreign citizen and the Chinese authorities, must, in order to be legal, be under the supervision of the consul or higher foreign official. Unless this fact is taken into consideration the appeal to consular intervention may be misunderstood and misinterpreted by an outside observer.

A REPAIRED LIFE

The most famous bell in the world, I suppose, is "Big Ben" in London. And yet this large bell was cracked before leaving the foundry, and was

sent back for repairs. These repairs were so successful that it was finally brought into use, and now for forty years it has satisfactorily boomed out the hour in the great metropolis of the world. Many men have been cracked and broken almost at the beginning of their career, yet by speedy repentance they have been forgiven, and God through his great love and mercy has healed the wound in the character and they have been permitted to go forward to do the work of their lives. Don't give up because you have failed once or twice, or even more frequently. God who is rich in mercy will yet give you a chance if you surrender your cracked and broken life into his hands.

THE FALLING OF A GIANT

A traveler describes in a very interesting way the impression received by one who is present at the felling of a giant redwood tree. He says as the saw moves through the heart of the giant it begins to sag down on the side where the wound is gaping. Presently it is apparent that the tree is beginning to lean away from the cutters. They continue their work a moment longer, then is heard the cracking of the wood fibers in front of the saw teeth. Another swish of the saw and the noises increase. They give a report like firing pistols and the rapidity of detonation of a Gatling gun. The sounds, getting ever more rapid, presently become a continuous

roar. Then, if you are standing near by and the tree is large, you will get the impression that everything above is coming to earth; that the whole forest is falling. The great mass starts slowly to topple, crackling and exploding ever louder at its base, until with a fearful momentum it comes sprawling down, cracking and crashing and roaring, and hitting the earth with a thump as if a whole broadside of shells had simultaneously struck a bastion. Sometimes we see a man come down like that. He has stood out apparently strong and forceful before all the world; he has carried his head high and young men have envied him; but the sappers were at his heart. The deadly saw of appetite or lust or passion cut away the supports under him until he came crashing down to the ground.

KEEPING IN PRACTICE

An Eastern editor, chancing to meet one of the leading pianists of Boston, who was about to go away on a vacation of several weeks, said: "You will allow the piano to rest during these weeks, will you not?" "Certainly not," was the reply. "I have already shipped two—a baby-grand and an upright—to my summer home, and I must get to them at once. I have some difficult playing to do in public in the fall, and I could not do it at my best if I should neglect, even for a few days, my

practice." A wayfaring man tho a fool ought to be able to read the moral to that incident. To do great work well a man must keep himself at his best.

PAUL'S SCHOLARSHIP

Dr. George H. Hepworth, preaching recently on the text, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content," says that when St. Paul had learned that lesson he was at an altitude from which the prospect is magnificent. As he looked down on the restless world, seething with avarice and envy and selfishness, it was with inexpressible pity that men will work so hard and so long to get so little at last. He could be happy in surroundings which make most of us miserable. He had so mastered the true philosophy of life that he did not want what he knew he could not have. He could be more content with nothing than many of us could be with everything. His source of peace was in his own heart, not in his environment. He was the proud possessor of a faith that could not be shaken, of thoughts which are worth more than a mine of gold, and he lived not in a world of man's making, which ever heaves and tosses like the ocean in a mad tempest, but in a world furnished with aspiration by Almighty God. This supreme rest of spirit is possible for all of us, but we must work in harmony with God before it can be acquired.

THE COMPOSURE OF GREAT SOULS

A battle between a blue heron and a dozen blue-jays, with an audience made up of ducks, swans, cranes, gulls, and peacocks, took place in Lincoln Park, Chicago, recently. Large numbers of blue-jays suddenly made their appearance in the park. The heron, wading in the pond, utterly unconscious of any coming attack, was taken by surprise when a flock of jays swooped down upon him from all sides. Taken at a disadvantage, he fought back as best he could, at the same time edging his way to the shore. Gaining the shore, he made his way to a low spreading tree, and, placing his back to it, repelling an attack of his antagonists, made rapid thrusts with his rapier-like bill at the pugnacious jays. The fight waxed hotter and hotter for fifteen minutes, the heron repelling the attack, until one of the jays, blinded by rage, made a swoop for the head of the heron and was impaled upon the long bill by a sudden forward thrust. A few discordant cries and the bird was dead. This took the heart out of the attacking party and they flew away with cries of fear. The heron reached up with one foot, raked the dead jay off his bill, and after making sure his enemies had flown, drew his head down between his wings and went to sleep. The true Christian has to fight sometimes, not only in self-defence, but for the sake of righteousness; but he does not lose his confidence that God is over all, and that in the long run

the right shall triumph. He can go to sleep knowing that He to whom he has committed his soul is able to care for the trust.

THE MOTHER INSTINCT

A poultry owner in Eastern Oregon has a mother hen of whom she is very proud. This hen fought and killed, not long ago, one of the largest of hawks. One day a chicken hawk swooped down upon the band of baby fowls of which the old hen was the mother. The hen didn't squawk and run, calling upon her offspring to follow her; but fearing they would not be able to get out of the way, she faced the hawk to fight, and so fierce was her onslaught as she buried her bill beneath the hawk's left wing that the hawk seemed surprised and dazed. It feebly arose, flew aimlessly against a clothes-line, and then dropped into the garden, stone dead. And yet ordinarily she was a very timid hen. It was the mother in her that rose to the great emergency. How much it means when God says, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

SAVING THE FRAGMENTS

A manufacturing jeweler in New Orleans had an old table at which his uncle had worked for many years as a goldsmith. Finally the younger man, coming into possession of the table through the death of the uncle, found it so large and cumber-

some that he determined to break it up. It occurred to him to see whether the table-top contained any gold that might be profitably recovered, and, splitting off a piece of the wood, he was surprised to find the pores literally choked with the precious metal. He cut the wood into small slivers and treated it with acid, and through this process it yielded over four hundred and eighty dollars. For years and years the lathe had sent a shower of impalpable gold dust over the table-top, and in the course of time it had entirely permeated the wood. The interior of the thick planks sparkled with it when they were laid open by the saw, and there was scarcely a scrap that did not yield its quota of gold The richest gold-field in the world is in human hearts, many of whom have been so worn by sin that they seem of no value at all. But the gold is there, and through the chemistry of divine love in Jesus Christ it can be redeemed. Every Christian ought to be a gold-miner seeking to save the immortal gold that will be wasted unless love shall find it and bring it back to Christ, who is able to purge away all the evil that hides it from the eyes of men.

OUTGREW HIS TICKET

A singular case involving the rights of a holder of a half-fare unlimited ticket developed recently on the Santa Fé line. It was on an east-bound train from San Francisco and the conductor, while collect-

ing tickets, was given the return portion of a half fare, or child's excursion ticket, from Kansas City to San Francisco. The holder of the ticket was a young man about twenty-two years of age. The conductor looked at him, smiled, and asked: "You don't expect to ride on this ticket, do you?"

"Why not? It is an unlimited ticket and I bought it in Kansas City eleven years ago."

The conductor examined it more carefully and found that it bore the stamp of the Santa Fé office at Kansas City and was dated April 12, 1889. It was, moreover, as the young man had said, an unlimited ticket.

"I don't doubt what you say about buying it," the conductor said, "but you were a kid then and now you're a man. I can't let a man ride on a child's ticket. You must put up the other half in cash or get off the train."

"But let me explain. My father put up nearly $100 for that ticket eleven years ago, and your company has had the use of $50 of it for all that time without rendering any service to him or me, for whom he bought it. If I have to pay the extra half fare, am I entitled to a credit in the shape of interest on that $50 for eleven years?"

"I'm not cracking those kind of nuts," the conductor replied, smiling. "You're a man and you have got to have a man's ticket or pay full fare."

"Well, I will pay the extra half fare, but I would like to have something to show for it."

"All right; I'll give you a receipt."

The money was paid and the receipt given, the name of the young man being Charles A. De Courcy. He said he would present a claim against the Santa Fé on his return from an Eastern trip.

Local passenger men to whom the case was presented say the conductor took the proper stand and that the young man has no legal or equitable claim against the company. A railroad ticket is a contract, and both parties to it must comply with the terms and the conditions provided on it. A child's ticket calls for a child passenger, and the moment the holder ceases to comply with this condition the ticket is not good for passage so far as he is concerned.

There is something very suggestive in this story. A man must grow with his years. People will expect more of him as the years go on. What is excusable or even admirable in a boy is contemptible often in a young man. And what may be accepted with applause from a young man will be disappointing in a man of mature years. Life is a growth and the man who is to live a triumphant career must increase in the return he makes to society and the world as he grows older.

PLUCK TO HOLD ON

At the fair grounds at San José, California, recently, about two thousand spectators were gathered about a balloon in which an ascension was to be

made by Professor Hoff. While the balloon was being filled the professor called for several assistants, and a man by the name of Macado was one of those who stepped forward. When all was ready the aeronaut called out, "Let go!" and the balloon quickly rose. As Macado endeavored to step away he became entangled in the ropes and was lifted from the ground. He realized the peril of his situation and as the balloon arose he took a firm hold upon the rope. The excited crowd below could hear his cries to the man in the balloon, "Save me! Save me!" The aeronaut, finding he could not draw the man up to him, decided that a descent must be made. He let the gas out of the balloon and slowly it started to descend. The young man held on to the rope with dogged determination while he was carried half a mile before he reached the ground. Many people find themselves in the course of their lives in situations where they can do nothing to help themselves, and all they can do is to stand still and trust God. The grit to hold on is a great thing. This is what Paul meant when he wrote the Ephesians about putting on the whole armor of God and then adds the words, "Having done all, . . . stand!"

MAKING OUR OWN ATMOSPHERE

Dr. George H. Hepworth says a true thing when he declares that a man's environment is the smallest part of his world. The world which is made by

circumstance, by the accidents of birth and wealth, of social position, or even of genius, has less to do with his happiness than the world which he creates for himself and in which his real life is passed. If I were a magician I might give you fame or beauty or valor or untold and inexhaustible riches; but in bestowing all these things I should not necessarily make you either contented or useful. It is even possible that I might merely add fuel to the consuming fire of your selfishness or avarice. These gifts might prove a curse rather than a blessing. If you wish to live in a beautiful world you must create it. It may be a difficult task, but with the help of God you can perform it.

A RICH SOUL

The only real riches are those that inhere in the soul, for they are the only ones that death can not take away from us. A man is rich or poor according to his inner self, his personality, his character. As another has well said, "If I want to know what you are, I must find my way into your heart. I do not care for your bank account, because that belongs as much to your heirs as to you; neither do I care for your palace, or your gallery, or your lands, or your pictures, because these are yours only temporarily, and ere many years you will make your exit and leave them all behind. You will, however, carry your soul with you wherever you go,

and for that reason I do not know what you are worth until I make the acquaintance of that soul. If that is not what it should be, you will miss such trinkets as wealth can buy and find yourself a poor man in the future life. But if your soul is rich, then you are rich forever, and not even death can rob you of your possessions."

THE VALUE OF STRUGGLE

A wise man has recently said that the boy who is cradled in wealth is by no means to be envied, for he is surrounded by dangers which will compass his ruin unless he is exceptionally strong. It is a misfortune to have everything at the start, for the tendency is to go wrong. He alone knows the worth of money who is compelled to work for it, and he alone knows the full meaning of life who stands face to face with difficulty and who attains success after a hard struggle.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER

Mrs. Frank Leslie, who made such a success in the business world, paying off over three hundred thousand dollars of her husband's debts when he had died a bankrupt, said that there came a time when it seemed that she would certainly fail. She did not know what to do or where to turn. She was forced to raise $50,000 at once or everything would be lost. To meet it she did not have a dollar and had

no credit. The story is more interesting in her own language: "I went in my trouble to dear old Dr. Deems, and he prayed for me, and so did the congregation of the Church of the Strangers. I don't know, but it did seem as if their prayers were answered. When it appeared certain to me that everything would have to go and I would be driven upon the street worse than penniless, a woman came to see me. She was a stranger. She said she had heard of my brave struggle and threatened ruin, and handed me a check for $50,000. The name on the check was Eliza Jane Smith. God bless her! She did not want security, but wanted to make me a present of the money. I would not accept it, and gave her notes, payable in instalments of $5,000 each. I paid the pressing debts, and with these out of the way I was able to boom the business. Six months later the first note became due, and I had met with such success that I was able to give my benefactress the entire $50,000 instead of $5,000. During the first year I lived in a garret and spent only $30 on myself. I made an average of $100,000 a year, paid off the debts of my husband and laid by enough to take care of me to the end of my days—a good enough record for a woman." How many in narrower circles have found themselves against the same stone wall of difficulty they could not scale until in their helplessness they cried out to God, and he opened a path before them in a way they knew not!

WATER IN THE DESERT

A man who was recently lost in the Arizona desert tells a terrible story of the horror of thirst. He says that when he tried to sit down and keep still the air and everything around became so quiet that he could not stand it. His body felt as if pins were being pricked into the flesh, a sensation caused by the great amount of evaporation taking place from his skin into the dry air. It made him restless, uneasy, and impatient. All the thoughts that came to his mind were of water. He saw every old dipper or water-bucket that he had ever drunk from in his life, and in fancy all the grades of water, from the common stagnant pools on to a cut-glass pitcher of clear, ice-cold, pure, distilled water, sparkling like diamonds, and he felt sure he would be eternally grateful to any one who would bring him even the very commonest grade, if it were only water. What an illustration of the thirst of the soul for God is that which David uses when he exclaims, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!"

A BLISSFUL IMMORTALITY

Bishop Hendricks, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at a funeral service not long ago, read the following appropriate and beautiful poem from the autograph manuscript of Charles Wesley.

The sublime faith of the poem makes the immortal life very real.

Soft! Attend the awful sound!
  Earth receives the borrowed clay,
But the sky-born soul is found
  In mansions of eternal day.
Borne through the open fount of Jesus' blood,
He springs! He flies! He 'scapes into the arms of God!

Joys all earthly joys transcending,
Never fading, never ending,
  Inconceivable below;
Rivers of celestial pleasure,
Bliss redundant above measure,
  From Jehovah's presence flow.

There the pure enraptured spirit
Doth his Lord's delight inherit;
  Doth the Father's glory see!
There, in hymns or silent praises,
Blest on the Redeemer gazes,
  Blest through all eternity!

Mourners for ourselves alone,
  Oh, when shall we overtake
The saint to earlier glory gone,
And win the prize by Jesus won,
  And given for his sake!

Jesus, manifest thy grace
  And pity from above;
Vilest of the apostate race,
Us in thy mercy's arms embrace,
  And crown us with thy love.

Happy in thy love revealed
To the expanded heart,
Conscious of our pardon sealed,
And thus made ready to depart,
Our souls to that triumphant soul unite,
And plunge in the full blaze of everlasting light!

READY FOR THE STORM

In 1892 Philip D. Armour was on one of his annual trips to the German mineral waters. At Carlsbad he met the moneyed men of Europe, and he put together all the hints that he got from this one and that one, and out of these hints he evolved a theory. He packed his grip and started for home, and the day he landed in New York he telegraphed for the heads of his departments to meet him in Chicago.

"How's business?" he asked, cheerfully, as he sat down in the midst of the powwow and within range of twenty telegraph machines.

"Never better; making money hand over fist," said the managers.

"Cut everything down to the very edge," said the old man, in a very businesslike way. "There's a storm brewing. Haul in sail. Stack up every dollar of cash in the vaults that you can get your hands on. Go into the money streets and use the name of P. D. Armour for all it is worth. Get every dollar to be had, and then come back and tell me about it."

They all believed in their hearts that the old man was getting panicky, but they did exactly as he said. They procured nearly $2,000,000.

"That's not nearly enough. Go out and get more," he directed. "Don't be afraid. Get every dollar you can, and get it just as quickly as you can."

Finally they obtained $4,000,000 in cash, and this, with securities on hand, footed up $8,000,000.

"Now maybe we can weather it," said Mr. Armour, and his preparations were hardly completed before the crash of 1893 came.

One of the first things to happen in the desperate financial straits was a run on the biggest banks in Chicago. One morning a messenger brought word that a mob was lined up in front of the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, and that the people were demanding their money. Some of the most conservative business men had lost their heads, and the rush was enough to stagger any set of bank officials. Ogden Armour, son of the old man, was a director in the bank.

"He waited a minute to arrange the every-day bunch of roses in the horn vase on his desk," said the man who told this story, "and then he snatched up his hat and started for the bank."

Mr. Armour mingled with the crowd on the sidewalk in front of the bank, going first to one and then to another, pledging his own credit for the deposits. He never left the place until the closing

hour, and by that time the run had stopped. He went back to his office and issued a call for a meeting of Chicago business men the next morning. Then he cabled to London and bought half a million dollars in gold on his own account. He ate a little luncheon and drove out to Armour Institute that afternoon as usual. He watched the classes at drill, and then he inquired, placidly: "Is anything wanted?" On his way home to dinner he stopped at the homes of his two sons for a little visit. After dinner he said that he felt a bit tired that evening and couldn't account for it.

The true Christian who is enriched with God's promises, and has stored away in the treasure-vaults of his soul the securities of God, can face the storms of the world with a quiet heart.

FACE TO FACE

A remarkable incident occurred recently at a wedding in England. A young man of large wealth and high social position, who had been blinded by an accident when he was ten years old, and who won University honors in spite of his blindness, had courted and won a beautiful bride, tho he had never looked upon her face. A little while before his marriage he submitted himself to a course of treatment by experts and the climax came on the day of his wedding. The day came, and the presents, and the guests. There were cabinet ministers and gen-

erals and bishops and learned men and a large number of fashionable men and women. William Montagu Dyke, dressed for the altar, his eyes still shrouded in linen, drove to the church with his father, and the oculist met them in the vestry. The bride, Miss Cave, entered the building on the arm of her white-haired father, the admiral, who was all decked out in the blue and gold lace of the quarter-deck. So moved was she that she could hardly speak. Was her lover at last to see her face—the face that others admired, but which he knew only through his delicate finger tips? As she neared the altar, while the soft strains of the Wedding March from Lohengrin floated through the church, her eyes fell on a strange group. Sir William Hart Dyke stood there with his son. Before the latter was the great oculist in the act of cutting away the last bandage. William Montagu Dyke took a step forward, with the spasmodic uncertainty of one who can not believe that he is awake. A beam of rose-colored light from a pane in the chancel window fell across his face, but he did not seem to see it. Did he see anything? Yes! Recovering in an instant his steadiness of mien, and with a dignity and joy never before seen in his face, he went forward to meet his bride. They looked into each other's eyes, and one would have thought that his eyes would never wander from her face.

"At last!" she said.

"At last!" he echoed solemnly, bowing his head.

That was a scene of great dramatic power and no doubt of great joy to both the bridegroom and his bride. It is a suggestion of what will happen in heaven when the Christian, who has been walking through this world of trial by faith, shall awake in the likeness of his Savior, and see him no longer through a glass darkly, but, as Paul says, "Face to face."

A JEWEL IN THE GUTTER

Into the Bowery Mission in New York City, with the rum-ruined, ragged throng that gathers every evening for the coffee and rolls distributed, there came staggering a man dressed in the rough bagging East Side pawnbrokers deal out with the price of a drink in exchange for clothing. Besotted, dirty—he had slept the night before in a sewer pipe—he slunk into a seat and waited wolfishly for food that even a rum-burned stomach craves. "Mother Bird," on the little platform, asked for a volunteer to play the great church organ in the hall. All sorts were on the benches—farm boys from Ohio, weavers from Maine, skilled mechanics, clerks, accountants, slip-shod, hungry, desperate, the wrecks of men—and this one, the worst of all, staggered forward. "Mother Bird's" heart sank within her as she saw him. He sat down at the organ. The first touch of the keys revealed the master hand. From the majestic strains of some of

those grand old German hymns he drifted, sobered by his playing, to the grand voluntaries that call the worshipers in great cathedrals to prayer. Suddenly he began "Home, Sweet Home." Tramps on the benches broke down and cried, and the organist himself to "Mother Bird" told how, the son of a wealthy German merchant, he had come to America to seek his fortune, had fallen into evil ways, had become the wreck he was. Kindly hands were outstretched to aid him and from that night he began to lead a new life. That is the life story of Organist Benke, of the famous Bowery Mission. He got a place in a music house in New York. Great churches have since sought his services as organist, but steadfastly he refuses, coming night after night to the mission to play the organ and extend a helping hand to others such as he once was.

A DOUBLE LIFE

Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson tells the story of a pointer—a genuine canine Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The dog lived in New York, was remarkably well-behaved, and was particularly friendly toward the children in the well-bred set in which his lot was cast. His only idiosyncrasy was his habit of disappearing for a day or two at a time. During one of these periods of disappearance there was caught in a distant section of the city a dog which was vicious,

degenerate, and particularly savage toward children. He was killed, and the owners of the supposed good dog found upon investigation that their well-behaved and beloved pet was one and the same with the vicious beast that had been shot. This dog has many human parallels in the attempt to lead a double life, but it always fails in the end. He died the bad dog, and Stevenson in his story lets his double man die Hyde. Both cases are true to life. The only way to get credit permanently for a good character is to be honestly, genuinely good all the way through and all the time.

FROM POVERTY TO RICHES

A Philadelphia fish-peddler has fallen heir to a great fortune in England. One night when he came home with his fish-cart he received the good news, which he could hardly credit, that a great estate which includes an old castle on the Isle of Wight worth over a half million dollars had fallen to him. He sought confirmation of the news and it came in the shape of money cabled to him to pay his expenses home to prove his title. There is not a poor sinner anywhere but is an heir of God and a joint heir with Jesus Christ to win inexhaustible riches if he will but accept them. The Lord will send riches of grace in forgiveness and joy and good cheer to bring the heir of heaven home in happiness and honor.

KEEPING ONE'S GRIP

Many of the most skilful telegraph operators suffer at times from a loss of "the grip," and are compelled to give way temporarily to a substitute. This "grip" is the hold on the key, and the moment the operator begins to lose hold of this "grip" he knows that he must rest a little while. An unpleasant term applied to this loss of "grip" is "telegrapher's paralysis." It shows itself in many curious ways, all denoting that the muscles brought into play in working a key are badly worn. Something like this happens to men in every department of life if they do not keep themselves at their best. It is necessary for us all to keep our grip on our work. People are in just as much danger of losing their grip spiritually as physically. The man who forgets Bible reading and prayer will lose his spiritual grip. There is an unction of the Holy One that reveals the Christian grip on heavenly things which can never be kept except through personal communion with God.

THE SINGING BIRDS ON LIFE'S VOYAGE

A schooner which arrived at Port Townsend from Honolulu recently had an unusual experience a few days before reaching port. When a hundred and fifty miles off Cape Flattery the schooner ran into an immense flock of wild canary birds, thousands of

which settled in the rigging and other parts of the vessel. The sailors furnished the feathered visitors with food and drink, and hundreds if not thousands of the birds remained on board contentedly, singing their sweet lays until the schooner reached port. God has many singing birds which he sends to rejoice the heart of those who sail steadfastly toward the port of heaven. A good conscience, a hope of heaven, assurance of reunion with loved ones—these are some of the sweet singers that rejoice the Christian sailor.

LABOR AND LIFE

James Herbert Morse sings under this title a very pretty little song about the art of so living that labor will be not only simply winning the day's necessities but a vantage ground from which one looks to the higher life to come.

How to labor and find it sweet,
How to get the good red gold
That veinèd hides in the granite fold
Under our feet—
The good red gold that is bought and sold,
Raiment to man, and house, and meat!

And how, while delving, to lift the eye
To the far-off mountains of amethyst,
The rounded hills, and the intertwist
Of waters that lie
Calm in the valleys, or that white mist
Sailing across a soundless sky.

LOVE THE MIRACLE-WORKER

The story is told by an Indian agent of the manner in which a doll averted an Indian war. On one occasion General Crook was trying to put a band of Apaches back on their reservation, but could not catch them without killing them; and that he did not wish to do. One day his men captured a little Indian girl and took her to the fort. She was quiet all day, saying not a word; but her beady black eyes watched everything. When night came, however, she broke down and sobbed, just as any white child would have done. The men tried in vain to comfort her, until the agent had an idea. From an officer's wife he borrowed a pretty doll that belonged to her little daughter; and, when the Apache was made to understand that she could have it, her sobs ceased and she fell asleep. When morning came the doll was still clasped in her arms. She played with it all day, and apparently all thought of getting back to her tribe left her. Several days passed, and then the little Apache girl, with the doll still in her possession, was sent back to her people. When the child reached the Indians with the pretty doll in her chubby hands it made a great sensation among them, and the next day the mother came with the child to the post. She was kindly received and hospitably treated, and through her the tribe was persuaded to move back to the reservation. Love is the great power, the greatest

power, with which to conquer the heart of man. Faith is great, hope is great, but love is the miracle-worker of the world.

THE FOULING OF THE SHIP

The best remedy, and indeed the only real remedy, against the fouling of a ship is copper sheathing. This was extensively used upon wooden ships before the advent of iron and steel construction, but in the latter case a new difficulty appears in the form of galvanic action between the copper and the iron and consequent corrosion and destruction of the iron. The only manner in which this action can be prevented is to insulate the copper from the hull by an intermediate wood backing, thus adding greatly to the expense. In the voyage of life there is only one thing that will keep the Christian's character in which he sails wholesome and clean, and that is the electric current of the divine spirit. The man who keeps in touch with heaven is able to cast off the defiling things of earth that would clog and delay his voyage.

THE POWER OF WILL

The man who is to succeed in any great work must cultivate will-power. Dr. Ezra Tinker, in his reminiscences of Bishop John P. Newman, relates a story which brings this out very clearly. He says that young Newman, being called to the work of

the ministry, entered Cazenovia Seminary during the presidency of the famous Dr. Bannister. At that time Mr. Newman was a serious, industrious, plodding student, with no indication of possessing special aptitude for public addresses. On his arrival the president said to him, "I understand that you are studying with a view to the ministry, and if such is the case you would better take your books and go home. You can never preach." Raising his clenched fist above his head, John P. Newman exclaimed, "I will preach!" After having demonstrated his ability to take a charge, he said to his people at the outset, "I will not be an ordinary preacher." Will-power like that with ordinary common sense to back it will win anywhere.

SAVED BY GOD'S MERCY

The largest nugget of solid gold ever found in California was found by Oliver Martin, a dissipated young fellow who was wasting his life by strong drink. When he came upon the nugget and found that it was really gold he tried to carry it to the nearest mining camp, but found it too heavy for him to carry. He went to the nearest camp and had hard work to get any one to go with him, as no one had any confidence in him. Finally one of the miners went back with him, and the chunk of gold, weighing eighty pounds, required their combined efforts to get it to the camp. The young drunkard

who found the nugget regarded it as an act of providence, and was so grateful to God for giving him another chance at success that he never touched intoxicants thereafter. He spent the last years of his life in great wealth and honor. That story suggests David's declaration that it was the gentleness of God that made him great.

LAUGHED OUT OF HEAVEN

Among the exhibits in the mining department of the World's Fair at Chicago was a nugget of pure gold found in Alpine County by a young woman. The history of its discovery is cherished by every woman in the gold-mining regions in California. Harry E. Ellis and his wife went to the State in 1874, from Philadelphia, because of Ellis's serious lung trouble. They went to live up in the mountains of Alpine County, miles from any neighbor. They got their livelihood by hunting, and cultivating a few acres of land about their lonely cabin. Grizzled old gold-miners, with their burros laden with grimy camp outfits and blankets, came by the Ellis cabin frequently. One of the men lay ill there for several weeks, while he was nursed to health and vigor by the Ellises. The miner told them how they might find recreation and profit in hunting through the cañons and foothills in that region for pay-dirt, and showed them where he believed there were indications of gold-bearing gravel. For days at a

time the young husband and wife tramped up and down the gulches in Alpine County looking for specks of gold, but all without avail. They abandoned seeking riches in the placers and confined their attention to their little ranch. One afternoon as Mrs. Ellis was driving home the family cow she was seeking stones to throw for the amusement of the dog. She saw in the coarse gravel a dark, yellow stone and picked it up. "I knew from the moment I picked it up," says she, "that I had found gold, because it was so heavy; but as I had never seen a real nugget I was afraid my husband would laugh at me." Fortunately for the family the woman finally decided to risk being laughed at rather than lose what she felt sure to be a fortune, and so she took her nugget of gold to her husband, and that was the beginning of great wealth to them. I have known many people who had been called of God by the Holy Spirit to accept Christ and his salvation to stay out of the kingdom for fear of being laughed at by their friends. What folly!

DWARFED TREES AND DWARFED MEN

One of the fads this winter among the wealthy in Eastern cities is to have dwarfed cherry trees as ornaments to fashionable dinner-tables. These trees will bear actual fruit, ruddy-ripe, which the guests will pluck for themselves when dessert-time arrives. Not more than one hundred cherries will be on each tree,

but inasmuch as they will be of extraordinary size and delicious quality, beside being so unusual a luxury, it will add a great attraction to a small dinner party. These dwarf cherry trees have been evolved by the ingenuity of French gardeners, and last winter they were the vogue in gay Paris. They cost a good deal of money, of course, as the fruit has to be forced by special processes in the greenhouses, and the little crop, once picked, can not be renewed for twelve months. All this is very interesting; but these little dwarfed trees on the tables of the rich suggest to us that luxury which feeds on dwarfed cherries often produces dwarfed men and women. Wealth ought to enlarge men, it ought to be used as a stepping-stone to a nobler manhood and a holier womanhood; but in every age—in our own as truly as in any other—it often has the effect of dwarfing the possessor instead of enlarging him.

IN A CAGE OF MONKEYS

A little colored boy, eight years old, attended a pony, dog, and monkey show in Reading, Pennsylvania, and was employed to lead the ponies in the parade and afterward appeared on the platform with them. Being fascinated with the animals, he followed them to the cars and one of the trainers locked him in the monkey cage. He had a terrible night of it. The monkeys would not let him sleep, and, thoroughly exhausted and disgusted, he was very glad to

desert the show in the morning. Some people live in a monkey cage all their lives. Instead of developing any great, true purpose in life, and preparing themselves to be of real service to humanity, they drift about in their reading, in their acquaintances, and in their thoughts, until life is only a monkey cage, full of annoyance and of things that worry and fret the soul. The only way to keep life from being trivial and petty is to consecrate the soul to the service of God and duty.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE

This poem, whose author I do not know, founded on an old legend, ought to have in it a message of comfort to many weary hearts:

A mighty monarch in the days of old
Made offer of high honor, wealth and gold,
To one who should produce in form concise
A motto for his guidance, terse yet wise,
A precept soothing in his hours forlorn,
Yet one that in his prosperous days would warn.
Many the maxims sent the king, men say;
The one he chose: "This, too, shall pass away."
Oh, jewel sentence from the mine of truth!
What riches it contains for age and youth!
No stately epic, measured and sublime,
So comforts or so counsels, for all time,
As these few words. Go, write them on your heart,
And make them of your daily life a part.
Has some misfortune fallen to your lot?
"This, too, shall pass away"—absorb the thought,

And wait; your waiting will not be in vain,
Time gilds with gold the iron links of pain.
The dark to-day leads into light to-morrow;
There is no endless joy, no endless sorrow.
Are you upon earth's heights, no cloud in view?
Go, read your motto once again: "This, too,
Shall pass away." Fame, glory, peace, and power,
They are but little baubles of the hour,
Flung by the ruthless years down in the dust.
Take warning, and be worthy of God's trust.
Use well your prowess while it lasts; leave bloom,
Not blight, to mark your footprints to the tomb.
The truest greatness lies in being kind,
The truest wisdom in a happy mind.
He who desponds, his Maker's judgment mocks;
The gloomy Christian is a paradox.
Only the sunny soul respects its God;
Since life is short, we need to make it broad;
Since life is brief, we need to make it bright,
Then keep the old king's motto well in sight,
And let its meaning permeate each day—
Whatever comes, "This, too, shall pass away."

A BROKEN ANCHOR-LINE

A man on the California coast of the Pacific Ocean not long ago conceived the idea that a large cask, weighted down and anchored off shore, would serve as a good hiding-place from which to shoot ducks, and he rigged one up. He was rowed out to and deposited in his barrel. So busy was he shooting at the evening flight of ducks that he failed to notice when the anchor-line broke, and soon he was helplessly floating on the tide. A light wind blowing off

shore sent him out to sea. A dense fog settled down with the darkness, and he feared he was lost. When his partner returned to take him from the barrel, he surmised the man's fate and rowed out into the bay, firing his gun and shouting. At last the lost hunter was located and rescued from his perilous situation. Many a man drifts away from the anchorage of right thinking and right living and is far on the way toward shipwreck and disaster before he appreciates his danger. Many are thus lost in the fog and darkness of doubt and sin, and will be lost eternally unless we go after them with the earnest purpose of rescue.

A WELL-SEASONED LIFE

Old ships are like Joseph's coat of many colors. They have been repaired in many ports, and often contain a score of various woods. The knees are usually of hackmatack, the ribs of oak, and the planking of pine and oak. But in the repair-yards of the globe all sorts of other woods are used. Among them may be found mahogany, iron wood, teak, pitch pine, and cedar, and sometimes rosewood and ebony. Much of the timber is more valuable because it is old and seasoned, and often brings high figures. Even oak, after thirty or forty years, is, when undisfigured, twice as valuable as when it is new. Any cabinet-maker is only too glad to purchase a huge oak beam which has sailed ten or twenty times

around the globe. So a man or a woman who has faced the storms of life with a brave heart, and has been seasoned in the midst of temptation and trial, gathers a certain strength and quality of character that makes his or her personality a source of courage and inspiration to all who come in contact with it. Such people must be very popular in heaven among the angels.

CHARACTER BUILDING THROUGH STRESS

A gentleman writing about the breaking up of old ships recently said that it is not the age alone which improves the quality of the fiber in the wood of an old vessel, but the straining and wrenching of the vessel by the sea, the chemical action of the bilge water, and of many kinds of cargoes. Some planks and veneers made from an oak beam which had been part of a ship eighty years old were exhibited a few years ago at a fashionable furniture store on Broadway, New York, and attracted general notice from the exquisite coloring and beautiful grain. Equally striking were some beams of mahogany taken from a bark which was engaged in the sugar trade between New York City and Cuba sixty years ago. The years and the traffic had contracted the pores and deepened the color, until it looked as superb in its chromatic intensity as an antique Chinese vase. It was made into a cabinet, and has to-day a place of honor in the drawing-

room of a wealthy New York family. So there is a vast difference between the quality of old men who have lived flabby, self-indulgent, useless lives and the fiber of those who have sailed all seas and carried all cargoes as the servants of God and the helpers of their fellow men. Not only the wrenching and straining of life but also something of the sweetness of the cargoes carried get into the very pores and fiber of character.

GREAT REWARDS THROUGH GREAT CULTIVATION

The great rewards of life are won by people who not only have great gifts but great self-denial and the power to hold themselves to hard work in cultivating their gifts. A favorite story of the late Sims Reeves tells how, once upon a time, the famous tenor was stranded at a country junction, waiting for a train. It was cold and miserable, and the singer was naturally not in the best of temper. While chewing the cud of disappointment, an old railway porter, who recognized him from the published portraits, entered the waiting-room.

"Good-evening, Mr. Sims Reeves," he said.

"Good-evening, my man," replied the vocalist, getting ready the necessary tip. But the man sought for information rather than tips.

"They tell me you earn a heap of money," he remarked.

"Oh!" murmured Mr. Reeves.

"And yet," pursued the porter, "you don't work hard—not so hard as I do, for instance. But I dessay you earn—p'raps ten times what I do—eh?"

"What do you earn?" asked the singer.

"Eighteen shillings a week all the year round," said the porter.

Sims Reeves opened his chest. "Do, re, mi—do!" he sang, the last note being a ringing top one. "There, my man; there's your year's salary gone!"

GIVING ONE'S SELF

There are many people with good heads, good hearts, and good health, who because they have not much money to give hold aloof from charitable and religious work. There could be no greater mistake than that, for while money is necessary there is a still greater value in personal service, and the man who gives himself in supreme self-sacrifice may be able to help a great deal more than the one who gives a large sum of money. Helen Gould, who is making a name that not long ago suggested hardness and questionable business practices to be a name universally loved and honored, recently said that the earnest workers who so nobly and lovingly give their lives to promote the welfare of others give far more than if they simply made gifts of money, and should not feel discouraged because they can not afford to give largely in a financial way. Sym-

pathy and good will may be a greater force than wealth, and we can all extend to others a kindly feeling and a courteous consideration that will make life sweeter and better.

MOTHERHOOD

Somebody has well said: "A mother is the holiest thing alive." This is not only true in Christian lands, but wherever human hearts are warm. In China during the rebellion of Tsao a great battle was fought, the chroniclers relate, in which the forces of the emperor became scattered and his household dispersed. While the combat still raged Queen Mi found herself alone, abandoned, cruelly wounded by an arrow, and tottering feebly through the bloody grass on her "three-inch gold lilies" (compressed feet), bearing in her arms the little A-tou, heir to the line.

She was not his own mother, but her maternal devotion was none the less perfect. Dragging herself painfully to a half-ruined hut, she crouched against the wall with the baby wrapped in her robe. Presently a horseman rode up and discovered her. He proved to be Chao-tzu-lung, a faithful general of the emperor. Prostrating himself at her feet, he begged her to mount his horse with the child; he would fight on foot at their side and endeavor to break through the enemy's lines to the loyal army on the farther side.

Ceremoniously bidding him rise, the grateful queen in her turn knelt, "not to her general, but to his loyalty," and assured him that she trusted him to rescue the heir, but that he must leave her to die. A warrior on foot, with a wounded woman as well as a baby, would be at a fatal disadvantage. He must ride and carry the child.

"Place him beneath your corselet, next your heart," she said, "not too tightly nor yet so very loose."

But Chao-tzu-lung could not bring himself to abandon the queen, seeing which she suddenly stooped, laid A-tou at his feet, and running with the last muster of her strength to a well near at hand, sprang down it to her death.

Then, indeed, the general took the baby as she had bidden him, and charging the enemy in a fury of grief and rage broke through the lines, bore the heir in safety to his father, Liu, and told him and his guard the story of the queen's self-sacrifice.

OVER-SUSPICIOUS

The over-suspicious man who imagines that everybody is trying to cheat him, and who holds every man he meets guilty of some meanness until he is proven innocent, often outwits himself and gets into trouble. Lord Wolseley, the retiring commander-in-chief of the British army, does not tell the following story, but somehow or other it got abroad and

is generally credited as strictly true. On one occasion the famous field-marshal's zeal for the welfare of his men got the better of his discretion. Dinner was being served to the soldiers, and orderlies hurried backward and forward with steaming pails of soup; Lord Wolseley stopped one of them. The man was at attention in a moment.

"Remove the lid." No sooner said than done.

"Let me taste it."

"But plaze yer—"

"Let me taste it, I say."

And taste it he did.

"Disgraceful! Tastes like nothing in the world but dish-water."

"Plaze, yer honor," gasped the man, "and so it is."

DRIED-UP LIVES

A recent traveler who has been exploring in Central Asia says that in the past few years the quantity of water in Turkestan and Bokhara has notably diminished. A number of oases that were cultivated with much success several years ago have now been abandoned because the streams that rendered their irrigation possible have dried up. This phenomenon is particularly prominent along the little rivers among the highlands of the Pamirs. We often see men and women who have evinced much spiritual fertility becoming worldly and indifferent

to religious matters, because the streams of spiritual refreshing which came to them from prayer and Bible reading and Christian associations have become dried up. You can not have fertility of the soul without irrigation from the River of Life.

WHAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

Lord Rosebery, the well-known English politician, has an estate at Dalmeny, where the great industry is in the form of shale mines lying on a remote corner of the estate. When the wind blows just right it brings the smoke and smell of the mines up to the mansion, and on one occasion a visitor, not knowing that the mines belonged to Lord Rosebery, remarked on the nuisance of having such things so close by. "Ah, my friend," said Lord Rosebery, "however unpleasant it may be to you, to me it is the smell of twenty-five per cent." What a difference that makes! And it is just the same in religious and moral reform work. The men and women who are not thoroughly consecrated to the rescue and help of their fellow men see only the disgusting and trying features of such service; but the winner of souls, who sees in every lost man or wandering woman redeemed by his service a brother or a sister of Jesus Christ, finds all these annoyances, like the smoke of the shale mines to Lord Rosebery, insignificant indeed when compared to the great profits.

SELFISHNESS

Dr. George H. Hepworth brings out very clearly the inherent meanness of selfishness, and the certainty that such a character could never be happy in heaven. He says the sordid soul thinks of itself alone, and is armor plated against the tears and sorrows of its fellows. Such a soul, instead of being a little lower than the angels, is little higher than the animals. When self is the ruling passion only a mean and contemptible sort of happiness can be found, the kind which a lion has, which makes a meal on the lamb which it has just killed. If a selfish soul should go to heaven it would find itself strangely out of place, would misunderstand everything it saw, and long for more congenial companionship. No man can be happy in heaven or anywhere else unless love controls his action. Pity can not be selfish, and love finds a divine satisfaction in doing good to those who need help.

A PROOF OF LOVE

A remarkable example of a lover's devotion was given recently in Indiana, when a couple who had been affianced from childhood were married in a hospital under most pathetic circumstances. A few days before the marriage the young man's limbs were cut off by a railroad train. The marriage had been set for a certain date, and in spite of his acci-

dent the faithful girl declared that she would marry him and lovingly work for him and care for him while he lived. What a vile creature that man would be if he should prove unfaithful after that wonderful exhibition of love. And yet there are many for whom Christ gave his life who are proving unfaithful to his love, and give him back no gratitude or affection in return.

IN THE BALANCES

The greatest weighing-machine in the United States is at Washington. Even the scales upon which entire freight cars, with their loads of many tons, are weighed, are insignificant when compared with this huge pair of balances. This machine can outweigh the largest railroad scales by fifty tons, and when it is considered that its results must be accurate to a pound, while railroad scales are considered good when they come within fifty pounds of the exact weight, the result obtained is little less than marvelous. These scales are used in weighing guns for the war vessels. In order to illustrate to a reporter the accuracy of the counterpoise of the huge machine, an officer picked up half a brick which was lying near by and tossed it upon the platform of the big scales. He then consulted a long brass lever in the reading-box along the edge of the platform, and found that the weight of the brickbat was just one pound. But the greatest

scales in the world are the balances in which God weighs the character and conduct of men and women. The book of Daniel tells us of a king of Babylon who was weighed in those balances and found wanting, and ruin was the consequence. We are to be weighed there, and we should be careful to live so genuinely that we shall be found of full weight.

THE ALERT MIND

Lord Rosebery recently took for his text in making a political speech the retort of his little daughter, Lady Sybil Primrose, to her nurse, when told to stop thinking and go to sleep. "But I can't help thinking, for, you see, I can't make my mind lie down." An alert mind will not lie down, and our only safety from it is to give it good food to feed upon. It is worse than useless to tell children to go away and keep still, unless you give them something with which to occupy themselves. The idle mind is the devil's workshop because God intended the human mind to be a worker, and when we do not give it employment the devil does.

INCARNATE WORLDLINESS

A gentleman who was traveling on the Continent last summer engaged a courier, and one evening, on arriving at an inn in Austria, he sent him to enter his name, in accordance with the police regulations

of that country. The man replied that he had already anticipated his wishes and had registered him as an American gentleman of wealth. "But how did you write my name?" the gentleman asked. "I can't exactly pronounce it, but I copied it carefully from your portmanteau, sir." "But it is not there," he said. "Bring me the book." The register was brought, and on looking at it the traveler was greatly amazed at finding, instead of a very plain English name of two syllables, the following portentous entry: "Monsieur Warranted Solid Leather." A good many men in this country, if they had their real names given, would have to be registered that way. They have so poured all their energies, all their love and hope and faith, all their human sympathies into their business success that they are only business machines.

THE DREAM AND THE ACHIEVEMENT

The illusions of life are very great to us in youth. We are led on by them, and the reality often seems very small compared with the promise. How clearly the poet brings out this difference which all of us feel from time to time between the dream and the achievement. The poet sings:

> Oh, dream-shipbuilder! Where are they all,
> Your grand three-deckers, deep-chested and tall,
> That should crush the waves under canvas piles,
> And anchor at last by the Fortunate Isles?

Instead of a fleet of broad-browed ships,
To send a child's armada of chips!
Instead of the great guns, tier on tier,
A freight of pebbles and grass-blades sere.

MUSIC-MAKERS

In the village of Mittenwald, in the heart of the Bavarian highlands, live the men who manufacture the greater part of the world's supply of violins. Mittenwald has taken the place of Cremona. Of the eighteen hundred inhabitants of the village over eight hundred are exclusively occupied with the manufacture of violins, and the output reaches fifty thousand violins per annum. They are exported to all the countries in the world. Each family of violin makers has its own particular trade secret, a sort of trick of the trade, handed down from father to son; but for general instruction in violin making an interesting school is carried on in the village, where boys are given a three years' course in the construction of violins. God is seeking through Jesus Christ to awaken sweet music in human hearts everywhere. It is the mission of the Sunday-school and the church to cultivate the musical quality in the souls of boys and girls. We ought all to be music-makers. If we are true to God and our hearts are full of thanksgiving we shall swell the harmony and not the discord of the world.

SNEAKING LIONS

A writer in the *Contemporary Review* says that lions infest the Beira route in Africa to this day. Ten years ago, when the line was being surveyed, they crawled everywhere. The usual idea of these animals is that they are the kings of beasts; that lions prance and lash their tails, step after a lordly fashion, and are both noble-looking and noble in their habits. He declares that there never was a greater mistake. Those who have made their close acquaintance say that a lion far more often creeps on his stomach like a stalking cat than he goes on his hind legs, as shown in the pictures. So the devil goes about like a lion. He roars a good deal, but he is a sneak, and whenever the Christian resists him with determination he slinks away with his tail between his legs.

MAN'S NEED OF GOD

A recent writer well says that a physical giant may have an unformed or a deformed spiritual nature. If a man is entirely satisfied with this lower life of the body, and the other life is beyond the reach of his vision, then he is not wholly alive, for there is a wide realm of thought, of incentive, of action into which he has not entered. He is not a well-rounded man, with aspirations that reach beyond the stars, but a man with a narrow and im-

perfect view of his duties and responsibilities. He may be entirely honest in his doubts of God and of immortality, but the fact remains that without God and immortality he can not reach the perfect stature of a man. A flower bush in the dark may do the best it can under the circumstances, but it will never grow and blossom as it would if it were in the full blaze of the sunshine.

INSTANT DECISION

An engineer saved his train recently near Batavia, N. Y., by quick decision and instant action. On a switch stood a loaded freight car, which the wind started down the sharp incline toward Canandaigua just as the passenger train was coming in. John Perkins, one of the oldest engineers on the road, stood at the throttle. A glance at the rapidly approaching car made him push in the lever to its fullest extent and reverse the engine. It was a thrilling moment when the big train came to a standstill and commenced to back. The crash came, but as the passenger was fast traveling backward nobody was hurt. It often happens that a young man or a young woman, hard on the way to ruin, is called in the nick of time. There is just one hope, and that is to repent at once, and turn about. To delay is to be lost. "To-day is the day of salvation."

THE HOPE OF THE CLIMBER

If a man sits still at the bottom of the hill and looks fearfully up the long distance he must climb it is easy to get discouraged, but if he begins the ascent then he gains hope as he proceeds. As another has well said, the man who is scaling the mountain side has a hard day's work, but if he is really making the ascent he is neither grim visaged nor gloomy. He can stoop to gather the blossoms in his path, to appreciate the grandeur of the scenery, to watch the clouds in their flight. He is not simply doing a bit of heavy drudgery, for there are compensations at every stage of the journey. The very effort which will make him successful at last has an ingredient of joy in it, and the consciousness that he is doing a man's work in a manly way fits him, both mentally and physically, for such incidental pleasures as may offer themselves.

THE COMMON NECESSITIES OF MANKIND

An American lady who has been traveling in Europe, and has had unusual opportunities of visiting the homes of great people, recently said that while the show-rooms of palaces may be jeweled and richly upholstered and embanked with lustrous statuary and aglow with masterpieces of painting, the living-rooms of European potentates are for the most part as plain as the rooms of people ordinarily

prosperous. While the banquet of a king or queen may be very gorgeous and splendid, the ordinary breakfast or luncheon or dinner of a palace is as plain as ordinary cutlery or tablecloths and ice-pitcher can make it. The great necessities of life are the same among all people. In the great things we may be very sure that God is no respecter of persons, and the king and the queen will stand on the same footing at last with the washerwoman and the cab-driver, judged by the life they have lived and by the way they have used the opportunities that have been given them.

A BROKEN MAN

A man writing about ships says that ships are like men. Some are stricken in youth, others in middle age, and a few pass away after many years. When a man comes to an end, there is always a burial-place; but the ship's only cemetery is the deep sea. If in its youth it runs ashore on a lee coast, or if in its old age it is condemned as unseaworthy, it meets the same fate—to be broken up and sold as old junk. A man need never go to the junk-pile, and never does go there except by his own fault. Christ promises to come on board and take the helm of our lives and pilot us through all the perplexing channels of experience. If we run aground or become unseaworthy it is because we have shut Christ out of control.

A HIGH PURPOSE

John D. Farwell calls attention in a recent article to a splendid statement once made by Sir Thomas Fowler Buxton, the great English philanthropist, whose sublime purpose was to free every slave in the British dominions. Buxton said: "I thank God that I have pursuits in life so deeply interesting as they proceed, and so full of promise in the magnitude of their results, that they deserve to absorb my whole being. I would not exchange objects with any living being." The vigor and courage of such a man is contagious; to hear him or be in his presence is like a breath from the sea or a breeze from the mountain tops. And yet, as a boy, he was dubbed "The Dunce" as a student. His noble purpose and patient, persistent effort made a great man of him.

THE LIGHT FROM HEAVEN

A distinguished preacher recently related in England this striking incident in his own personal experience: "I had gone to preach the Commencement sermon at a college in Kentucky near the great caves, and the professor took me to see the principal one. Each of us was given a candle, and we descended. The guide showed me a stalactite, and pointed out its beauty; then a stalagmite, and I said, 'Yes, it is charming.' But I wasn't charmed,

and I said to my friend, 'I've got to preach to-night. It's dark and cold. Let us get out of this.' 'No, sir,' said the guide, 'I can't go back. We must go through the whole.' Presently we found ourselves in the great hall, and the guide pointed out a piano, of which stalactites and stalagmites were the keys, and asked me if it was not splendid. But in the dim candle-light, and shivering with cold, I was sadly disappointed. But the guide had a magnesium ribbon, which he lighted, and there is no light like that. I dropped my candle, for the magnesium light flashed out and filled every nook of the cave. Here I saw an angel's face, there a patriarch's, then a bouquet of flowers, all wrought by the wondrous art of nature. While I was standing gazing in astonishment, I heard the professor playing upon the stone piano 'Home, Sweet Home.' I could have stayed all night, enraptured by the scene. When we got back I could not fix my mind on my text; and after trying, and finding it impossible, I gave it up. Then God said, 'Let me have your candle. You have been trying to see beauty and glory in my Word with the dim candle-light of your own reason. I have the magnesium flash-light of the Holy Ghost.' I had got my candle lighted in the university, but I threw up the candle of my intellect, and down came the search-light of the Holy Ghost; I preached under its shining, and the students were edified. The church needs nothing so much as an equipment of the Holy Ghost. So long as men can

explain us we have no more power than other people; but when we are a constant walking interrogation-point, asking questions in men's hearts and consciences, they inquire, 'Oh, whence comes his power?' and God makes himself heard and felt and known."

CHRIST AND THE HUMAN HEART

On an old castle wall, says the legend, there hung a strange instrument. Its strings were broken and it was covered with dust. People went in and out and wondered at it. No one saw its use. One day a stranger came to the castle. He entered the hall where the instrument, long unused, hung. Taking it down, he tenderly brushed off the dust and replaced the broken strings. Then, as his fingers swept over it, strains of sweetest music came forth. Those who were near stood in awe, and their hearts were touched. They asked each other, "How came this stranger to know the value of the harp?" Ah, he was the master, who had been long absent and now returned unto his own. The human heart is the most wonderful musical instrument in the world. It is far more sensitive than any harp or violin ever made by the skill of man. It can be played upon by anger or love or sorrow or joy or ambition; envy and jealousy can extract from it fearful discords, while sympathy and mercy can touch it into a music so sweet that the angels will stoop to listen.

Christ is the great musician to whom the human heart belongs. He only can bring out its noblest music.

A MISSED OPPORTUNITY

A cup of cold water on a thirsty day to a weary heart is so precious a thing that it is a sad mistake when we miss the opportunity. Marion Harland has recently written of such failures a poem that ought to go to our hearts and make us more careful.

I might have said a word of cheer
  Before I let him go,
His weary visage haunts me yet;
  But how could I foreknow
The slightest chance would be the last
  To me in mercy given?
My utmost yearnings can not send
  That word from earth to heaven.

I might have looked the love I felt;
  My brother had sore need
Of that for which—too shy and proud—
  He lacked the speech to plead.
But self is near, and self is strong,
  And I was blind that day.
He sought within my careless eyes,
  And went, athirst, away.

I might have held in closer clasp
  The hand he laid in mine;
The pulsing warmth of my rich life
  Had been a generous wine,

Swelling a strain that even then
  Was ebbing faint and slow.
Mine might have been (God knows) the art
  To stay the fatal flow.

O word and look and clasp withheld!
  O brother heart now stilled!
Dear life, forever out of reach,
  I might have warmed and filled!
Talents missed and seasons lost,
  O'er which I mourn in vain—
A waste as barren to my tears,
  As desert sands to rain!

Ah, friend! whose eyes to-day may look
  Love into living eyes,
Whose tone and touch, perchance, may thrill
  Sad hearts with sweet surprise,
Be instant, like our Lord, in love,
  And lavish as his grace
With light and dew and manna-fall,
  For night comes on apace.

THE DRUNKEN WIFE

A woman committed suicide in New York City recently because she could not break herself of the drink habit. She was a young and beautiful woman, and lived in elegant apartments, with a husband who was devoted to her; and yet, after being a bride only two months, she took her own life because the tiger-like clutch of the drink habit had gotten hold on her. Sitting by her coffin, her husband said: "It was drink that closed the happiness of my life.

It was drink that caused her to kill herself. I loved the woman better than any one on earth. And she —yes, she loved me, except when she drank, and then she forgot every one. But she died in my arms without a word—not a word of recognition ; not a word to say she loved me. Poor girl! Her face is calm and peaceful to-day, but no one—no one, only I—knows the agony she endured." Peters turned his head. Soon, in a steadier voice, he said: "I knew she drank when I married her last June, but I loved her and I knew I could not be happy without her. She promised me she would never drink again ; but we had been man and wife only a short time when the old habit came back on her." No one is safe who plays with strong drink. Let young women as well as young men beware of the serpent that lurks in the wine-glass.

FAMILY PRAYER

Nothing would revitalize the religious life of the nation more than a genuine revival of interest in the importance and blessing of family worship.

Charles H. Spurgeon, the prince of preachers, once said : "Family prayer is the nutriment of family piety, and woe to those who allow it to cease." I read the other day of parents who said they could have no family prayer, and one asked this question : "If you knew that your children would be sick through the neglect of family prayer,

would you have it? If one child was smitten down with fever each morning that you neglected prayer, how then?" Oh, then they would have it. "And if there was a law that you should be fined five shillings if you did not meet for prayer, would you find time for it?" "Yes." "And if there was five pounds given to all who had family prayer, would you not by some means arrange to have it?" "Yes." And so the inquirer went on with many questions, and wound up with this: "Then it is but an idle excuse when you, who profess to be servants of God, say that you have no time or opportunity for family prayer?"

THE IMPORTANCE OF HUMBLE OCCASIONS

I once had the privilege of preaching to President and Mrs. Hayes and a number of distinguished army officers, in a Western town. Talking with President Hayes afterward, he called attention to the fact that a young minister (for I was then a very young man) was far more likely than a young lawyer to find himself thrust into great emergencies; for the lawyer was likely to have some years of experience before great cases were offered him. The fact is, every time a minister preaches there may be a great emergency for some immortal soul among his listeners. That matchless hymn, "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," had its spiritual birthplace in a country barn. About the year 1756 a bright lad

of sixteen, the son of Major Toplady, was taken by his widowed mother to visit some relatives in Ireland. During this visit, at the hamlet of Codymain, an earnest layman was holding evangelistic services in a barn for the benefit of the surrounding peasantry. The young lad, Augustus Montague Toplady, was attracted to the place by curiosity. The homespun preacher's text that day was: "Ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." Up to that time the boy had been a stranger to the great salvation, but the plain discourse led him to Jesus. He was converted that day, and the sermon which led to his conversion in the end gave to Christendom the matchless hymn, "Rock of Ages."

THE DEVIL'S TEAM

Some of the terms that are used among modern gamblers are very suggestive of the fearful and quick disaster to which gambling hastens its victims. In some of the policy establishments betting on two numbers is called a "saddle," three a "gig," four a "horse." In all our American cities hundreds and thousands of young men are leaping into that "saddle," or mounting into the seat of that "gig" behind that "horse," and riding or driving straight to hell—not only the hell of the future, but the hell of the present.

THE SIMPLE DUTY

Duty may be a harness, but man, like a horse, can pull the loads of life more safely in a harness than any other way. Louisa A. Nash sings a song of duty that has in it much good cheer.

Do what duty bids you,
  E'en to the sting of the thorn,
Thrust in your hand, at the soul's command,
  Till the long, long day is gone.
The evening star shall show you
  The rose its pale light shines on.

Go where duty leads you.
  Don't dally! The journey begin.
'Tis at the start revolts the heart,
  Further on is no chagrin.
For welcome camp-fires light you,
  And cheer, e'er the goal you win.

Doing the nearest duty
  Leaves burning a light in its wake,
Which shows you the next, a blessing betwixt,
  When done for highest love's sake;
Welds the links in a chain of beauty
  That of heaven and earth partake.

THE WEAK BROTHER

Jacob Riis, the well-known author of "How the Other Half Lives," in his autobiography, which has been running in the *Outlook*, tells an interesting story of how an old school-fellow in Denmark,

whose life at twenty-two had been wrecked by drink, had been sent out to his care in America. He came, and Riis tried hard to break him of his failing. He had undertaken a job that was too big for him. Upon his return from a Western trip, he found that he had taken to drinking again, and, in his cups, had enlisted. His curse followed him into the army. He rose to the rank of sergeant, only to fall again and suffer degradation. The other day he shot himself at the post where he was stationed, after nearly thirty years of service. Yet, in all his ups and downs, he never forgot his home. While his mother lived, he helped to support her in far-off Denmark; when she was gone, no month passed that he did not send home the half of his wages for the support of his crippled sister in the old town. One can easily see how much good there was in a man like that. He had inherited, no doubt, this desire for strong drink, and the government thrust it under his nose, and he could not resist. What an unholy thing it is that weak but good-hearted men should be thus beset by this accursed foe.

DANGEROUS FRIENDS

A recent newspaper article treated with great good sense the danger which comes to many young men through the bad judgment of injudicious friends. The writer says: "A young man starts out to succeed in life. His enemy may lie about

him, may call him worthless. He may think he is hurting him. If there is anything in the young man, the enemy's lies and discouraging words only spur him on to greater effort. They do him good. It is the friend that ruins the young man by false, injudicious, unearned praise. As artist, poet, writer, clerk, or in any other effort, the young man begins his work. It is his friends who tell him that he is a splendid success when he needs to be told that, at best, he offers some slight chance of success, and that everything depends on desperate effort. Look at the young, conceited fool, who, instead of struggling on, rails at the world; feels that he is not appreciated. He is a failure, a sad foolish failure. He has been made a failure, not by the attacks of his enemies, but by the more dangerous praise of his friends."

CONSIDERATION

President Warren, of Boston University, suggested a beautiful illustration in a recent newspaper article when speaking of the word "consider." He remarks that the word has had a long history. We get it, of course, from the Latin. With the ancient Romans "sidere" signified to seat one's self, to settle down as a flying bird comes to rest upon a perch. The "con" implied that several persons were doing the same thing at the same time. Hence the phrase "Consider the lilies"

suggests the beautiful picture of a group of those to whom our Lord was speaking being invited to sit down together on the green grass beside the lilies and to observe their beauty in a leisurely and sociable manner. How restful and cooperative our minds ought to be when we turn aside from all flighty distractions and sedulously consider any question!

OUR FRIEND AT COURT

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman recently told this story of one of his friends who was a boyhood companion of Robert Lincoln. He entered the Civil War and went to the front. When Robert Lincoln found that he was a private soldier, he said to a friend, "Write, and tell him to write to me, and I will intercede with father, and get him something better." The young soldier said: "I never took advantage of the offer, but you do not know what a comfort it was to me. Often after a weary march I would throw myself on the ground and say, 'If it becomes beyond human endurance, I can write to Bob Lincoln and get relief; and I would rather have his intercession than that of the cabinet, because he is a son.'" Every true Christian knows that he has the best friend possible at the court of heaven in the Son of God, who "ever liveth to make intercession for us."

THE MODERN PRODIGAL WORSE THAN THE OLD

The hell to which the dissipation of strong drink leads could hardly be more graphically illustrated than by a story which the Bishop of London tells of the way the children of the drunken poor reason from the horrible experiences of their own sad lives. A little London girl from the slums was being examined on the parable of the Prodigal Son. The teacher had gotten as far as the repentance of the prodigal, and his eating of the swine-husks, when she inquired, "What else could he have done?" The child replied, evidently speaking out of her experience, "He could have pawned his little girl's boots!"

THE HELPFUL LIFE

That is a beautiful song which Helen Hunt Jackson sang out of her very heart, and ought to stir all of us to see the beauty and nobility of a helpful life—

> If I can live
> To make some pale face brighter, and to give
> A second's luster to some tear-dimmed eye,
> Or e'en impart
> One throb of comfort to an aching heart,
> Or cheer some wayworn soul in passing by;

If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain,
My life, tho bare
Perhaps of much that seemeth dear and fair
To us on earth, will not have been in vain.

The purest joy,
Most near to heaven, far from earth's alloy,
Is bidding clouds give way to sun and shine
And 'twill be well
If on that day of days the angels tell
Of me: "She did her best for one of Thine."

THE HEART FOLLOWING THE TREASURE

Dr. Theodore Cuyler tells a very interesting story from his own pastoral experience of how our interest is increased where we have placed our treasure or our service. He says: "When my Brooklyn church, in the days of its infancy, was building the present sanctuary the funds ran short. The Civil War had just broken out, and almost every new church enterprise came to a standstill. On a certain Sabbath I made a fervent appeal for help, and a visitor from New York heard the plea, and went home and spoke of it at his boarding-house table. At the table was a bright young lady who supported her widowed mother by her earnings as a teacher. I had once rendered the young lady some trifling service, which I had quite forgotten, but she had not. The next day she came over to Brooklyn and

told me how sorry she was that my church was in such straits. She was not a Christian and had never given anything to any religious object, but felt desirous to contribute her 'mite,' and slipped into my hand a paper containing some coin, which I put into my pocket with a word of sincere thanks. After she had gone I opened the paper and found that it contained a fifty-dollar California gold-piece! I immediately sent her word that she must take it back, for I knew that she could not afford to give such a sum. But she wrote me that this, her first gift, had already afforded her such delight that she could not allow it to be returned. On the following Sabbath I told the story of the gold-piece, and it fired the congregation with fresh enthusiasm, and brought in such contributions of funds as tided us over into deeper waters. The young lady herself determined to follow up her gift by coming over to our chapel every Sabbath, and was soon converted and became a happy member of Christ's flock."

A MAN GREATER THAN HIS TOOLS

A story is told of how Paganini once came into the concert-room, took the violin, and touched the strings. First one string broke, and a smile went round the room; then another string broke, and there was a more audible expression of mockery; when a third string broke, many people laughed outright at his discomfiture. But Paganini stood forth with his violin as tho nothing had happened

and played on the one string, and the people ceased to smile, but listened spellbound. Some of those who had derided him began to weep, and some even prayed. Man is greater than his fiddle. If the man is the right sort, you can thrust him into any sort of emergency and he will work his way out.

REOPENING THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE

Rev. F. B. Meyer has recently told how, in olden days, amid the Roman Forum, there was a little brooklet, called the "Girl's Fountain," which sang merrily as it broke into the light and passed on its way toward the yellow Tiber. For centuries, however, it was lost sight of; not that it had ceased to exist, but that it had become covered and almost choked by tons of rubbish, accumulated thickly on the spot, as the proud city was subjected to repeated and ruthless violence at the hands of many spoilers. But when, in recent years, the débris was removed, that fountain, so long choked and hindered, freed from all restraints, again took up its song and recommenced its useful ministry. Is not that a type of the work of the Mighty One within us? He has not left us; but his gracious power, which would have been put forth in us and for us, has been rendered almost inoperative and dead. What shall now hinder us ridding ourselves of all which has hindered him from doing his mighty works, so that he may do that which he so loves and which we so much need?

THE PROPHETS OF IMMORTALITY

Some poet with keen poetic insight sings of the immortal hope which means so much to every human being:

How they have fared we can not know
Till we, too, clasp Death's hand and go,
When sight shall fail and earth grow dim,
As they did, into silence grim,
From which no answer greets our cry,
And only echoes rise and die.

Yet Hope and Faith, like prophets, bide
By Christian graves, on either side,
And with assured, undoubting mien
Point upward, confident, serene,
Declaring, "Death will conquered be
By Life and Immortality."

WORDS OF FOLLY

There are many men, especially young men, who claim to be disbelievers in the great truths of the Bible who are not really so. But there can be no sort of falsehood more wicked or foolish than such utterances. A number of young men were sitting together in a country store one evening, telling what they did not believe and what they were not afraid to do. Finally, so the story has it, the leader of the group remarked that, so far as he was concerned, he would be willing at any time to sign away all his interests in Christ for a five-dollar bill.

"What did I understand you to say?" asked an old farmer who happened to be in the store and who had overheard the remark.

"I said that for five dollars I would sign away all my interest in Christ; and so I will."

The old farmer, who had learned to know the human heart pretty well, drew out his leather wallet, took therefrom a five-dollar bill, and put it in the storekeeper's hand. Then, calling for ink and paper, he said: "My young friend, if you will just step to the desk now and write as I direct, the money is yours."

The young man took the pen and began: "In the presence of these witnesses, I, A—— B——, for the sum of five dollars received, do now, once for all and forever, sign away all my interest—" Then he dropped the pen, and, with a forced smile, said: "I take it back; I was only fooling."

LOVE'S MAGIC

When little Miss Maye B. Rudgers appeared one morning before Magistrate Zeller in New York City as the State Marshal to take "Big Liz" Robinson, "The Terror of the Tenderloin," and a giant negress whom it had taken four policemen to get to the police-station, the magistrate was aghast. Miss Rudgers is twenty-five years old and weighs only one hundred and eight pounds. She was not, however, alarmed at the magistrate's description of the ordeal

before her. As she went up to the negress, she scowled, but Miss Rudgers returned her scowl with a smile. "Lizzie," she said, "I am the officer who has come to take you to Bedford. They say you are bad, but I guess we will get on all right, won't we? You do not intend to make any trouble for me, do you?" She gave a sniff and turned her back, and then twisted her neck around and eyed the young girl. Probably no one had spoken real kindly to her for a long time—perhaps for years. The girl stepped forward and put her hand in hers, not holding her a prisoner, but letting the woman feel that her hand was soft and warm. She saw her dark face grow darker as the blood surged up. She no longer held back, but accompanied the officer quietly out of the room to the hallway, where she searched her pockets and brought out an ugly knife. The big prisoner looked half defiant, half sheepish, as the little officer put it away, saying, "You'll not need that, I guess." The woman had no hat, and her clothes were in a very bad condition. The first thing the officer did was to take her to a store, where she bought her a hat. The woman's eyes shone with satisfaction at the bright colors. On coming out of the store she held out her wrists, expecting to be handcuffed, and had evidently decided to submit gracefully. The girl paid no attention, but walked with her to a car in the Grand Central Station. She was still pouting, but the girl ran on chatting and talking to her in a perfectly natural

and kindly way. Finally, the big prisoner's heart was really touched, and suddenly turning to the officer, she seized her hand, and covering it with kisses, exclaimed: "De Lord bless yo', missus, for I's goin' ter be good. Yo' needn't be 'fraid o' ol' Liz no more." Love had conquered.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM INCARNATED

Dr. Gray, late editor of the *Interior*, writing of the late Dr. Arthur Edwards, said that he was once talking with Edwards about a certain distinguished preacher who had been eating too freely of city oats and was kicking over the traces. Edwards spoke kindly and thoughtfully of him, and remarked, "Oh, well, he will be all right in time. We will pull his hind shoes, and turn him out to grass for a while. We will make a twenty-third Psalm out of him."

THE MAN WHO IS POPULAR WITH CHRIST

One cold night a gate-keeper at a railroad station was making every passenger show his ticket before passing through to the train, which provoked considerable grumbling and protesting. Major Whittle, who was on the platform, said to him, "You are a very unpopular man to-night." "I only care to be popular with one man," was the reply, "and that is the superintendent." He might have pleased the passengers, disobeyed orders, and lost his position.

He was too wise for that; his business was to please one man—the man who hired him, gave him his orders, and rewarded him for faithfulness, and who, if the occasion for such a course ever arose, could discharge him for any act of disobedience, or for neglecting the interests of which he was an employee. And so it happens that the servant of Christ is often bound to make himself unpopular. There are those who would be glad to have him relax the strictness of his rules and grant to himself some indulgence which his Master forbids. Nothing could be more unwise than to gain popularity with the world and lose the regard and honor of Jesus Christ through all eternity. The world's fame is a very evanescent thing, but Christ's applause will last forever.

A SONG OF TRUST

It is a sweet message which Jean Ingelow sings, and which every one of us needs to emphasize many times in our life.

I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go right,
But only to discover and to do,
With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.
I will trust in him,
That he can hold his own; and I will take
His will, above the work he sendeth me,
To be my chiefest good. The glory is not in the task,
But in the doing it for him.

NEEDLESS SELF-INDULGENCE

Our lives are often enervated by needless self-indulgence. Rev. Hugh Price Hughes tells a very interesting story, and makes a very sane comment on it in illustration. During his recent visit to Palestine, at one point, when he happened to be riding in the carriage, he had a striking experience. "It was very hot, the sky was cloudless, the road was hard and white. Suddenly a Syrian, staff in hand, passed the carriage. Instantly I thought: 'There, that poor man, with flowing robe and turbaned head and sandaled feet, is dressed just as my Lord was dressed two thousand years ago. When he came up, as he did come up, again and again, from Jericho to Jerusalem, he had to trudge through the heat on foot, as that poor fellow is trudging. And here I am—professedly a disciple of his—riding up this hill with a carriage and pair. How dare I ride where my Lord walked?'" He felt it so much that he stopped the driver, got out, and walked the rest of the way to Bethany. Commenting upon his action, Mr. Hughes says: "That sudden impression was neither Scriptural nor rational. There is nothing in Christianity that should lead any of us to decline the conveniences of life, provided always that we use for the good of men any energy we conserve. But there was this point of truth in the emotion which filled my heart. We do exceedingly need greater simplicity of life among all who name

the name of Christ. We are too self-indulgent and luxurious in these days."

THE GREATEST JEWEL IN THE UNIVERSE

The largest diamond in the world was at the Pan-American Exposition. It weighs 207¾ carats, is canary in color, and as big, and glistens as entrancingly as a piece of ice in the bottom of a glass. This diamond is nearly twice as large as the famous Kohinoor diamond which belongs to the British crown. It is also larger than the Orloff diamond, which weighs only 194¾ carats. This splendid diamond was found in Kimberley, South Africa. Usually such stones go into some crown collection, and that is where the owners of the present stone hope it will go, and for that reason it will be shown in every city of any size in Europe, in order that the royal families of the world may get a look at it. There is a far more splendid jewel than that within reach of the humblest man or woman in the world. There is no man so poor but he may have in his bosom "the pearl of great price," which will shine in everlasting beauty when all the crown jewels of the world have fallen into dust.

HIGH ASPIRATIONS

A gentleman relates overhearing a conversation between a father and his son who is taking the architectural course in a certain university. The

father told him that he must study to please the people if he would succeed in building up a profitable profession. The boy replied: "I can not consent to try to please people who have no artistic knowledge or natural sense of beauty. I would rather be great than be rich. Millionaires there are in plenty, some of them both useless and vulgar. There is wealth enough in this country, and what people now need is to learn how to employ it for themselves and the public. I am willing to be poor all my life if I can do something toward educating the people to high ideals for their homes and public buildings." That young man could not have paid a higher compliment to his teacher. There is no grander work in the world than to put high ideals into the minds and hearts of young men and women. The youth with high ideals will in the end rise far above the one who has low ones.

CHRIST KNOWS HOW TO FEEL FOR US

Marjo sat on the upper stair listening. Every time a fresh wail reached her ears she groaned softly in loving sympathy. She had her little scalloped handkerchief squeezed together in one hand, and it was quite damp.

"Oh, dear me! I wish he'd been a good boy; then mamma wouldn't have put him to bed, and he wouldn't be feeling so dreadf'ly," Marjo mur-

mured. "I wish he had been good. Poor Bobby! it hurts in my heart when he cries so."

New reinforced wails drifted out to the stairway. They were growing more heart-rending all the time. Marjo's little mouth corners dropped more and more, and the scalloped handkerchief got still damper.

"Marjorie! Marjorie! Why don't you come down and play, dear?" mamma called.

"I guess I can't, mamma; I feel so sorrowful for Bobby!" Marjo called back.

"You musn't feel too bad, dear. Bobby was naughty, and ought to cry."

"Yes'm, I know it," the sweet, shaky little voice called down to mamma; "but—but—you see, I have to feel bad. You can't do it well's I can, for I've been there and know how it feels."

How much it meant that Christ came and tasted our human grief for three and thirty years, and was tempted in all points like as we are, so that when we carry to him our sorrows we know that he has a fellow-feeling for us.

THE TEST OF REAL LIFE

An old schoolmaster said one day to a minister who had come to examine his school: "I believe the children know the catechism word for word." "But do they understand it—that is the question?" said the minister. The schoolmaster merely bowed respectfully in reply, and the examination began.

A little boy had repeated the fifth commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother," and he was requested to explain it.

Instead of trying to do so, he said, almost in a whisper, his face covered with blushes: "Yesterday I showed some strange gentlemen over the hill. The sharp stones cut my feet, and the gentlemen saw they were bleeding, and they gave me some money to buy me shoes. I gave the money to my mother, for she had no shoes either, and I thought I could go barefoot better than she could."

The boy passed. He had stood the test of life. That is the real test of all our knowledge and our fame.

MAKING CHILDREN STUMBLE

Some stupid person in New York, who deserves severe punishment, recently gave a large unexploded cartridge from the military tournament to some boys. They took it into the back yard of the house in which one of them lived, to experiment with it. After playing with it for some time the idea of smashing it was broached. One of them held it upright between his feet while the other pounded it with a big stone. There was no effect for a few minutes, so they tried the other end of the cartridge. Afterward the first blow told. There was an explosion which prostrated the children and shook the house. Several persons ran to the scene,

and seeing the condition of the children, called an ambulance, in which they were sent to the hospital. They were all hurt more or less seriously, but it is hoped that all will recover.

Of course, everybody will condemn the cruelty or folly of putting such a dangerous thing into the hands of a child. And yet how frequently a parent or a teacher will, by example and influence, lead a child into far more serious danger. It is a terrible thing to so live that children and youth are degraded by our example. Christ uttered no sterner words than when he said: "Whoso shall cause one of these little ones which believe on me to stumble, it is profitable for him that a great millstone should be hanged about his neck and that he should be sunk in the depth of the sea."

THE HEAVENLY VISITOR

The visits of some people are a great inspiration to us. Christ is the one friend who can always bring us the comfort, the good cheer, or the inspiration that we need. Rev. J. M. Cavaness has written a little poem beautifully setting forth our need of the daily visits of Jesus Christ.

Wilt thou not visit me?
I need thee in the morning hour,
More than the earth the rain;
My heart's a parchèd plain,
Without a bud of fruit or flower;
My spirit thirsts for thee.

Wilt thou not visit me?
The light of day now fast declines,
And in the western sky
Its embers fade and die;
For thee my heart of hearts still pines;
I must abide with thee.

Wilt thou not visit me?
I need thee in the noontide heat;
Life's burdens press me sore,
I scarce can labor more;
O haste thee, Savior, I entreat;
Help, help must come from thee.

Wilt thou not visit me?
The night of death comes on apace;
O leave me not alone,
My Lord, my life, my own,
Till in the morn I see thy face,
And ever rest with thee.

THE ABIDING TEMPLE

It has recently been discovered that the most famous religious edifice in London—Westminster Abbey—has decayed so seriously that one of the pillars had fallen and another one has been prevented from falling only by propping it up. This is a striking illustration of the great truth that change and decay are constantly going on in all the monuments and temples of man's pride and power. Nothing like that can ever happen in the great

spiritual temple which Christ is building of living stones. Every human soul is invited to become a pillar in that temple. Christ's promise is: "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out."

"DO IT NOW!"

In a certain manufacturing establishment there is hung, framed, underneath every clock in the building, this motto, "Do it Now!" Horatius Bonar suggests the same thought to us in his poem, "The Time is Short."

The time is short!
If thou wouldst work for God, it must be now;
If thou wouldst win the garland for thy brow,
Redeem the time.

Shake off earth's sloth!
Go forth with staff in hand while yet 'tis day;
Set out with girded loins upon the way.
Up! linger not!

Fold not thy hands!
What nas the pilgrim of the cross and crown
To do with luxury or couch of down?
On, pilgrim, on!

GOD'S CLOCK

Bishop William Taylor tells an incident of his work in Tasmania. He was talking with an earnest Christian who was greatly troubled because he feared it was not possible for him to obtain the

blessing of perfect love. One day Bishop Taylor met him, and said: "Well, Brother John, how do you prosper?"

The man replied: "Oh, Brother Taylor, I don't think I have that perfect love that you were preaching about to-day; I have been trying to serve God ever since the days of my youth. I have had a hard pull of it; the Lord has been very patient with me, very kind, but I have not been made perfect in love, and I feel very sad about it. I fear the mainspring has been broken."

The bishop replied: "Oh, no, Brother John; the mainspring is not broken, it is run down; it just needs to be wound up, and it will tick on all right."

The brother feelingly said: "O Lord, wind me up."

The bishop replied: "A timekeeper to be wound up has to lie quietly in the hand of the winder; if you will submit yourself wholly to God, and let him take you in hand, he will wind you up all right."

He responded: "Blessed Lord, I do submit; I put my life, my soul, and body into your hands. I want you to have your own way with me and wind me up to-day." Then he exclaimed: "Why, bless God, he is winding me up. Oh, hallelujah! he has wound me up snug. Now I have got it. I have got the perfect love of God, and I expect to keep on all right now to the end of my life." And he did.

HOW JOHN WESLEY SPOILED THE SERMON

A farmer once went to hear John Wesley preach. The preacher said he would take up three topics of thought; he was talking chiefly about money. His first head was, "Get all you can." The farmer nudged his neighbor and said: "That man has got something in him; it is admirable preaching." Wesley reached his second division, "Save all you can." The farmer became quite excited. "Was there ever anything like this?" he said. The preacher denounced thriftlessness and waste, and the farmer rubbed his hands as he thought, "And all this have I been taught from my youth up." What with getting and with hoarding, it seemed to him that "salvation" had come to his house. But Wesley went on to his third head, which was, "Give all you can." "Oh, dear! he has gone and spoiled it all," exclaimed the listener. But getting, without giving, makes only stagnant pools of us.

THE HOLY GHOST LIFE

Dr. O. P. Gifford, in a recent article, gives three very interesting illustrations of how the Holy Ghost may take possession of our lives. Dr. Gifford says: "I have been interested in Dr. Cook's account of a search for the South Pole. He tells about their entry into the Southern seas, and how they crowded themselves in between the ice floes, and that for

thirteen months they were absolutely surrendered to the ice floes, which surrounded them for two thousand miles. That is what Jesus Christ did with the Holy Ghost from the baptism to the resurrection. He did not try to make terms with the Spirit, he was driven by the Spirit. He thought and spoke in terms of the Spirit. He surrendered himself to the Holy Spirit, and lived a life entirely surrendered to him. I could to-day show you thousands of men in Ladysmith who have surrendered themselves absolutely to a British commander. If those men can surrender themselves to a commander, you can surrender yourself to God. It is theirs but to do and die, and as I can use my fingers to do whatever my thoughts command, so a commander can use those men to do what he pleases. Just so was the absolute surrender of Jesus Christ to the Holy Ghost. He upon whom the Holy Ghost shall abide, he is the son of God. And he says that he has power to make all children of God who believe in him. It is a new type of life. Some of you can remember the horse-cars which were drawn along our streets by horses, lighted by oil lamps and heated by stoves. Then came the electric cars, and the streets were surrendered to the new power. The old cars were taken away, and to-day we have a car that can shoot along like a thunderbolt. It requires a new road-bed and a new plant and a new force to be a Christian. Jesus Christ shared his revelation of the Holy Spirit with men. From the day of Pentecost he poured

out the Spirit on all men. Why do not all men receive him? Why is not your life a Holy Ghost life? Why do you shrink from personal service?"

WHAT DOES THE CROSS MEAN TO YOU?

Harriett Kimball has written strikingly about the meaning of Calvary to the individual heart.

What does it mean, this wood
So stained with blood;
This tree without a root
That bears such fruit;
This tree without a leaf
So leaved with grief!

What does its height proclaim
Whose height is shame;
Its piteous arms outspread
Where death lies dead;
And in the midst a heart
Cleft wide apart!

Tho fool, I can not miss
The meaning, this:
My sin's stupendous price;
His sacrifice;
Where closest friendships end
One friend—my Friend.

STARTED EARLY

Charles M. Schwab, president of the United Steel Corporation, who is said to receive a salary of $1,000,000, talked for twenty minutes one day to

three hundred poor boys of the East Side, students in St. George's evening trades school, New York City. The occasion was the commencement exercises of the school. Mr. Schwab said, among other things: "From my long experience, I am led to believe that many boys make the mistake of depending upon influence to obtain for them positions of profit. Go yourself to seek work in life and depend upon your own exertions and merit. Merit must count and merit must win. The boy who depends upon influence is handicapped from the start. Let me advise you all to make an early start in life. The boy with the manual training and the common school education who can start in life at sixteen or seventeen can leave the boy who goes to college till he is twenty so far behind in the race that he can never catch up. This, however, does not apply to the professional life. The other day I was at a gathering of forty successful business men—men in industrial and manufacturing business—and the question arose as to how many were college-bred men. Of the forty only two had been graduated from colleges, and the rest of the party, thirty-eight in number, had received only common school educations; had started in life as poor boys. So, I say, as parting advice, start early."

This earnest and repeated advice of the brilliant young financier to the boy that would make a success in business, to "start early," is just as wise and important when applied to the beginning of the

Christian career. In a series of studies which I have been making into the causes which led the most distinguished Christians in the world to become followers of Christ, I have been greatly impressed with the fact that nearly all the great Christian workers who have gained world-wide celebrity through their usefulness and blessing to mankind began the Christian life very early; many of them in infancy. Every preacher in the country should echo Mr. Schwab's exhortation, applying it spiritually—"Start early!"

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

Ex-President Harrison, in a speech at the great Council of Missouri, spoke of the brotherhood of man as the highest conception that has ever entered the human mind: "The highest conception that has ever entered the mind of man is that of God as the Father of all men—the one blood—the universal brotherhood. It was not evolved, but revealed. The natural man lives to be ministered unto—he lays his imposts upon others. He buys slaves that they may fan him to sleep, bring him the jeweled cup, dance before him, and die in the arena for his sport. Into such a world there came a King, 'not to be ministered unto, but to minister.' The rough winds fanned his sleep; he drank of the mountain brook, and made not the water wine for

himself; would not use his power to stay his own hunger, but had compassion on the multitude. He called them he had bought with a great price no more servants, but friends. He entered the bloody arena alone, and, dying, broke all chains and brought life and immortality to light."

AN INDIAN MISSIONARY MEETING

President Roosevelt is the author of this rarely realistic account of a missionary meeting which he attended on one of the Western Indian reservations. His description of the half-breed woman of Ugallalla, and of her saintly life and character, is full of pathos and power: "I saw a missionary gathering on one of those reservations. It was a gathering in which ninety-nine per cent. were Indians; where the father and mother had come in upon their lodge-poles two hundred miles over the prairie to attend that missionary conference; where they had their mothers' meetings and other branches of work arranged, and where all the practical details of the conference were carried out by the Indians themselves, helped by the white missionaries, but doing it mostly for themselves, subscribing out of their little all that they could that the work might go on among their brothers who were yet blind. It was a touching sight; a sight to look at; a sight to learn from. I have seen a good many who have done work among the Indians, but I have not seen any

one who struck me as having done more out of the materials at hand than one half-breed woman whom I saw in the Ugallalla Reservation. She was a remarkable woman. She had married a white man, and when the family had moved away up, I think it was she who moved them. I spent a night in their house. It was a big log and canvas house, of the type you see in frontier towns. She had five children, and they were being brought up admirably. She ran a general store, and had a white governess from the neighboring State of Nebraska to teach her children. She was a thoroughly practical woman. You know, I believe in being practical. She was doing efficient work among her people and managing her store well. She was the center and focus of civilization for a band of three hundred Indians about her. She started many institutions, and made them of permanent good to the beneficiaries by making the beneficiaries do the greater part of the work."

A GREAT MAN'S RESOLUTIONS

Among the autograph manuscripts in the great Peel Library are four pages from the famous Dr. Johnson's memorandum-book, containing prayers, meditations, and resolutions. Among the resolutions written there are the following: "To read the Bible this year." "To try and rise more early." "To study divinity." "To live methodically."

"To oppose idleness." "To frequent divine worship." Many a young man might do well to copy those resolutions into his own pocket-diary and read them over every day.

THE HEART THAT COUNTS

Who has not noticed an eloquent speech fall helplessly on an audience, while another address that could be criticized from every point of culture as to literary quality aroused all those high emotions and lofty purposes which it is necessary to awaken in order to the triumph of the kingdom of God? The difference was, that one lacked heart and soul, and the other pulsated and throbbed with virile life. Prof. Amos R. Wells adequately describes such an occasion, and brings out the philosophy of it in a poem entitled "The Story of Two Speeches":

An eloquent word—for the Master,
Yet half for the speaker, too;
For he sought as his gain the praises of men
And not the good he might do.

So the angels sadly left it,
And for all of its lofty sound,
Men tossed it a while to and fro with a smile,
And then let it fall to the ground.

A stammering word for the Master—
Blundering, timid, and slow;
But the best he could do, for his purpose was true,
But his heart was a-thumping so.

Yet the angels seized it and bore it
On pinions happy and strong,
And made it a sword in the war of the Lord,
The struggle of right against wrong.

For the battle is not to the giant,
The race is not to the fleet,
And an armor of might for the bitterest fight
Is found at the Savior's feet.

And thrones in the highest heaven,
And the laud of the seraphim,
Are for weak ones that dare follow Christ anywhere,
Yea, venture to fail—for him.

THE HAWK AND THE TERRAPIN

A gentleman in South Carolina was out in his cornfield one day when he noticed a hawk making peculiar circles and concluded to watch it. There were high weeds just under the hawk, and the bird would descend within a few feet of the ground, make an unusual noise, then fly off. This was kept up for some time, when finally the hawk lit in the grass and commenced fluttering. The farmer hurried to the spot and found the foot of the hawk tightly fastened in the mouth of a dry land terrapin. The hawk was killed, and its wings measured four feet from tip to tip. Many a man made to soar aloft in the upper world has been caught by the land terrapins of appetite and passion through his own folly. The hawk risked himself once too often in

dangerous proximity to the terrapin's trap-like mouth. So men, knowing the danger of sin, but presuming on their wings, dally with evil temptations till they are caught and destroyed.

THE WELLS OF SALVATION

The question of wells in India is complicated by the existence in each community of two castes—the pure Hindus and Gonds on the one hand, and the Weavers on the other. No Weaver may draw from the well of the Hindus lest it be defiled; nor will the Hindus drink from the hands or the well of a Weaver. Thus it becomes necessary either to dig two wells or to depute a certain number of the Hindus to give water to their less exalted fellow villagers. Christianity lays the ax at the root of caste and the wells of salvation are free to every thirsty soul, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, of every sort and kind. The whole world has a right to come and join in the old song of thanksgiving, fulfilling the words of Isaiah: "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."

INDIA'S LAST SUTTEE

Rev. Dr. W. S. Sutherland, a Scotch missionary, who has spent twenty years in the foothills of the Himalayas north of Calcutta, in an address during the recent missionary conference in the Scotch Pres-

byterian Church, said that when he first went to India he met a Brahman who was then preaching the Gospel, but who had himself been compelled to apply the torch to his father's funeral pyre, burning his mother alive. That was the last suttee in India, however. Infanticide, human sacrifices, and devil worship were among other evils that have been largely abolished even where the people have not accepted Christianity.

PROHIBITION AND POOR-HOUSES

Finney County, Kansas, in 1886, thought it ought to be in form with the rest of the world, and so purchased a county poor-farm. They paid sixteen thousand dollars for the farm and seven thousand dollars on improvements, and were then ready for business. A man by the name of Adams contracted with the county commissioners to assume charge of the farm, to take care of all paupers applying for care without expense to the county, paying the expenses out of the proceeds of the farm. Altho perfectly honest with the county, he made a fortune out of his contract. After he had been there a few years, it leaked out that Adams had saved up a bank account of twenty-five thousand dollars out of the poor-farm, and he was removed. A closer contract was made with the next superintendent, but he also made a small fortune out of it, and was removed under pressure from the outside Then

the county commissioners made a contract with the probate judge of the county to act as superintendent of the poor-farm, he to be paid an additional salary for such superintendency, to have rent for himself and family free, and to turn the proceeds from the farm into the county treasury. Since the time of this contract the income from the poor-farm has ranged from four thousand to seven thousand dollars to the county. The secret of all this is that Kansas is a Prohibition State, and as the laws are well enforced in this county, it has had only one pauper in the poor-house in fourteen years. If they will license a few hundred liquor-saloons in that county they will soon have a different story.

LIFE COLORED BY FOOD

Dr. Sauermann, an Austrian, has obtained curious results in coloration by feeding birds on food dyed with anilin. Pigeons became a beautiful red. Other birds turned a fine blue when fed with a different color. Canaries were soon bred with the rainbow. The experiments promise to have important results in this direction. The cockney sparrow by a little art in his nourishment might emulate the humming-bird. Whether his transfiguration would be to his advantage is another question. We are afraid that fashion might cast envious eyes upon him and cause him to regret the loss of his sober livery. Human beings as well as birds are colored

by what they feed upon. Men's conversation and character quickly show the result of the intellectual and moral food given them.

WORLD-WIDE KINSHIP

An interesting illustration of how closely the modern civilized world is knit together in its interests is afforded in the fact that hundreds of men have been thrown out of work by the closing down of the lapidary concerns in New York and Brooklyn. The cause is the lack of rough diamonds, owing to the war in the Transvaal. What few stones were in the hands of the importers when the war broke out were soon cut, and there has been no new supply since. The same condition of affairs exists abroad, and in Amsterdam and Antwerp some five thousand workmen are idle for the same reason. The whole world is coming rapidly into a very close neighborhood, and the Scripture declaration that "no man liveth unto himself" is being emphasized more and more every day.

MEMORY AND MODERN CIVILIZATION

The Spectator calls attention to a very interesting thing when it recalls that Plato asserted with truth that the invention of the art of writing had produced one evil effect: it had immensely weakened human memory. What he would have said to-day

at the sight of one of our mammoth dailies or of a pocket-memorandum we may easily guess. "Probably never was individual memory weaker than now. We all note down our engagements, and we know that there are so many encyclopedias and works of reference that we need not trouble to keep any fact in our memory. The well-informed man to-day is he who knows where to go for his authorities, not he who has all the knowledge at first hand. The volume of knowledge, especially in natural science, is so enormous that it would be impossible for any one person to master it. Holmes, in his 'Poet at the Breakfast-Table,' in his humorous portrayal of the 'Scarabee,' has provided an object-lesson in the ultra-specialism of our time. Mankind at large may be master of the wide field of human knowledge, but mankind as an individual can never explore more than a corner of this huge domain. In this sense Tennyson was right when he said that 'the individual withers and the world is more and more.' Two facts are, then, obvious: first, Plato was right when he declared that human invention had weakened the memory; and, secondly, the sphere of modern knowledge could not have been conquered and held by man without such artificial contrivance." With the domain of knowledge ever increasing, it becomes more important every year that each individual shall say with Paul, "This one thing I do," and press forward with steadiness of purpose on his own special mission.

GOLDEN BULLETS

A weird story is told of a man by the name of Van Bosboom, who is distinguished in the Transvaal as the best shot in the republic. He is now fifty-five years old, and never, it is claimed, has he missed an object at which he fired. A few months ago he had a productive gold-mine and a flourishing family, but he lost his mine recently, and soon afterward his two sons were slain as they were fighting against the English. The loss of his mine troubled him little, but when he learned that his stalwart sons were no more a great change came over him. He took his old flint-lock rifle, which he calls "Lobengula," and with a bag of golden bullets he went to the front to fight the foes of his country. And it is said that during the recent battles when the ambulances removed each day those who had fallen in battle, the physicians could readily pick out the officers who had been killed by Van Bosboom, for instead of two ounces of lead or steel they had two ounces of gold either in the heart or in the forehead. Whether this be truth or fiction I know not, but I do know that there are multitudes of men and women who are shot to death in these days, not only in South Africa, but in Europe and America as well, by the bullets of gold.

Writing to Timothy (vi : 9), Paul says : "But they that will be [purpose to be] rich fall into temp-

tation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition."

THE SLENDER THREADS OF DESTINY

The London *Academy* has a striking picture of a group of soldiers at a railway station in England. The station lunch-counter was crowded with soldiers. There were twelve of them; their khaki uniforms were stained and torn, their faces were brown and thin, their cheeks were hollow.

"Is the war over, then?" I said.

He laughed. "Not much. We're going back by the next boat."

"Why did you come home?"

"We was a guard."

"A guard!"

His lips tightened. "To twelve of our men," he said.

"What was the offense?"

"Sleeping on duty. They'll get five years apiece."

Somebody shouted a jovial command and the guard trooped from the counter.

Five years! An impetuous moment—and glory. A nodding of the head—and disgrace. O chance! But that is what is occurring every day in the prosaic rounds of men of peace as surely as on the picket-line in the face of the enemy. On threads

like gossamer often hangs eternal destiny. It is the man who is faithful unto the end who receives the crown.

THE SOUL'S ANCHORS

Mrs. Helen E. Brown sings a very helpful song in comment on that oft-repeated description which Paul gives of the anchors that were thrown out of the ship to hold it in the darkness while they waited for the day. Mrs. Brown's song spiritualizes the incident very clearly.

The night is dark, but God, my God,
  Is here and in command;
And sure am I, when morning breaks,
  I shall be "at the land."
And since I know the darkness is
  To him as sunniest day,
I'll cast the anchor Patience out
  And wish—but wait for day.

Fierce drives the storm, but wind and waves
  Within his hand are held,
And trusting in Omnipotence,
  My fears are sweetly quelled.
If wrecked, I'm in his faithful grasp,
  I'll trust him, tho he slay;
So, letting go the anchor Faith,
  I'll wish—but wait for day.

Still seem the moments dreary, long?
  I rest upon the Lord;
I muse on his "eternal years"
  And feast upon his Word;

His promises, so rich and great,
  Are my support and stay;
I'll drop the anchor Hope ahead,
  And wish—but wait for day.

O Wisdom infinite, O light
  And love supreme, divine,
How can I feel one fluttering doubt
  In hands so dear as thine!
I'll lean on thee, my best beloved,
  My heart on thy heart lay;
And casting out the anchor Love,
  I'll wish—and wait for day.

THE LAW A SCHOOLMASTER

The Bible declaration that the law is a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ, suggesting the educative power of law, is illustrated in a peculiar way by an incident which happened recently in Delaware. An enterprising photographer of that State brought out an advertisement consisting of a small glass paper-weight backed by a photograph which could have been taken in no other State in the Union. Two men in a pillory, with a third tied to a post and in the act of being whipped, are the subjects of the photograph. Citizens of Delaware, no less than persons from other States, find the picture of interest, the sight of both pillory and whipping-post being a novelty even to those who pay taxes to support them. The photographer has been criticized by some for perpetuating in this way a thing

that all right-minded persons feel to be a disgrace. Others uphold him. "However little good the whipping-post may do," said one woman, "I'm inclined to think that this picture of it may do a lot of good. My negro housemaid in dusting the library saw the paper-weight with its photograph. 'For de Lord's sake, Mis' Blank,' she cried, her eyes bulging, 'is dat dat ar whippin'-post I hearn tell so much 'bout? Is dat de way de' whips 'em?' Visibly, she was impressed. The graphic portrayal of what would happen to her if she stole had done its work, and, elementary as the ethics were, I'm sure my spoons have been safer ever since."

THE SWEETEST OF ALL PERFUMES

Perfumes have been precious in all ages. Greek tradition avers that perfume came direct from Venus' toilet, and recipes for essences were inscribed on marble tablets all about the temples of the goddess. Egypt was a great mart for all kinds of perfumes. The Jews' love of perfumes was so great that morning and night they burned sweet incense of myrrh, and beds were perfumed with aloes and cinnamon. The famous Balm of Gilead was distilled from a bush which formerly covered the mountains of Gilead, but which has in recent years become so scarce that only the sultan can be supplied. But the most precious perfumery in the

world, the fragrance that rises from a pure heart and a loving spirit, is within the reach of every one of us. Heaven's Balm of Gilead, of which that made from Mount Gilead is only a type, is so costly that no millionaire on earth could buy it with money, and no sultan or king or emperor or czar could command it with power, yet God gives it away freely to every repenting and faithful soul.

THE SECRET OF PHILLIPS BROOKS' POWER

Professor Alexander V. G. Allen, the biographer of Phillips Brooks, has a most remarkable paragraph on the conversion of the famous preacher in which he claims to have found the secret of the marvelous power exercised by that great and good man. Says Professor Allen: "Throughout that wonderful career, during which for thirty years and more he exerted an almost unexampled spell over hundreds of thousands of his fellow men, it was felt that he had some secret of power which he did not or could not impart. That secret is here revealed, so far as the mystery of human things will allow, in this story of what must be called his conversion. It is a conversion so deep, so thorough, as to find its precedents only in the conversion of an Augustine, or of a Luther. . . . A new world had been revealed to him of which Augustine and Luther did not dream. He was reading, as in an open book, the new revelation in the world of science or by the

insight of great poets. . . . In these directions he could not wander without making the effort to bring them into unity, to reconcile them with faith in God and obedience to the divine will. . . . To be true to himself, to renounce nothing which he knew to be good, and yet bring all things captive to the obedience of God, was the problem before him." This problem he solved when he made the absolute surrender of his will to God, in accordance with the example of Christ. "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God." This is the key to his subsequent life; he became an instrument in God's hands, as perfect an instrument as he knew how to be, and God used him for the highest and noblest ends. He yielded himself more and more fully to his divine leader and instructor, and his life-work grew in beauty and grandeur, in symmetry and beneficence to the end.

A CHEERFUL GIVER

We are assured in the New Testament that the Lord loves a cheerful giver, and nothing is more discouraging than to see people give grudgingly for noble causes. A story told by the late Eugene Field illustrates the thought. When Lawrence Barrett's daughter was married, Stuart Robson sent to the bridegroom a check for five thousand dollars. Miss Felicia Robson, who attended the wedding, conveyed the gift.

"Felicia," said her father, upon her return, "did you give him the check?"

"Yes, father," answered the dutiful daughter.

"What did he say?" asked Robson.

"He didn't say anything," replied Miss Felicia, "but he shed tears."

"How long did he cry?"

"Why, father, I didn't time him; I should say, however, that he wept fully a minute."

"Fully a minute!" roared Robson. "Why, I cried an hour after I'd signed it!"

MORNING IN NATURE AND IN HUMAN LIFE

Wilfred Campbell, in his new volume of poems, has a beautiful song suggesting the power of God to bring morning again to a life that has gone down in darkness:

When I behold how out of ruined night
Filled with all weirds of haunted ancientness,
And dreams and phantasies of pale distress,
Is builded, beam by beam, the splendid light,
The opalescent glory, gem bedight,
Of dew-emblazoned morning; when I know
Such wondrous hopes, such luminous beauties grow
From out earth's shades of sadness and affright;

Oh, then, my heart, amid thy questioning fear,
Dost thou not whisper: "He who builded thus
From wrecks of dark such wonders at his will,
Can recreate from out death's night for us
The marvels of a morning gladder still
Than ever trembled into beauty here?"

THE STANDPOINT

A great deal depends upon the standpoint of observation in determining what is most important to us. Herbert A. Giles, in his "History of Chinese Literature," relates a Chinese story which illustrates this thought. A doctor who had mismanaged a case was seized by the family and tied up. In the night he managed to free himself, and escaped by swimming across the river. When he got home he found his son, who had just begun to study medicine, and said to him: "Don't be in a hurry with your books; the first and most important thing is to learn to swim."

THE SOFT ANSWER

A. St. Hill Gibbons, writing in the *Geographical Journal* in regard to his extensive explorations in Africa, declares that there has been a vast amount of unnecessary killing of human beings in Africa. During the last ten years the routes of Mr. Gibbons and his colleagues exceeded twenty thousand miles, traveled beyond the reach of railroads, and mainly in the most remote parts of the Africa of to-day, yet no one of them has found it necessary to take a single human life, and Mr. Gibbons declares that he would have no compunction in traveling again unarmed over any part of those twenty thousand miles. This is an illustration of the great truth that a man

arouses in another man largely the same spirit which he shows in himself. "A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger."

IS A CHRISTIAN THEATER POSSIBLE?

Rev. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon makes an interesting suggestion in the New York *Independent* concerning what he calls the "Christian Theater." Mr. Sheldon says: "By Christian theater I mean an institution distinctively and of set purpose organized to represent only those plays which would be regarded as Christian in the best sense of the word—not necessarily what would be called 'religious' plays, but plays as clean and sweet and wholesome as anything to be found in the clean, sweet, and wholesome lives of the best Christian men and women in the world. And by Christian theater I would mean also a theater owned and controlled entirely by Christian people, as much so as any church organization. In addition to all that, I would mean also by Christian theater an institution in which all the actors and actresses were decidedly and positively Christian men and women. The whole question of the theater has raised in my mind the possibility of a school for Christian actors and for Christian playwrights and Christian managers—in other words, a distinctively Christian theater where men and women of consecrated, devout, earnest Christian character would act only good plays. I can not

answer exhaustively my own question, Is a Christian theater possible? At the same time I do not see anything impossible in men and women being trained in the future, some time, to exercise their histrionic gifts for the purpose of making life sweeter, happier, stronger, and distinctively Christian." Whatever the future may develop along this line, there can be no difference of opinion among careful observers that the atmosphere which surrounds the present theater is devilish, and its influence on the average playgoer is definitely to lower the moral tone.

THE ONLY SURE TALISMAN

The Emperor of Germany is always meeting with accidents, altho on the middle finger of his left hand he wears a famous talisman which for centuries has been credited with a supernatural power to protect the wearer from evil and injury of all kinds. It is a dark-colored, square-shaped stone, set in a massive gold ring, and originally belonged to Saladin, from whom it was captured by a German knight under the walls of Jerusalem during the crusades. It afterward came into the possession of Ulrich, the Margrave of Nuremberg, who was the founder of the Hohenzollern family. This ring has been passed down from generation to generation, one of the most highly prized and interesting heirlooms of the dynasty, but the kings of Prussia of late generations

have seldom worn it until it was inherited by the present kaiser. It is a matter of discussion whether he wears it from superstition or ordinary interest. It has never left his finger since he came to the throne, altho by this time he must have lost confidence in the protective power of the jewel. Nothing will save men and women in this world from many of the conditions of sickness and pain necessary to our life on earth. But there is a talisman that will make all the accidents and pains and sorrows of life yield up to us something that is for our good and blessing, and bring us to a safe and satisfactory haven at the end. Paul describes it best of all when he says, "All things work together for good to them that love God."

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE STRICT ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAW

A writer in the *Nineteenth Century* tells of an English minister who, on a visit to America, preached in one of the large jails, and after the service visited some of the prisoners in their cells. One case interested him especially, a man of good education and address and seemingly of abilities fitted to command success in the world. The minister gave vent to his sincere distress at finding such a man is such a position. The prisoner cut in with the remark that he believed in England they were fond of fox-hunting. The preacher, regard-

ing it as a broad hint to change the subject, assented. "And may I ask," said the prisoner, "when a man gets a fall does he give up hunting?" On receiving a negative reply, he added, "I have had a bad fall, and no mistake; but I count on better luck another time." This case is very suggestive, for I am sure it is typical of a large class. There are thousands of men who are living criminal lives because they deliberately feel that they can afford to take the risk. If the risks were very much greater they would live honest lives. If every fox-hunter ended by breaking his neck, fox-hunting would be shunned, save by a few desperate men; and if criminals were hunted down with relentless honesty and determination, multitudes of men would be saved from lives of crime.

THE OLD FACES

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney has a pretty little song, entitled "The Violet," in which she voices the cry of the heart for a vision and a renewed fellowship with those dear souls whom, as Cardinal Newman phrases it, "We have loved long since and lost awhile." Mrs. Whitney sings:

God does not send us strange flowers every year,
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places;
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces,
The violet is here.

It all comes back, the odor, grace and hue
Each sweet relation of its life repeated;
No blank is left, no looking for is cheated,
It is the thing we knew.

So after death's winter it must be,
God will not put strange signs in heavenly places,
The old love shall look out from the old faces,
Veilchen! I shall have thee.

THE CHRISTIAN'S GIBRALTER AND ITS FOUNTAIN

The English government has recently had four huge reservoirs cut out of the side of Gibraltar's rock, which are capable of storing some five million gallons of water. In the possible event of siege these reservoirs would be invaluable to the garrison. The Christian has a better arrangement than that, for Jesus Christ is not only "The Rock of Ages," a Gibraltar indeed, but out of that cleft Rock there is forever springing up a fountain of living water to supply all the thirst and needs of the human heart.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS

Mr. Whymper, the Alpine climber, who was first to ascend the Matterhorn, has arranged to visit Canada, with a view to climbing some of the unconquered peaks in the Canadian Rockies. He is specially anxious to climb Mount Assiniboine, which,

in spite of many heroic attempts, has never been scaled. Mountain climbing is much like the struggles for heroic achievement in other lines. When a man is healthy and right in his spirit it is in his very nature to aspire, and any man who climbs nobly in any department of human living is a benediction to the world and makes it possible for other inspired souls to reach loftier heights. Many men and women have gone up the Matterhorn since Whymper led the way, and so every noble man who climbs bravely in the realm of character and conduct blazes a path through which many another climber will be led to behold the glorious vision and breathe the free air of the mountain summit.

THE VALUE OF DECISION

A writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* recalls an interesting episode of the Indian mutiny: "At Lahore, on the night of May 12th, three days before the date fixed for the mutiny, a military ball was to be held. This arrangement was not changed, lest the suspicions of the Sepoys should be aroused, and dancing was kept up till 2 o'clock in the morning. Then the officers at gray dawn hurried to the parade-ground, where, by instructions issued the day before, the whole brigade was assembled, nominally to hear some general orders read. These were read in the usual fashion at the head of each regiment. Then some brigade maneuvers followed, and these

were so adroitly arranged that, at their close, the native regiments found themselves in quarter-distance column, with five companies of a British regiment, the Eighty-first, opposite them in line, the guns being still in the rear of the Eighty-first. In a single sentence, brief and stern, the order was given for the native regiments to 'pile arms.' The Grenadiers of the Sixteenth, to whom the order was first addressed, hesitated; the men began to handle their arms; for one breathless moment it was doubtful whether they would obey or fight. But simultaneously with the words 'pile arms' the Eighty-first had fallen back, coolly and swiftly, between the guns, and the Sepoys, almost at a breath, found themselves covered by a battery of twelve pieces loaded with grape, the artillerymen standing in position with burning portfires, while along the line of the Eighty-first behind ran the stern order, 'Load,' and already the click of the ramrods in the muskets was heard. The nerve of the Sepoys failed! Suddenly they piled arms, and six hundred English, by adroitness and daring, disarmed two thousand five hundred Sepoys without a shot! What five minutes before had been a menace to the British power was made harmless." You can whip the devil in the same way. James says, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." If sin has gotten power over you, the way to break away from it and conquer it through Christ's help is to break with it completely. Don't undertake to break away

from sin gradually; turn all your guns on it at once, and you shall come off, through Christ's fellowship, more than conqueror.

THE POTTER AND THE CLAY

Milton L. Murdock has written a striking poem illustrating the figure in Jeremiah which compares the human heart to clay in the hands of the divine Potter:

This is the potter who ever
With cunning hand toileth;
Mark how he never effaceth
And never despoileth.

Worthless and coarse to the sight
Seems the clay that he holdeth,
Warped and distorted the vessels
He patiently moldeth.

Never a moment from care
And from labor he resteth,
Till, with his crucible's heat,
He his handiwork testeth.

Now in the beauty of usefulness
Doth he display them,
Now in the grandeur of
Purple and gold doth array them.

Listen, my brother, for this
Is the gist of my story:
These are the vessels the potter
Hath wrought for his glory.

Forth from the clay and the wheel
And the kiln he hath brought them;
Precious they are, ay, and worthy
The potter who wrought them.

A WORTHY AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVE

The Duchess of Marlborough, formerly Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, was recently visiting Monte Carlo, where is the great gambling den of the earth. While there the Prince of Monaco, who rules the rotten little plague-spot, desired very much to meet the duchess. But this conspicuous representative of America in British royalty replied to the lady who approached her on the subject: "Tell him that, prince tho he is, there are some people who object to associating with a gambling-hell keeper." America would have a better reputation abroad if all her representatives took a similar stand on the side of righteousness.

THE COMFORT IN THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF BEING GENUINE

There is an innate satisfaction in the possession of the genuine. A society incident has been recently related telling the story of how the hostess at an evening party was admirably set off by a delicately tinted tea-rose, fragrant, modest and bewitching, which peeped out from the artistic coils of her hair.

Many eyes followed her with admiration. Among the guests was a young matron of classic features and raven hair. As it happened, she was the only one of the invited who wore a rose in her hair. A blood-red specimen gleamed and shone in the folds of its dusky environment, and the woman was very good to look upon as she moved across the room. Others had carried bouquets in their hands, but she alone wore a rose in her hair. Yet she was not happy. She felt that the hostess had outstripped her in the matter of hair ornament. When admiring glances were turned her way she heeded them not, because she imagined herself to be contrasted unfavorably with the hostess, who wore the tea-rose. And so, after a time, when the hour for going home came, the young matron, slipping into her sealskin cloak, was moved, in spite of herself, to concede to the hostess:

"Good-night, dear. And how charming you looked with that lovely rose in your hair."

"Oh, I am so glad you liked it," said the other, in an embarrassed sort of way. She hesitated a minute, glanced at the red rose on the head of her guest, and then said, "Of course, you know it is imitation."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the caller.

"Yes, and I have been embarrassed all the evening thinking how unnatural it must look beside your lovely red rose."

"Oh," said the young woman, in a burst of

unwonted frankness, "mine's artificial, too." And all the way home she felt better than she had felt during the evening.

This little incident suggests a very great truth, that no deep and abiding peace can ever be enjoyed by any man or woman who is conscious that at the heart their goodness is a sham. Only in conscious sincerity and genuineness of motive is there a possibility of perfect serenity and comfort of soul. Poverty with all its limitations, with genuineness of character, is an infinitely richer heritage than any wealth that may gild a secret fraud.

DOUBT AS A DISEASE

Dr. George Hepworth, in one of his illuminating New York *Herald* sermons, brings out very clearly the follies of sick people, whether it be physical or spiritual illness. He says that, when ill, if you are at odds with your physician, reject his sympathy and doubt his skill, you increase the energy of your disease and block the way to recovery; but if you know him to be your friend and peacefully rely on his perfect knowledge of your case, you help him to effect a cure. You and he must work together, and your attitude is as helpful many times as is his prescription. It is the same with spiritual concerns. God is an element in human life. He can not help us except through the agency of our faith in him. If we rebel against him, repel his approach, are at

odds with him, shut our eyes and our hearts, we simply devour ourselves and are an easy prey to our own doubts. The high and holy energies in our nature are suppressed, peace takes wings and flies away. We are at cross purposes with the only power that can dispel our despair, and left to our own resources we are miserable. The loneliness of a soul which tries to find its way without a God to guide it is beyond expression. But when we trust God and realize that he is close at hand, the storms of life lose their destructive energy.

A WORD IN TIME

How often a handshake full of hearty good will, a smile of kindly sympathy, just at the right moment, becomes a very cable from heaven to draw back a soul from death and lead it upward to eternal life! Some one sings the truth in a poem entitled, "A Word That Did Not Come Too Late."

In the chill and ghostly shadows of the dreary night, a man
Stood and fought as fierce a battle as a hero ever can.
Face to face with sin he wavered, in the grim and bitter fight,
As the strongest will when tempted as this wanderer was that night.

"Why this doubt and hesitation?" said the tempter to his heart,
"In this great, o'ercrowded city not a soul would take your part,

Not a hand would reach to help you if you sought the city through;
Little, nothing, does it matter what becomes of such as you.

"What if this to which I urge you brings to others grief and pain?
Have they pity for your troubles? Have your pleadings not been vain?
Hearts are hard and cold and cruel. They would crush you in the fight.
With the hands of men against you, anything for you is right."

"No one cares," the man repeated, as he wandered to and fro
With the tempter in the darkness, "what I do or where I go.
No one cares for me, an outcast!" Oh, what words could sadder be?
"In the world of men and women not a creature cares for me!"

As the cry so sad and bitter with the pain that filled his heart
Fell upon the night, a footstep close beside him made him start,
In the shadows gathered round him, in the dreary street and wild,
With her hand held out toward him, there he saw a little child.

"You forgot," she whispered softly, "when you said that no one cared,"
And the little hand seemed reaching for the heart by sin ensnared.

"You forgot, for God cares for you;" and the child
smiled up at him,
With a face so full of pity that his eyes with tears
grew dim.

"Little girl," he answered softly, as he bent to touch
her cheek,
"Did God send you out to find me, words like these of
yours to speak?
Yes, I know he sent this message to a soul in bitter
need;
From the very brink of ruin I will follow where you
lead."

Oh, for all earth's poor and friendless who are given no
loving word
Let our hearts, grown cold and careless, unto helpful
deeds be stirred;
Loving words to those sore tempted oft might make
them strong and brave,
And, as did the child's sweet message, wavering souls
from ruin save.

THE SOWER AND THE REAPER

There are many illustrations of the Savior's teaching that one man sows and the next following him reaps the harvest. Life is a sort of ascending stairway and one generation steps on the shoulders of another in the upward climb. A recent writer shows how this is happening in the world of invention. Men are to-day gathering fortunes from the rubbish of the patent office. Inventors delve among wrecks there, seize on ideas that others could not

perfect, and make them practicable and available to their own profit. And often—and we all know of cases—the poor inventor with a conception that is almost worthless to him because he can not give it birth, gives the labor of years to another and sees his pet idea materialized and bringing a fortune to its owner while he must be content with the pittance he received.

CONQUERING LIFE'S BLESSINGS

In order to develop our self-reliance and make us worthy of the blessings of life God often hedges these blessings about with sharp thorns of toil and struggle which we must overcome before we can enjoy them. A species of cactus grows on the great southwestern plains which illustrates this method of divine providence. Desert plants are commonly obliged to store up water in one way or another, so as not to perish during the long periods when there is no rainfall. Various species of the cactus do this, but there is one that is peculiarly interesting. The tired and thirsty traveler in those regions occasionally comes across a spiky thing, about the size of a water-pail, tho it is sometimes two or three times as large as that, which is to him a godsend—perhaps even a rescuer from death in hideous shape. It is the so-called "Water-barrel of the Desert," a species of cactus which is a living spring, containing within itself a considerable sup-

ply of the purest water. One has only to chip off the top of it with a machete when a mass of pulp is disclosed. If a bowl-shaped cavity be cut in the pulp mass it will quickly fill with pure and refreshing water. This water-barrel of the desert, when ripe, has a crown of fruits the pulp of which is edible and grateful to a thirst which has been aggravated by the alkali dust of the desert. The plant is very thorny, being provided with straight spikes and crooked spines that operate like fish-hooks. These must be conquered before the water or the fruits can be had.

EXPENSIVE CRUTCHES

It is said that there is a woman in an Eastern city who uses a pair of crutches which cost over a thousand dollars. She has her monogram outlined in gems on each crutch. To get these decorations finished off in good taste required almost infinite artistic skill and patience. There is something pitiful in the feeling that after all the pains this woman has taken to gild and beautify her crutches she is still lame, and they are only crutches after all. But there are more expensive crutches than that. Men who get in the habit of taking their opinions ready-made from other people, who never do any square honest thinking for themselves, who vote in a party because their fathers did, and who are never able to give a reason for the faith that is

in them are, after all, lame in a tenderer spot than the outer limbs. Their crutches may not be so visible to the casual observer, but they cost the man who leans on them all the true joy and nobility of free human life.

AN INVINCIBLE ARMOR

A recent writer has unearthed a record of what is believed to be the last occasion when suits of armor were worn by European soldiers on the battle-field. The incident, according to the chroniclers of the Napoleonic wars, took place in 1799, when a small French force was holding the little fort at Aquila, in the Abruzzi, against the rising of the hostile peasantry of the district. The French were not strong enough to fight their way through the lines of their opponents, who outnumbered them by twenty to one. There were left on the space between the fort and the gathering enemy a dozen or so guns, which the besieged garrison had not been able to take with them into the fort. The necessity of spiking the guns was apparent, but a sortie in the face of the overwhelming musketry fire of the enemy was out of the question. At this juncture a happy thought occurred to an artillery officer. He remembered having noticed in an unused room in the fort some old plate armor, and, selecting from the best preserved twelve suits, he determined to try whether they would not afford sufficient protection for his

men to attempt the work. Twelve stalwart soldiers marched out clad in this ancient armor and succeeded in executing their purpose under a hail of bullets that the armor turned off like rain from a wall. There is another ancient armor that the Christian can never allow to fall into disuse. It is the armor that Paul speaks of in his letter to the Ephesians. The girdle of truth, the breastplate of righteousness, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit are as necessary now to the Christian soldier as at any time in the history of the world. Happy is he who keeps his armor bright with use.

COSTLY DOUBTS AND FEARS

A London fog is a most expensive visitation. It has recently been carefully estimated that a foggy day in that city, counting the day at eight hours, costs from two hundred and fifty thousand to five hundred thousand dollars in hard cash. No small proportion of this goes for the production of light and signals. It may suggest the fact that there is nothing so costly to a man or a woman as the yielding to moods of what people generally call the "blues," in which the mind is allowed to become befogged by morbid and often imaginary doubts and fears. There never was a man yet rich enough to afford such fogs. A cheerful faith in Christ, a consciousness that God is with us in sympathy and

love, and above all a purpose on our part to work together with God in helping others, will make such fogs impossible.

THE SOLDIER SPIRIT

Nothing is more needed in the Christian church to-day than the truly courageous and chivalric spirit of the Christian soldier. The church is looking too much for its own comfort, for its own luxury and ease, and is lacking in the great elements of self-denial and daring that glory in a chance to show love for Christ by taking great personal risks in his name. We are taking too good care of ourselves, as Charlotte Stetson makes clear in "Must a Man Live?"

"A man must live." We justify
Low shift and trick to treason high,
  A little vote for a little gold,
  To a whole senate bought and sold,
With this self-evident reply.

But is it so? Pray tell me why
Life at such cost you have to buy?
  In what religion were you told
    "A man must live"?

There are times when a man must die.
Imagine, for a battle-cry
  From soldiers, with a sword to hold—
  From soldiers, with the flag unrolled—
The coward's whine, this liar's lie,
    "A man must live!"

THE EASTER HOPE

Margaret E. Sangster has sung one of her sweetest songs in contemplation of the blessed promises of the Gospel concerning our reunion with our loved ones in heaven, under the title of "The Thinning Ranks." I am sure it can not but bring comfort to us all.

The day grows lonelier; the air
  Is chillier than it used to be.
We hear about us everywhere
  The haunting chords of memory.
Dear faces that once made our joy
  Have vanished from the sweet home band;
Dear tasks that were our loved employ
  Have dropped from out our loosened hand.

Familiar names in childhood given
None call us by, save those in heaven.
We can not talk with later friends
Of those old times to which love lends
Such mystic haze of soft regret;
We would not, if we could, forget
The sweetness of the bygone hours,
So priceless are love's faded flowers;
But lonelier grows the waning day,
And much we miss upon the way
Our comrades who have heard the call
That soon or late must summon all.

Ah, well! the day grows lonelier here,
Thank God, it doth not yet appear
What thrill of perfect bliss awaits
Those who pass on within the gates.

O dear ones who have left my side,
And passed beyond the swelling tide,
I know that you will meet me when
I too shall leave these ranks of men
And find the glorious company
Of saints from sin forever free,
Of angels who do always see
The face of Christ, and ever stand
Serene and strong at God's right hand.

The day grows lonelier, the air
Hath waftings strangely keen and cold,
But woven in, oh, glad, oh, rare,
What love notes from the hills of gold!
Dear crowding faces gathered there,
Dear blessed tasks that wait our hand,
What joy, what pleasure shall we share,
Safe anchored in the one home-land!

Close up, O comrades, close the ranks;
Press onward, waste no fleeing hour!
Beyond the outworks, lo! the banks
Of that full tide where life hath power,
And Satan lieth underfoot,
And sin is killed, even at the root.
Close up, close fast the wavering line,
Ye who are led by One divine.
The day grows lonelier apace,
But heaven shall be our trysting-place.

THE GIVE AND TAKE OF LIFE

Dr. George H. Hepworth aptly said in a recent sermon that there is too much of self in the world. Our hands are stretched out to take, not to give. We plan for personal gain, are forgetful of the

wants of others, build a moat about ourselves, and keep the drawbridge up lest some one may cross to ask for help. All that is like poison to the soul. It causes us to wilt, as a flower that is not fed with water. We become like a field of grain after a long drought, for the very life is parched. And yet nothing could be so unwise as to imagine that the great happiness of life could come from sucking up like a sponge things which we never give out. It is not what we get from the world but what we give to the world that marks our grade of humanity and dictates the real blessing and happiness of living. The Scripture was never truer than in these words: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

LOOKING ON THE THINGS OF OTHERS

There is something characteristic about the brotherliness of Paul when in one of his letters he urges the Christians in whom he was greatly interested not to think too persistently about their own affairs, but to cultivate a disposition of thoughtfulness about the welfare of their neighbors. The best thing Job says about his life is that when he found a man who was in trouble or need of any kind he inquired carefully into it, and sought to know in order that he might intelligently be generous and kind. How the climate of the world would warm up if Christian men and women everywhere

would really be Christlike at that point. S. C. Allen brings this out very clearly in a poem entitled, "Who of Us Knows?"

Who of us knows
The heartaches of the men we meet
Each day in passing on the busy street,
The woes and cares that press them,
Forebodings that distress them—
Who of us knows?

Who of us thinks
Of how hot tears have chased the smiling cheek
Of some we meet who would not dare to speak
The pangs they feel, the burdens that they bear,
Each hour that passes through the solemn year—
Who of us thinks?

Who of us cares
To try and think and know their pain and grief
And help to bring to breaking hearts relief,
To help to bear the burdens of their care
By tender word and loving look and prayer—
Who of us cares?

A CHAINED EAGLE

A hunter in the Alleghanies one day shot a large bald eagle. The bird measured seven feet two inches across the wings. When the sportsman went to examine his prize he was astonished to find one of the eagle's claws held firmly in a powerful steel trap to which was attached a steel chain five feet long. Trap and chain had many marks of vicious

blows from the eagle's bill, showing how he had vainly endeavored to free himself from them. While they had not been heavy enough to prevent his flying, the hunter believed that they had so impeded and wearied him as to be the cause of bringing the great bird within the reach of his rifle. Many a fine man with brain and imagination and heart capable of high soaring flight has been brought within reach of the enemy's gun by some trap of vicious appetite or passion that has held him down from his place among the stars. How wise the admonition of Paul in his letter to the Hebrews: "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us."

PERMANENT CHARM

The death of Munkacsy was for him a merciful relief, as the terrible malady from which he suffered was apparently incurable. His death has reopened the criticism of his work, and the question is being asked whether a great artist was lost when the brushes dropped from his hand. Some years ago, when his huge canvas of "Christ Before Pilate" was being exhibited, the answer would undoubtedly have been favorable. But it now seems doubtful if Munkacsy's fame will endure. It seems that he was addicted to the use of bitumen, and this not only played havoc with his canvases, slowly but surely destroying their value, but it was a symbol of

his readiness to achieve an immediate effect at the expense of depth and permanent charm. Good brushman tho he was, the impression he leaves is more theatrical than artistic. He could paint an effective composition, and carry it out on a large scale with force, but there seemed always something meretricious about his work; it had surface brilliancy, but no soul. That temptation is one common to man in every department of life—to win present success at the cost of permanent charm. Man is tempted to get rich or to gain political advancement at the cost of genuine honor and manhood. But no man ever yet took that path without losing by it in the end. Only sincerity and genuineness stand the test of time and carry with them a charm that can never die.

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL

The Russian police recently arrested a woman who had been wanted for the past two years for having driven a lucrative trade in artificial mutilation. By injecting under the skin at the joints some preparation of petroleum, she produced a very natural-looking contraction of the joint operated on. Her clients were those who desired, at as small an expense as possible, to escape being taken for soldiers, and among less deserving and richer people a certain number of clever swindlers who defrauded accident insurance companies by effecting the same

kind of disfigurement. It makes one shudder to think of a woman so degraded as thus to live by administering disease and pain to others, and yet we are constantly licensing tens of thousands of people in the United States to make their living that way. The Russian police suppressed this woman, but in America we license both men and women as saloon-keepers to communicate disease both of body and soul for greed. Surely, "The love of money is the root of all evil."

DEAD MEN WHO STILL WALK

There are a great many dead men still walking in the streets. They are not buried yet, but so far as any worthy purpose in life is concerned they are dead, nevertheless. As some one has said, they are torpid except on the side of animalism, and there they are volcanic. The higher elements have never been aroused. They do their business with shrewdness, and gloat over gains, whether well or ill gotten, the mere possession of gold giving them the pleasure which marks an unbalanced mind; but their generosity is an arrested development, their selfishness sits on the throne of their faculties, and their spiritual natures are as unconscious of duty as a child in its swaddling-clothes. A man may be alive yet almost hopelessly dead. He is not alive even tho his heart beats, for one is never alive until he thinks and feels, and thought and feeling bring him into harmony with the universal Will.

HUMAN SPONGES

A distinguished English politician was one day led into a discussion of the objectionable features of a mutual acquaintance. The friend said that the man had two specially objectionable peculiarities. He was not given to the use of soap and water, and he was always borrowing money. "Yes, poor fellow," said the Cabinet Minister, "he sponges upon everybody except himself." Young men need to cultivate self-reliance. A human sponge that depends on drawing its support from the labor of others is of no value in the world. Life is a system of give and take, and every honest man must seek to give value received for the blessings of his life.

A DANGEROUS HANDCUFF

An Ohio farmer was cutting corn in a neighbor's corn-field. He sat down to rest a few minutes, and, falling asleep, was awakened by a huge rattlesnake which had wrapped itself around his bare wrist. There was just one chance of saving his life and that was in prompt, decisive action. The corn-cutter was in his other hand, and summoning all his power of self-control, with a single sharp, determined thrust he cut off the reptile's head as it was in the very act of striking him with its fangs. Many a man has been sleeping on duty, and has not awakened to know his danger until he

has seen the deadly serpent of some wicked habit fastened upon him, and the poisonous fangs raised for his complete destruction. It does not do to dally with such a situation. There is only one wise course, and that is to thrust the sin through to its heart.

GOD'S HUSBANDRY

That is a beautiful figure which Paul uses which is translated in King James's Version, "Ye are God's husbandry," but in the Revised Version by the more modern and graphic sentence, "Ye are God's tilled land." There is inspiration in the thought that our hearts may be given over to the tilling of heavenly influences. Some unknown poet writes of it helpfully under the title, "The Heavenly Sowing":

Sower Divine!
Sow the good seed in me,
Seed for eternity.
'Tis a rough, barren soil,
Yet by thy care and toil
Make it a fruitful field,
An hundredfold to yield.
Sower Divine!
Plow up this heart of mine!

Sower Divine!
Quit not this wretched field
Till thou hast made it yield;

Sow thou by day and night,
In darkness and in light;
Stay not thy hand, but sow;
Then shall the harvest grow.
Sower Divine,
Sow deep this heart of mine!

Sower Divine!
Let not this barren clay
Lead thee to turn away;
Let not my fruitlessness
Provoke thee not to bless;
Let not this field be dry,
Refresh it from on high.
Sower Divine!
Water this heart of mine!

DEATH A KINDLY MESSENGER

Dr. George H. Hepworth recently said that we must recover from some of our blind prejudices concerning death, and must come to understand that it is not an enemy, but a messenger of God, and such a messenger can never be other than kindly. To Christ it must have been an infinite relief, and to us who follow in his footsteps it is the inn in which we sleep on the last night before we reach home. In the morning when we wake from slumber we find ourselves on the brighter shore in the presence of the loved who have gone before. Such faith makes us peaceful, contented, and happy, glad to live as long as we may, and glad to go when the Father summons us.

THE DEMOCRACY OF HYMNS

A recent writer remarks that on looking over an old hymn-book he was greatly impressed by a startling fact. All the representative hymns sung by all the denominations of Christendom were there. To his surprise he found that they were not written by men who agreed, but by men who differed in their theology. There were verses by a Quaker, others by a Methodist, others by a Catholic, still others by a Unitarian, and others still from the pen of a stern Calvinist. And yet Quaker and Methodist and Catholic and Unitarian and Presbyterian and Baptist seem to dwell together in the old hymn-book in the greatest unity and harmony imaginable. The writers forgot to be theologians and expressed the deeper longings of the heart, its confidence in the Fatherhood of God and its belief in that other life where families will be united and the face of the Christ shall be like the sunshine which fills the day with light.

STARVED TO DEATH GUARDING GOLD

An old man died in New Rochelle, N. Y., recently, who had lived for a long time in a rear room on the third floor of a semi-charitable institution where he paid a dollar and a half a week for his room. He was supposed to be a poverty-stricken old man, as he wore the shabbiest of clothes and

evidently was very poorly nourished. For years his living expenses did not exceed ninety cents a week in addition to the room rent. He died the other day at the age of ninety-six, and when his room was examined nine bags of gold and silver were found in his trunk. In addition to these were seven savings-bank books, showing deposits of $17,000, together with shares of railroad stock and real estate mortgages amounting to $90,000 worth of property. How horrible it seems that a man should starve himself for years, living in pain and discomfort for the lack of the common necessities of life, with such abundance at his disposal. And yet how many are doing that in a spiritual way. The unsearchable riches of Christ are within their reach—riches that would give them peace of mind and a conscience void of offense toward God and man—and yet they go on year after year, having no peace and spiritually starved.

THE WORLD GROWING SMALLER

In 1850 England was thirty-two days from India. Now it is but seventeen on the regular lines, and a ship as fast as some of the latest built could make it in ten days. In 1850 New York was from three to six months from China by clipper ship. Now a man can cross the continent in a Pullman car with dining-car attached, to Vancouver, and then cross the ocean to Shanghai in a comfortable ship, taking

only seventeen days for the entire journey. Fifty years ago the postage on a letter from New York to Wisconsin was twenty-five cents. Communication was scarce on account of the expense. Fifty years ago it took two weeks at the quickest to get news from London to New York. Now it requires two minutes. The Christian, if he is thoughtful, must not fail to feel the emphasis this puts on the marching order which Christ gave his disciples: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." As the world grows smaller our power to fulfil the great command of our Master rapidly increases.

LIFE'S CLOSING YEARS

An Englishman, at sixty years of age, writes in an interesting way to the London *Spectator* concerning the closing years of life. He says: "As one grows older the outlook becomes clearer and calmer. I have been a doubter, but, like my forefathers, I can now find consolation in the services of the church. It is astonishing how the ordinary affairs of life seem to adapt themselves to your added years. One's pleasures are quieter but quite as enjoyable. To live in the lives of your children, to watch their progress, the development of their minds, is one great source of pleasure." There is a verse in one of Baxter's hymns which expresses

very aptly the attitude of mind of this man and of many other sincere Christian people:

If life be long, oh, make me glad
The longer to obey;
If short, no laborer is sad
To end the toilsome day.

SLAVES WHO MIGHT BE FREE

The press despatches recently had the story of three colored people in Mississippi who have been slaves for nearly forty years since the Emancipation Proclamation assured them their freedom. They did not know they were free until a few weeks ago. They had always worked picking cotton on a plantation which was many miles from any other community, and nobody ever came there to tell them they were free. If they tried to get past the patrollers on the outskirts of the plantation they were taken back to the master and whipped. Finally, the cruel treatment they received led a little band of them to plan an escape. To their great astonishment they found that they had been working nearly all their lives as slaves when they had not only the moral but the political right to their freedom. How many there are who are doing the same thing in the case of their spiritual freedom! Christ paid the debt of our sins upon the cross, and ransomed our souls, and the devil no longer has a right to hold us in

slavery. No sinner in the world is so completely the slave of sin that Jesus Christ has not purchased the right to his freedom. He will set any sinner free whenever he is willing to accept the conditions.

THE WHITE DEATH

Of all the natural phenomena peculiar to the Rocky Mountain region, none is more strange or terrible than the mysterious storms known to the Indians as "The White Death." A party of three women and two men was caught out in such a storm in North Park, Colorado, in the month of February. Suddenly one of the women put her hand up to her face and remarked that something had stung her. Then other members of the party did the same thing, tho not a sign of an insect could be seen. All marveled greatly at this. A moment later they noticed that the distant mountains were disappearing behind a cloud of mist. But they had never heard of mist in Colorado in February. They thought they must be mistaken, but in a few minutes a gentle wind began to blow and the air became filled with fine particles of something that scintillated like diamond-dust in the sunshine. Still the people drove on until they came to a cabin where a man signaled to them to stop. With his head tied up in a bundle of mufflers, he rushed out and handed the driver a piece of paper on which was written: "Come into the house quick, or this

storm will kill all of you. Don't talk outside here." Of course no time was lost in getting under cover and putting the horses in the stables, but they were a little late, for in less than an hour the whole party was sick with violent coughs and fever. Before the following morning one of the women died and all the others passed through serious illness. Worldliness is a kind of "White Death." It is so beautiful and brilliant and attractive that people think there can be no harm in it, but it chills the life out of the soul. The devil is none the less a devil because he comes in the form of "an angel of light."

MOSS-GROWN MEN

The latest fad in summer cottages in Maine is said to be the erection of wooden cottages having the outside boarding densely coated with a heavy growth of green and gray moss. Abandoned farmhouses have been searched for lichened corner and straddle boards, and extravagant prices are paid for bits of ancient wood that hold living specimens of mossy growth. There are a good many *people* that ought to be valuable at such a time. Their opinions and sentiments are all moss-grown with age. But however it may work as a fad in summer-time, when it comes to the winter and the storm, it is the new lumber that will be popular. Let every young man take notice that moss-grown men need not apply when it comes to the real stress of life in the world

of work. There is no department of life where that is more true than in the pulpit.

BE HAPPY TO-DAY

If we are to know happiness we must allow God to make us glad in the common blessings of every day. We must not allow ourselves to grow morbid and refuse to enjoy the present sunshine because the weather prophet predicts the storm for to-morrow. Take God's gift smilingly as he gives it and enjoy it now. Elizabeth Finley sings:

> Because the dandelion's hair must turn to gray,
> Dissolve into eternity and float away,
> Shall we not love it for its gold to-day?
>
> Because all human love must in the end grow cold,
> Must pass and give its place to loves of newer gold,
> Shall we not drain of joy the hours we hold?

UP-TO-DATE WEAPONS

The question of naval defense is being seriously discussed by the British Admiralty, and it has been determined that the more antiquated ships shall be weeded out, and their places taken by vessels of more modern build and armament. There are in all the great navies many vessels that are of no practical use in modern war, on which it would be a waste of

material to place modern weapons. The only use of these antiquated craft is to make a fleet look formidable on paper and to absorb resources in men and material that would be more useful if concentrated on newer vessels. Our own recent war with Spain showed how important it was to have up-to-date vessels and well-trained gunners. The Christian church must learn this lesson and profit by it. Eighteenth-century sermons and antiquated methods will not capture twentieth-century cities for Christ. We must be up to date in our equipment. The Holy Spirit is always up to date; he is the Ever-living One; but we, the channel through which he works, must be in touch with modern life and equipped to master it in the strength of God.

THINK MORE THAN YOU SPEAK

Judge Cox tells an amusing story of General Grant. One day during his Presidency he came into the room where his Cabinet was assembling, quietly laughing to himself. "I have just read," said he, "one of the best anecdotes I have ever met. It was that John Adams, after he had been President, was one day taking a party out to dinner at his home in Quincy, when one of his guests noticed a portrait over the door and said, 'You have a fine portrait of Washington there, Mr. Adams.' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'and that old wooden head made his fortune by keeping his mouth shut.'" And Grant

laughed again with uncommon enjoyment. It is a great thing to know when to keep still. As we look back over our lives there are comparatively few times when we regret having not spoken, but a great many of us have numerous reminiscences of trouble and sorrow that have come from unguarded and ill-advised speech. It is important to do a great deal more thinking than speaking.

THE GREATEST THRONE OF ALL

Among the boundless treasures of the Shah of Persia, the Peacock Throne is said to be the most magnificent. It is probably the most costly ornament that the mind of man has ever conceived. The frame is entirely of silver, and above it the gleams of silver melt into molten gold. It is encrusted from end to end and from top to bottom with diamonds. At the back is a star of brilliants that almost makes the observer blink. The rug on which the Shah reposes is edged with amethysts and the pillow on which he reclines his imperial head is fringed with pearls. Some travelers, Burton among them, have estimated the value of the Peacock Throne at twenty-five millions of dollars. Yet there are a great many other thrones more powerful than this gorgeous one on which the Shah of Persia sits. But the greatest throne of all is "the great white throne," on which our Lord will be seated in the day of judgment. All the kings

and queens and royalty of earth will fall on their faces when that throne comes into sight. Only he is truly great who can stand before that throne with a peaceful heart because his sins have all been forgiven.

THE SORROW OF THE STREET

A thoughtful man or woman seldom walks in a city street without seeing in the faces of those who are met expressions that stir the heart either with contempt for the baseness or with admiration for the nobility and manliness or the innocence and good cheer seen in others. How often the eye lights on a face where sorrow is written so plainly and with such pathos that it stirs the soul almost to tears. No wonder Christ was called the "man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," when he knew what was in man, and could see through the sorrowful faces to the full measure of grief stored up in the broken heart. Prof. Amos R. Wells has a touching little poem entitled "A Street Face":

A glimpse of red eyes in the street
  As I hurry along;
A face too pale to be sweet,
  Too sad to be strong;

A face that will nevermore know
  Tho it die in its pride,
That last sad solace of wo—
  The power to hide.

Ah, sister, we seem not to care,
  Nor know what to do;
But the street has become one long prayer
  In pity of you.

THE PERSONALITY OF CHRIST

Dr. Henry Van Dyke in a recent article brings out very clearly the fact that Jesus Christ is the central personality around which gathers the Christian system. He says that the doctrine of Christ is like the soft breath of spring, evoking the songs of birds and the unfolding of a new life. No fiery chariot of grace swoops down to snatch men to glory, but a living messenger comes forth from God to ask men to turn and walk back with him to their souls' home. "Contrast the religion of Jesus Christ," says Dr. Van Dyke, "with the Oriental religions and with those forms of Christianity which have borrowed the garments of Buddha and speak with the accent of Mohammed. They despise and slight personality. Christ respects and emphasizes it. They aim to reduce and evaporate responsibility. Christ aims to deepen and increase it."

THE PLAIN MESSAGE EFFECTIVE

A prominent clergyman in Boston, some years ago, received a visit from a plain-spoken country pastor, and he invited him to address his people at the mid-week meeting in their chapel. The visit-

ing preacher was so plain and straightforward in his mode of speech, and in the homely illustrations used, that the Boston pastor was quite disturbed, fearing his cultivated congregation would take offense at the sharp thrusts of the unconventional brother. But a few days later a prominent member of the congregation came to his pastor in great trouble of soul, earnestly desiring to be shown the way to Christ; when asked as to the cause of his interest, he referred to the homely words of the country preacher, who had evidently spoken straight to the heart of this man. When the pastor told the story to a friend, he added: "I'll never again distrust God's Spirit in the guiding of God's servants as his preachers. I had written more than one sermon for the express purpose of reaching that one man in my congregation; but here he was reached by one plain sentence from a plain man whom God's Spirit guided."

THE BLESSINGS WE INHERIT

Richard Hoe, the widely known manufacturer of printing-presses, has had a medal designed to commemorate the five hundredth anniversary of the birth of Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, who was born in Mainz in 1400. Mr. Hoe has had these medals struck off, not to sell, but as gifts to his friends in honor of Gutenberg. On one side of the medal appears the simple hand-power printing-press

used by Gutenberg in 1450, and this inscription: "To the honor and memory of Johan Gutenberg, inventor of movable types." On the other side of the medal appears the latest Hoe press and this inscription: "Octuple press, printing 192,000 four-page newspapers per hour. Invented and constructed by R. Hoe & Co., in 1900." The whole is surrounded by a border bearing the words: "In commemoration of the five hundredth anniversary of the birth of Gutenberg." It is but natural that the great builder of presses, who has made his immense fortune following up the invention of Gutenberg, should be grateful and seek to do honor to his memory. But a little reflection will show us that all of us, in whatever department of life we may be, are greatly indebted to the past. How rich the inheritance that has come down to us from earnest, brave, noble men and women who have lived before us! We all ought to seek to improve upon this inheritance, as Richard Hoe has on the printing-press. If we would do our part we must not be content to leave the world as we find it, but try to make it far better.

SOILING THE ATMOSPHERE

The Pacific coast octopus or devil-fish can hide itself by clouding the water about it. It has been found that an octopus only a few inches long can cloud fifty cubic feet of water in a few seconds.

The power of the squid in surrounding itself with a cloud of inky water is well known. In an experiment with a large squid in Washington, recently, a tank containing three hundred and twenty cubic feet of water was made opaque in a few seconds by a single squid. A man of impure conversation is like one of those creatures. He can soil the atmosphere in the whole social circle. He may not really say anything vile, but he can suggest by a word what will fill the air with evil thoughts.

THE BEST GIFT OF ALL

A mother who has been very successful in rearing her children recently said: "When my children were young I thought the very best thing I could do for them was to give them myself; so I spared no pains to talk with them, to read to them, to teach them, to pray with them, to be a loving companion and friend to my children. I had to neglect my house often. I had no time to indulge myself in many things which I should have liked to do. I was so busy adorning their minds and cultivating their hearts' best affections that I could not adorn their bodies in fine clothes, tho I kept them neat and comfortable at all times. I have my reward now. My sons are ministers of the Gospel; my grown-up daughter is a Christian woman. I have plenty of time now to sit down and rest, plenty of time to keep my house in order, plenty of time to

indulge myself, besides going about my Master's business wherever he has need of me. I have a thousand beautiful memories of their childhood to comfort me. Now that they have gone out into the world I have the sweet consciousness of having done all that I could to make them ready for whatever work God calls them to do." How terribly cheated is any mother who throws away that kind of success to indulge in fashionable frivolities!

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE

The language of love is not getting, but giving. Mr. Robert E. Spear relates a beautiful incident illustrative of the love for Christ and mankind, a love that finds its true expression in self-sacrifice. A missionary family was returning, after a rest in America, to the work in Tabriz, Persia. As the little party came to the crest of the hills that shut the great plains of Tabriz off from the Aras River and Mt. Ararat and Russia to the north, its members stopped to look across the gray plain, to the gray city and the great red rocky hills beyond, which gather up the sun and fling it down like javelins into the city. It was a dreary sight after the green fields of home, and one of the little girls at last looked up into her mother's face, and said: "It's not nearly so nice as America, mother, is it?" "No, my child," the mother replied; "that's why we've come." There was love in those hearts,

and so there was loving service in those lives. That is love's way of showing itself, and of being love.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE

George Eliot once said, with that rare insight which was a characteristic of her great genius, that when the conscience of the race is developed we shall run as eagerly to prevent a man's or a woman's fall as we would to save a beautiful mantelpiece ornament in danger of coming to the ground and being dashed to pieces. That will be when the constraining love of Christ has had its way in the hearts of his people. Patience and loving sympathy are far better used in preventing men and women from falling into sin than in rescuing them after they are already fallen. We should be on the alert to steady the tempted soul.

A HEROIC SPIRIT

A ten-year-old boy, whose legs were recently cut off by a train of cars at Dubuque, Iowa, was too plucky to make any fuss over the accident. When the little fellow was taken home his legs hung limp, but he did not complain. Not a tear stood in his eyes, but the tender look he gave to those who stood by his side told plainly that he was suffering great agony. After the doctor dressed his wounds he called his parents, sisters, and brothers to his

bedside and kissed them farewell. A second time he called his mother to his side, placed his little arms about her neck and said: "Mother, I am going to die in a few minutes. Please forgive me for not minding you." With this the boy fell back, and as the mother said, "Yes, my angel," and took another look at his face, she found him dead and beyond all pain and suffering. It is a great mistake for ministers and Sunday-school teachers and other Christian workers to neglect the bringing to definite religious decision young heroes like that. The greatest field for modern Christianity is among the children.

THE MEANING OF LIFE

Some poet sings with clear insight of the necessity of our finding the lessons which God would teach us by the dull days and the hard experiences. He says:

What is the meaning of my daily life,
Its drudgery, its endless, petty strife?
O deadly certainty of common things!
O hours with heavy, heavy, lagging wings!
Do thou, O Carpenter of Galilee,
Teach me thy secrets; let me learn of thee;
Send visions of those days when thou didst share
The lot of working man, his trials bear.
Help me to feel that thou dost work with me
In earthly tasks, in heavenly I with thee;
And yet, dear Lord, with thee is always heaven,
I see my common lot hath blessed leaven.

SHINING FOR CHRIST

Elsie Lyle took a journey by rail. As the train was starting her pastor said to her: "I am glad you have a holiday, and traveling will give you a good opportunity to shine for Jesus." She wondered how in a railway-carriage she could do anything for Jesus. In front of her was a poor woman with three ragged, untidy children. They did not look very inviting, but she said: "I am one of Christ's disciples and I must be careful how I treat one of his little ones." She read to them and gave them some of her lunch, and was so occupied in entertaining them that she came to the end of her journey before she realized it. When she reviewed the day's work she said to herself: "Mr. Wardwell said traveling gave good opportunity to shine for Jesus and I have not spoken a word for Christ all day." A few days later Mr. Wardwell said to her "Mr. Smith, the lawyer, who sat on the opposite side of the carriage you traveled in the other day, says he wishes to become a Christian. He said: 'I traveled lately with Elsie Lyle, who had just confessed her love for Christ, and for a half-day she proved an angel of mercy to a worn-out mother and three fretful children and never appeared to think of herself for a moment. What the Spirit of Christ has done for her I want done for me.' And the best of it all is, Elsie, he is now a Christian and your shining face led him to Christ."

OPPORTUNITY MEASURED BY CHARACTER

Edward Munford says it is the character that makes the success, not the opportunity. Mr. Munford was recently sunning himself in his back yard, where the household cat had been spending hours every day in front of a rat-hole leading to the stable next door. From her patience, her cautiousness, her strategy, you would have thought that her one ambition in life was to catch a rat; that she planned for him all day and dreamed of him all night, and knew just what to do with him when she found him. On the morning in question Munford saw a large rat balancing himself in the sun on the edge of a pail in the yard, the very picture of content. He watched him for some time as he sipped the water, and daintily sprinkled and brushed himself, and thought how fortunate it would be if only the cat could see him; when, lo! at that very moment of fortune the cat appeared. She was still hungry for rats. She gazed awhile at the hole; then she sauntered toward the pail and the still unconscious rat. She was almost touching him before she saw him. There, at length, was the golden opportunity, the flood-tide of success! One spring, a shake or two, and he would be hers! Would he? She put out her nose and smelt him, within an inch—once, twice, the third time—but the rat was gone. Then Munford wrote down the moral: "It is not always he who has learned not to waste opportunity to whom

opportunity is given." How many there are who smell around their opportunities until they are beyond their reach! There are very many things to which one may apply the Scripture passage: "To-day is the day of salvation."

THE COMMON PATH

Most of us are tempted to wait for some great occasion in which to give ourselves in heroic sacrifice for the world's blessing. But it is not to such emergencies we are usually called. It is in the common highway of human experience, in ordinary shop or street or home, that we have our chance to be heroes. The *British Weekly* recently quoted a stray poem clearly enforcing this truth:

> Not on some lone and lofty hill apart
> Did Christ the Savior render up his heart
> For man upon the cross of love and woe;
> But by the common road where to and fro
> The passers went upon their daily ways
> And, pausing, pierced him with indifferent gaze.
> And still the crosses by life's highways rise
> Beneath the blinding glare of noonday skies;
> Still with the wrestling spirit's anguished cry
> Blends the light mockery of the passer-by;
> While scorners gathered at the martyr's feet
> With railing tongues the olden taunts repeat.
> We may not go apart to give our life
> For men in some supernal, mystic strife.
> Beside the common paths of earth doth love
> Look from its cross to the still heavens above.

HEAVEN

There is much pathos in a little story telling of the meeting of Wilberforce, the great Christian statesman and reformer, and Robert Hall, the eminent English divine. In the course of their conversation Hall said to Wilberforce: "What is your idea of heaven?" To this Wilberforce replied: "Love, Mr. Hall; love, love. And what is yours?" And Hall answered: "My idea of heaven is rest, rest." Both men evidently spoke at that moment out of the fulness of their nature—the large, loving heart of Wilberforce, which sighed for a larger and more expansive world; and the poor, wretched, racked body of Hall, which never knew, for long years, a day's liberation from pain. Heaven will be the satisfaction of all the soul's needs.

SEE THE BRIGHT SIDE

"I may not have achieved anything great in my life," said a woman the other day, "but I have brought up two daughters who never talk about their pains and aches." "Maybe they haven't any," ventured one of those women who "enjoy poor health." "Oh, I fancy they have their share," resumed the first woman, placidly. "One has enormous dentist's bills and they are documentary evidence of a certain amount of suffering, don't you think? The other is anything but robust, but

she is seldom ill, because she takes care of her health, instead of talking about it. I don't think I have been an unsympathetic mother, but when my girls got old enough to talk about headaches and toothaches and ailments, real or imaginary, I made up my mind to discourage it at once. We are a busy family, and there is seldom an hour of dreaming for the girls. They had plenty of pleasure, but it was active and jolly rather than leisurely." Undoubtedly that woman had discovered one of the secrets of health and enjoyment. A life that is aggressively active and earnest will escape many of the ills that sluggish, indolent flesh is heir to.

A FATAL BLUNDER

An elderly gentleman recently related that when he was a young man he was on one occasion out with a party camping. They were mostly young fellows, but one or two were middle-aged men. One evening as they sat around the fire, a story that one of the older men told suggested to my friend a vulgar comment, to which he gave utterance before he thought twice. He could have bitten his tongue off the next instant. The older man simply looked straight at him for a moment across the fire, and he knew that he was judged by that remark. After a year or two had passed the young man's name was mentioned for a position which was very desirable and which he seemed

likely to secure, but the man who had been disgusted at his vulgar comment was one of the three to decide it, and at his suggestion the young man was defeated. He afterward found other work and made a fair success of life, but he regretted as long as he lived giving utterance to that one vulgar, impure comment. The story is a striking illustration of Christ's word, "I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."

OLD MEN FOR COUNSEL

A recent writer, discussing the great demand in some quarters for young men in the ministry, tells this story: Out in Arizona a man came from the East to see a friend who was living on a ranch. After dinner they took a walk to look at the ranchman's territorial possessions. A cloud came up, and the man from the East said: "It is going to rain; we ought to have brought our umbrellas." The old settler replied: "Yes, it may rain, it may rain; but I've lived here fifteen years, and it has never rained yet." It did not rain. So the writer in question says the old settlers know this world the best. He thinks there is something out of joint with the times when gray hairs are not wanted. In times of war young men are more in demand than older men; but war means that the times are out of joint. A young man moves quicker with his body,

an older man with his mind. Therefore when older men are rejected it is a sign that we are chasing too hard after the things of the body, that civilization is becoming too material, mercenary, less intellectual and spiritual. It ought to be remarked in connection with this that the character of the old man has a good deal to do with it. Men who keep green-hearted and fresh-minded like Gladstone are never thrust aside because they have crossed the dead-line of old age. If a man shrinks up and withers as he gets old he will not be desired, but if he lives so as to fulfil the psalmist's promise of fruit-bearing in old age, there will be plenty of people to pluck the fruit and enjoy it.

THE LION-KILLER SLAIN

Mr. Lloyd Mifflin, in his book, "The Fields of Dawn," has a very beautiful poem which tells, with true spiritual insight, the story of Samson's youthful triumphs and later overthrow.

Bent upon love, and beautiful as day,
Samson, the youth, to Timnath passed along;
Musing of her, he hummed a desert song—
When lo! a lion barred his onward way.

Who would be victor in the unequal fray?
He thought of love, and laughed that he was strong,
And conquered. Little did he deem, ere long,
That lion Passion him would heartless slay.

How many a man in youth's supremest hour
Who fells the lions in his path, will find
Some dread Delilah, as the years entice;
Shorn of his will and of his pristine power,
He—following the primrose path of vice—
Falls with the falling temple of his mind!

BEWARE OF LITTLE DEFECTS

Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst recalls the old story of a steamer that went upon the rocks and was wrecked. No storm was prevailing at the time and the wonder was how the captain, who was a skilled and experienced officer, could have been careless enough to let his boat get so far from her course. The captain himself was as much surprised as anybody. The compass-box was not broken and the needle seemed to be all right, but upon examining the box he discovered a little black bit of something that looked like the point of a steel knife-blade. He remembered then that one of the sailors had cleaned the compass-box the day before, and calling him, he asked him about it. The sailor remembered cleaning it, and said that while doing so he had discovered a bit of rust or something of the sort, which he tried to rub off, and as that did not succeed, he took his knife and scraped it clean, breaking off a bit of the point of the blade in the process. That bit of blade had done all the mischief. It was exceedingly small, but it had been left in the box, and was large enough to affect the needle and to draw

it far enough away from its true direction to mislead the man at the wheel and to be the cause of the boat's rushing upon the rocks, to the destruction of the boat and to the loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property. This story illustrates, in a way which any one can understand, that the size of a thing is no correct measure of its importance. That bit of steel was not a quarter of an inch long, but it wrecked a vessel that was three hundred feet long. The knife that it was broken from was not worth fifty cents, but it destroyed a vessel that was worth five hundred thousand dollars. Beware of little sins. A little leaven can leaven the whole lump of life with evil just as surely as with good. A little deviation from the right course in the long voyage may make all the difference between a safe harbor and a wreckage on the rocks.

A TASTE FOR BENEVOLENCE

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, who has given millions of dollars for the support of educational and Christian institutions, in an address to his son's Bible class in New York City, on the subject of giving, related this story: "When I was fourteen or fifteen years old I did all I could to help a little parish pay off a debt of about two thousand dollars on a church to which I belonged. It was one of the keenest pleasures of my life. It was there that I acquired the taste for giving and for influencing

others to give." It is a great thing to acquire the taste for helpfulness in youth. It will grow until the greatest joy of life will come from bestowing blessings on others.

A FORCEFUL CHARACTER

A writer in the London *Daily News* says that an exacting ideal of etiquette was always maintained at the English court during the reign of Queen Victoria, but it was not always so exacting as in the early years of her reign, when, after dinner at Windsor, the royalties stood together on the rug in front of the fire, a station which none dared hold but they. An amusing story is told of Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton when he first dined with the queen. He strolled about the drawing-room so freely that Her Majesty whispered in agitation, "If you don't do something to attract his attention, in another minute he'll be on the rug!" There are characters so rugged and earnest that nothing can keep them off the royal rug of power and influence.

THE POWER OF THE SPIRIT

Mr. Spurgeon once preached what in his judgment was one of his poorest sermons. He stammered and floundered, and when he got through felt that it had been a complete failure. He was greatly

humiliated, and when he got home he fell on his knees and said, "Lord, God, thou canst do something with nothing. Bless that poor sermon." And all through the week he would utter that prayer. He would wake up in the night and pray about it. He determined that the next Sunday he would redeem himself by preaching a great sermon. Sure enough, the next Sunday the sermon went off beautifully. At the close, the people crowded about him and covered him with praise. Spurgeon went home pleased with himself, and that night he slept like a baby. But he said to himself, "I'll watch the results of those two sermons." What were they? From the one that had seemed a failure he was able to trace forty-one conversions. And from that magnificent sermon he was unable to discover that a single soul was saved. Spurgeon's explanation was that the Spirit of God used the one and did not use the other. We can do nothing without the Spirit who "helpeth our infirmities."

THE POWER OF TRUE HUMILITY

Some one asked St. Francis of Assisi why he was so influential and had so much power with the people. "Well," replied St. Francis, "I've been thinking about that myself lately, and this is why: The Lord looked down from heaven upon the earth and said: 'Where can I find the weakest, the littlest, the meanest man on the face of the earth?' Then

he saw me and said, 'I've found him, and now I'll work through him. He won't be proud of it. He'll see that I am only using him because of his littleness and insignificance.'" When we are willing to be only the vessel which holds the mercies of God for our fellow men God will fill us full of blessings for them.

A THANKFUL HEART

A grateful heart can take all the bitterness out of poverty and the lack of it can rob wealth and luxury of the power to bless. Some poet sings of it very truly:

Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light—
One ray of God's good mercy—gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has, in their aid,
(Love that has never seemed to tire,)
Such rich provision made.

TAKING CARE OF JEWELS

There is a woman in New York City who has made herself famous and invaluable among the wives of the millionaires by taking care of their jewelry. This is no small charge nor a slight responsibility when in the season hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds, pearls, and elaborate ornaments of other precious gems must be kept in condition for use. Very naturally the women who employ this expert jewel-cleaner pay a high price for her services, for she carries a large insurance on her honesty and is very well aware that such a profession as hers is only followed by one who possesses a unique knowledge of precious stones. The pastor, the Sunday-school teacher, and the parent occupy in the spiritual realm the position of care-taker over priceless jewels. How carefully they should study the characteristics of these immortal gems, and with what a keen sense of responsibility they should watch over them!

FINDING THE LOST

Some years ago in a country-place in New England where blueberries grew thickly in the mountains, a party of people went out to pick them, and somehow a little girl wandered away and was lost. From Thursday to Saturday no trace of her could be found. Men traversed the woods with torches.

Shouts went up in the hope that she would hear them. The whole community was aroused in alarm. At last, when hope was giving way to despair, the glad tidings were heard, Found, found, found! The poor little girl was almost dead with cold, hunger, exposure, and fright, but kind hands lifted and bore her to her home, and placed her in her mother's arms. There was joy in that village over the lost one restored to safety and love and shelter. So when a soul that has wandered is brought back to the comfort of the Heavenly Father's arms there is rejoicing not only on earth but in heaven.

RELIGION INCARNATE

Dr. George H. Hepworth, in one of his New York *Herald* sermons, says some very striking things about the crystallization of religion into life. There can be no doubt that the greatest blessing any man can give the world is to live the Christ-life, so that men may see God in him. Dr. Hepworth says: "Your theory of life may sound well to the ear, but I can not tell what it is worth until you show how it will work in your daily experience. If it fails there it fails everywhere. If it produces a noble and well-developed character, if it stands by you like an invisible giant, lending you a helping hand in times of emergency, then I will not only consider it, but will adopt it for myself. I want to know how it

will work, what it can do, before I make it my own. In other words, I don't care much for your theology or for your professions of faith, but if you are living happily and generously, and when troubles and sorrows come you can meet them serenely and courageously, then you furnish me with an argument which is irresistible. You have put your ore in the smelting-pot, and when you draw it off I see at once whether it is lead or iron or gold. The Christian religion must stand this test, and we must judge it by the results which are produced. Your arguments are nothing more than perfumed air. Your eloquence is only a refreshing breeze in August. I am not convinced until I see a life which is ordered by this religion, and then I have nothing further to say. You may talk to me about the law of gravitation and I may have my doubts, but when you throw a stone into the air and I see with my own eyes that it always comes back to the earth, I have a demonstration of the law and can predict that if I do the same thing the same result will follow."

HYMNS AS GUIDES TO GEOGRAPHY

According to an ingenious German statistician there is a curious relation between national hymns and the countries in which they are sung. If you want to find the extent of any country, he says, gather some vocalists and see how long it will take

them to sing the national hymn of that country. You will find that the amount of time which they will require for this purpose will be in inverse ratio to the extent of the country. "Thus," he points out, "the British empire covers half the world, and yet there are only fourteen bars of music in 'God Save the Queen.'" This fact, he admits, is not of special significance, as "God Save the Queen" did not originate in England; but it is nevertheless worthy of notice. "In the national hymn of Russia, another very large country," he continues, "there are only sixteen bars; whereas in the national hymns of smaller countries the number of bars is much greater, the Siamese hymn, for example, having sixty-six and that of Uruguay seventy. 'Hail, Columbia,' it may be noted, has twenty-eight bars, and one of the longest national hymns in the world is that of the tiny republic of San Marino." All this is very ingenious and suggests to us that still more surely may be told the character of a country and the spirit of its institutions by the words and sentiment of a national hymn. The hymns of a people breathe the atmosphere of the popular mind and heart. The great hymns of the Christian church show the spirit of Christianity and many of them are full of the atmosphere of heaven. Great singers like Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley were given of God to make known not only something of the geography but much of the spirit of the heavenly kingdom.

LOST IN THE CITY

A newspaper writer recently remarked that a large department store might be fairly well stocked with the things which are lost in New York City every year. The surface and elevated lines of New York gather up thousands of articles, more or less valuable. The department stores, theaters, churches, and other public places help to swell the list. The railway lines have found it necessary to establish regular museums and employ men to look after lost articles. Not a day passes but the newspapers contain advertisements for a bewildering variety of lost things, and yet the most serious losses never get into the newspapers. The men and women who in the hurry and competition and temptations of the city lose heart and courage, lose innocence and purity, lose reputation and character, do not advertise their losses. Only God knows how many men and women are lost in the city. The church needs to be about its Master's business, seeking and saving the lost.

THE WRECKAGE OF RUM

The other day a notorious drunkard, one of whom it was known that whisky converted him into a raving maniac, went forth from a licensed saloon and began to run amuck in the street. The sheriff, hearing the alarm, hastened with a posse to arrest

the madman. But he was armed as well as drunk, and shot the sheriff, who died in a few minutes. The murderer was lodged in jail. But the people were so excited that they threatened to lynch him. Yet no one thought of lynching the man who had made him mad. He stood all the while at the door of the saloon and looked upon the tragic scene as a mere spectator. He did not seem to realize, nor did his fellow citizens, that in the sight of God he was the real murderer. When the man who fired the fatal shot became sober, he said: "The sheriff was a good friend of mine. I am sorry that I shot him. I would not have done that under any provocation if I had not been drunk. The whisky is to blame." At least three parties were responsible for that murder: First, the community which licensed the saloon-keeper; second, the saloon-keeper who sold the whisky; and, finally, the man who drank the liquor which stole away his brains. All three were sinners in the matter.

THE THINGS THAT ARE LEFT

A merchant returned home one evening and exclaimed: "I have lost all; everything is gone." It was a bitter blow to the wife, who stood before him in silent sadness. Ruined! It is a terrible word to have to speak. But his little daughter, throwing her arms around his neck, said, in her sweet simplicity, "Why, papa, you have me left,

and mamma, too." The strong man wept in thanksgiving. He had forgotten how rich he was. It is always a great safety-valve at any time of loss to take account of the things that remain. God is always left. The love and friendship of true hearts always abide. The privilege of being unselfish and of ministering in kindness to others is still ours in any emergency. These three things alone will make any life happy.

THE SINGING SPIRIT

"Jesus loves me, this I know."

Sweet and clear rang out the childish treble. It was on a horse-car. A little girl, between three and four years old, had been out visiting with her mother, and, being shy among strangers, had kept quiet till her prattling little tongue could stand it no longer. So, as soon as the horses began to trot and the bells to jingle, she began—

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to him belong,
They are weak, but—"

The car stopped; so did the singer. Two or three passengers got in. Ding! ding! went the bell. Away went the car. Away went the singer—

"They are weak, but he is strong."

A smile went around the car, but the little one, kneeling on the seat and looking out of the window and therefore quite unconscious of it all, sang on—

"Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me! The Bible tells me so!"

The gentleman who relates the story says the perfume of that sweet song filled the whole car. Everybody smiled, every look of trouble or worry vanished from all faces. All Christians ought to go through the world in that spirit, leaving sunshine and not shadows as they go.

SOOTHING THE SOUL

John McNeill describes in a graphic and characteristic way the tenderness of Christ in soothing and comforting the discouraged Christian worker. He says: "Have you noticed that the engine-driver in charge of a train, when he stops at a station, pays hardly any attention to the traffic at the station, no attention to the passengers—whether some millionaire is traveling or not? But when the train stops he is out with the oil-flask, lifting the little brass covers, and pouring in a few drops in one place, then another, to prevent friction and to make everything work easily; for friction means breakdown, and breakdown may mean disaster. So with Christ. Are you, my brother, the engine, pulling and tug-

ging away at some church in a backwoods district or in a godless town? My sister, are you an engine, in your own way pulling and tugging at some Bible class or Sabbath-school, or tract distribution in some wretched slum? You do not mean to give it up, but you feel as if the wheels are barely turning. You are making nothing of it. Think of this: the Lord looks after the engine specially. He comes with the oil of comfort and pours it on your overheated spirit."

THE SHEPHERD AND THE LOST SHEEP

In the life of Dr. Moody Stewart the story is told that when a boy he was greatly surprised one day to find all the sheep in the field standing close in a circle with their faces outward. Two foxes had run off with two lambs and the sheep at once drove the lambs together and formed a circle around them for their defense. A gentleman commenting on this story recalls the fact that wild horses and wild deer do that when attacked by wolves. Sheep were probably once quite wild, and in their wild state they were far stronger and braver than they are now. In great danger their original nature rushes upon them and arms them for the defense of their lambs. If the sheep risk their lives for the sake of their lambs, surely the Good Shepherd will defend his own. Again and again he tells us that he laid down his life for the sheep. His sheep were lost in

the wilderness, ready to perish, and he went into the wilderness to seek and to save them. And he counts even one sheep well worth saving. He leaves the ninety and nine in the fold, and goes after the one that has strayed. He cares for each as if it were his one ewe lamb

THE TRAGEDY OF LITTLE SINS

A mountain eagle, near Gunnison, Colorado, which had been feasting on rabbits, recently met its match. Ferrets had been brought into the valley to kill rabbits. The eagle swooped down upon a ferret. The ferret caught the eagle by the throat and the bird flew far into the air. Only a few minutes elapsed till the eagle came tumbling down. The ranchman who had watched the mid-air battle ran to the fallen bird and found it dead. The ferret had bitten through its throat and was still clinging to it. Many a man has taken some secret sin to his bosom, thinking it so small and easily hidden that there would be no danger; but the sin, like the ferret, has sharp teeth, and to cherish it means certain disaster.

LIGHT AND SHADOW BOTH NECESSARY

Sometimes when we are very prosperous and very happy we wish the bright days would always remain just as they are. But it is a very unwise

wish, and the happiness would cease if it were answered. Joy wears us out almost as quickly as sorrow. Nobody could endure an abiding rapturous condition. If you hold a rose too long you will kill it. Better drop it into the refreshing water in the vase than watch it die in your hot, feverish hand. I have never yet seen six weeks of beautiful clear days, with perfect sunshine, anywhere, but that everybody was crying for rain. Some poet sings:

I thank thee, Lord, that all my joy
  Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
  That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be my guide
  And not my chain.

THE WISE USE OF MONEY

Some time ago a New York millionaire sat by his window, knowing that the hour of his death was drawing near, and, seeing a street-sweeper at work below, said: "I would give every penny of my fortune if I could change places with that man —if I could have my health back again. I have worked hard during my life and have saved every dollar that I could. And now it is hard to think that I have got to die and leave it all behind." Evidently this man was in the same condition as that rich farmer whom Jesus tells us about, who

meant to store up his goods to feed his soul on, and whom God declared to be a fool. If this man had made wise and loving use of his money to bless the world during his lifetime, he would not have had this lament at his death, "Now it is hard to think I have to die and leave it all behind."

THE LOVE OF BEAUTY

An experiment is being tried in the poorest and most degraded quarters of London, of seeking to arouse an interest in art. The result is very gratifying. The Whitechapel Art Gallery is justifying itself in a way that is surprising some of its keenest supporters. During the first month an average of about ten thousand people a day visited the gallery, and they showed the most intense interest in the pictures. The fact is, human nature is a good deal alike everywhere, and the love of beauty and the longing for knowledge, as well as the possibility of goodness, are in every man and woman. Man does not belong to the devil. Satan is only an invader.

A WORLD OF TRIAL

It is recorded that some years ago a ship, in whose timbers a colony of rats had its abode, went down off Sable Island, and the rats succeeded in getting ashore. Before long they had multiplied to such an extent as to have become a source of danger to the

settlers, but it was not until they had well-nigh destroyed all the food supplies on the island, and had brought the settlers face to face with starvation, that the latter bethought themselves and imported some Nova Scotia cats, which kept the pests in check until a passing ship left a pair of foxes on the island. That was the beginning of the end of both rats and cats. The foxes soon overran the island. They killed not only the rats but the cats as well, and how best to deal with the foxes is now under consideration by the government. This is a world of trial. A man is always getting out of one difficulty at the expense of another. Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty but the one condition of existence.

THE SECRET CHAMBERS

Secret panels, which were so common in old-time houses, are becoming common in present-day ones. Safe concealment of valuables from possible thieves is the most common reason for constructing these elaborate secret cupboards and even chambers. In the A. T. Stewart mansion, recently torn down to make room for a bachelor apartment house, there was a curious vault, a kind of mezzanine gallery, almost totally dark, between the third and fourth floors, which surprised the masons in tearing down the house. This, however, was an unusually elaborate and secret chamber. These secret chambers in

modern houses suggest the far more carefully hidden chambers in the souls of the people who dwell in them. And yet, nothing is really hidden there. We may hide from the eye of man, but God sees into all the secret places of the soul, and he judges by the heart and not by the outward appearance.

HUMAN SHAGS

A young traveler in Louisiana thinks he has found the most stupid creature on the earth. It is an aquatic fowl with a big clumsy-looking beak and a form something like the dodo, now extinct. The people call them shags. They generally squat on stumps or logs in a lake and watch for the smaller fish that play around the surface of the water. They are fairly clever in catching what they want, and they throw out their bill with considerable precision when they gig for game. But they never get to eat what they catch until they have fed at least one and maybe more than one member of another kind of water fowl. Whenever a shag begins to catch fish, a long-legged, long-necked water-hen will take a place immediately behind him. When the shag lands a fish, the water-hen simply reaches over and gets it. Without any show of resentment, and without turning around, the shag will continue its watch for fish, and this is kept up until the water-hen has finished her meal, and then, if no other enterprising member of the same tribe

comes along, the shag is permitted to enjoy the product of his efforts. I have seen men like that who worked hard providing a good livelihood, but the saloon-keeper, who stood behind them, reached over and took the wages every Saturday night. But the poor shag of a man just went on gathering up another week's wages to have the saloon-keeper reach over and take them again. Is it not strange that any man could be duped into being a shag a second time?

FOUNDING A RACE OF GIANTS

A wealthy man has bequeathed to the town of Rouen, France, a fund to dower unusually tall couples who may marry and claim the money. Frederick William I. of Prussia, with his famous Potsdam Guard of giants, gathered—and sometimes kidnapped—from every part of the world, tried a similar experiment. Once on meeting a country maid of giant form trudging toward the town, he scrawled a note and requested her to deliver it to the officer in command at the barracks. The frightened girl discovered that it was an order to marry her at once to the tallest grenadier in the regiment. What Frederick William failed to accomplish will hardly be accomplished by the philanthropist of Rouen. Christianity has a nobler purpose in seeking to found in the world a race of moral giants. Christ's purpose is to so exalt the

thought and purposes of men that the entire race shall become lofty-souled.

FALSE SIGNALS

An accident occurred not long since in the upper part of New York City, by the failure of the bridge-tender to set the proper signals. The engineer, noticing that the signals were set "All right," proceeded toward the bridge over the Bronx River. Just before the train reached the bridge the engineer saw that the draw was open, and, not having time to stop his train, applied the air-brakes, and the engine plunged overboard into the mud. Every one of us is setting signals which influence the conduct of other people every day of our lives. It is a terrible thing to set a false signal, or by our indifference or neglect to fail to hang out the true signal which would make our lives a safe guide to the people who know us.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

It often happens that prayers of parents for their children are answered long after the loving pleaders have gone home to heaven. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler tells how a certain Captain K——, when he sailed on his last sea voyage, left a prayer for his little boy written out and deposited in an oaken chest. After his death at sea his widow locked up

the chest, and when she was on her dying bed she gave the key to their son. He grew up a licentious and dissolute man. When he reached middle life he determined to open that chest out of mere curiosity. He found in it a paper, on the outside of which was written, "'The prayer of M—— K—— for his wife and child." He read the prayer and put it back into the chest, but could not lock it out of his troubled heart. It burned there like a live coal. He became so distressed that the woman with whom he was living as his mistress thought he was becoming deranged. He broke down in penitence, cried to God for mercy, and, making the woman his legal wife, began a new life of prayer and obedience to God's commandments. And so God proved to be the rewarder of a faith that had been hidden away in a secret place a half century before.

A FAITHFUL WIFE REWARDED

Dr. Cuyler tells of an excellent woman, at one time a member of his congregation, who was for a long time anxious for the conversion of her husband. She endeavored to make her own Christian life very attractive to him—a very important point, too often neglected. On a certain Sabbath she shut herself up and spent much of the day in beseeching prayers that God would touch her husband's heart. She said nothing to her husband, but took the case

straight to the throne of grace. The next day when she opened her Bible to conduct family worship, according to her custom, he came and took the book out of her hands, saying, "Wifey, it is about time that I did this," and read the chapter himself. Before another week had passed away the man not only did the reading but the praying himself, and in less than a month was received into the church.

NO ONE CAN FILL THE MOTHER'S PLACE

Dr. Felix Adler exploded a bombshell not long ago at the Women's Conference of the Society for Ethical Culture at its meeting in New York City. In the course of his address upon "The New Education," he arraigned parents and the modern home for the neglect of the proper education of children. "What looms up of most conspicuous importance in the average home," asserted Dr. Adler, "are the luxuries of life and the delicacies of fare. Luxury in the home is poison to the child in that home. Mothers who have young children, and mothers should have young children the greater part of their lives, should not spend all their time gormandizing and gowning and in going to matinees. They should be taught that education is one of the greatest of the grand things of life."

THE TWO RELIGIONS

The importance of making our religion attractive is set forth in a graphic way in these verses:

A woman sat by a hearthside place
Reading a book, with a pleasant face,
Till a child came up with a childish frown
And pushed the book, saying, "Put it down."
Then the mother, slapping his curly head,
Said, "Troublesome child, go off to bed;
A great deal of Christ's life I must know
To train you up as a child should go."
And the child went off to bed to cry
And denounce religion—by and by.

Another woman bent o'er a book
With a smile of joy and an intent look,
Till a child came up and jogged her knee,
And said of the book, "Put it down—take me."
Then the mother sighed as she stroked his head,
Saying softly, "I never shall get it read;
But I'll try by loving to learn His will,
And His love into my child instil."
That child went to bed without a sigh
And will love religion—by and by.

THE SPRING HOMESICKNESS

An old Texan looked out of the window of his Broadway office in New York City, eyed the trees in Trinity churchyard wistfully, and said: "It's this soft hinting weather that has crept into me. That's nature. Why, the very cattle on the range

get restless on such days and break away. If the boys miss any of the herd in the early spring they don't fool around wondering where the brutes have gone. They know that the place to find them is on the range where they were born. I've known steers to go across country, straight as a die, through all kinds of obstacles, back to their old range. Horses will do the same thing. I've had wild mustangs break away in the night and make tracks for the place where they were foaled. A man is only a higher order of brute, and he keeps a good many instincts, tho he doesn't always recognize them. I'm homesick for Texas, but I'm homesick for something further back than that. I've been sitting here at my desk, and, every little while, without any reason or warning, I would find a shallow pebbly stream running across my ledger and shutting out the figures, while there by the inkstand a dirty little chap would lie on the bank fishing with an old hickory rod. I don't believe I ever caught a fish in that creek, but I was a tremendous optimist. Homesick weather, I call it." This suggests to me that diviner homesickness of the soul which I see sometimes in aged Christians, most of whose loved ones have crossed the river to the heavenly shore. They seem to feel the breezes of heaven on their cheeks, and have a homesick, lonely feeling, a longing to greet the dear ones to whom it may be they said good-by half a century ago. I was talking not long since with an old man who was nearly ninety, and

his voice grew strangely gentle and his eyes filled with tears as he talked with the sweetest and most loving reminiscence of his first-born son, who went away from him when he was only seven years old, and who had been waiting in heaven for sixty years. The old gray-haired saint was as homesick for him as tho it were only yesterday that he had bidden him good-by.

THE NEED OF WORSHIP

Rev. Dr. Schulman, in a recent magazine article, has set forth clearly the fact that at his best man longs to worship some power above him. And it is this capacity for worship which is the measure of man's self-culture and the test of his character. It is the touchstone by which to test the ideal nature of the individual and the trend of a whole civilization. A man may be a source of beneficence, he may be a reservoir of practical social effort; he may through the power which he possesses, and therefore the influence which he wields, make himself the object of universal acclaim. And yet there is something intensely distorted in his character if he feels not by some impulse of humility the desire to worship the Maker, whose creation he is. For otherwise the deepest fact in his experience is not a sense of responsibility to a higher authority, but rather a complacent self-reliance and self-sufficiency. In every act of worship, however crude and mis-

taken, there was some liberating influence, through which man was led away from his egoism, and experienced the restraint to his power and the quickening inspiration to his stirring virtue. And to-day it is the same ability to acknowledge the existence of an Infinite Perfect—beside whom our brightest virtues pale, and to whom we stretch out our hands in reverence and worship—that is the salt that protects the health of the soul and gives to life an unfailing, because a never completely realized, purpose.

A SUN THAT NEVER CHANGES

Sir Robert Ball, the eminent English scientist, says the sun is shrinking. It is a well-known fact, he explains, that most things in cooling become smaller; a poker, for example, is shorter when it is cold than when it is hot. The sun, too, must obey this fundamental law, and must therefore be getting smaller. If we could measure its diameter on two successive days we should find that it had decreased by nine inches. That is to say, it is shrinking at the rate of about five feet a week, or a mile in every twenty years. But, thank God, the Sun of Righteousness is not shrinking. Jesus Christ, who is our Sun, is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. No eclipse will ever come over his glory, and his power to warm the heart and save the soul is as great to-day as ever.

THE ART OF DOING GRACEFULLY THE THINGS WE DO NOT LIKE TO DO

Sir Edward Malet recently said of Abraham Lincoln that of all the great men he had ever known Lincoln was the one who had left upon him the strongest impression as being a sterling son of God. Straightforward, unflinching, not loving the work he had to do, but facing it with a bold and true heart; mild whenever he had the chance, stern as iron when the public weal required it, following a bee-line to the goal which duty set before him. The test of life is not when we are doing the things we like to do. It does not require much pluck to keep good-humored and patient when all our surroundings are congenial. But the true test of Christian manhood and womanhood is when we are compelled to face labor that is uncongenial to us and duties from which everything in us shrinks. To take up these uncomfortable burdens and go forward with a bold and patient face is the highest grace of the Christian character.

A MAN BLESSED BY BLESSING HIS NEIGHBORS

A recent writer in the *Review of Reviews* declares that it is not fortresses or naval stations or commercial relations that are chiefly important to us as regards Cuba, but something wholly different.

Through our entire lifetime as a nation we have been sorely plagued and incalculably harmed by epidemic diseases that have visited us from the West India ports, and particularly from Havana. In times past we have thus imported smallpox, typhus, cholera, and, worst and most frequently, yellow fever. Since the American occupation of Cuba we have been doing all we could to improve sanitary conditions there for the good of the Cubans, and also for our own benefit. We are making some wonderful demonstrations as to the way in which yellow fever is propagated, with the prospect that we may in a few years stamp it out altogether. What a striking illustration this is of the great truth that no man lives for himself. We can not be indifferent about the condition of our neighbor without suffering for it, and it is impossible for us to bless our neighbor by helping him to be good and happy without receiving some blessings in return. The unselfish life is, after all, the best bargain as well as the true principle.

CHRIST'S ATTITUDE TOWARD CHILDREN

The editor of the New York *Journal*, in a strong article on the attitude of Jesus toward children, declares that it was Jesus who gave to the child his place in the world's society. With all the power of divine authority he built around the feeblest among us a wall that has protected them through the ages.

Before his day the child existed only by sufferance. It had no rights. It was but a counter, an infinitesimal atom. It was considered simply the property of the parent. Its father had power of life and death over it. The homeless dog that roams the streets to-day is more effectively shielded from cruelty than was the friendless child before Jesus came to live and to die for the weak and poor. The law has said: "The parent is ruler of the child, and may dispose of it as he sees fit." But Jesus said—and these are the most beautiful and affecting words in all the moral law of the world—"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." (Matthew xviii: 10.)

THE CHILD WITNESSES BEFORE THE THRONE

The editor of the New York *Journal* has set forth with tremendous realism Christ's teaching concerning God's love for the children, and the power of that teaching over human life for more than eighteen hundred years. He calls attention to the fact that Jesus made no threats so terrifying as those aimed at men who should harm little children—"it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." (Matthew xviii: 6.) It is impossible now to conceive the horrid indifference to

childhood's rights which preceded the birth of Christianity. Infanticide was not the exception, but a settled custom; so much so that in Rome the "exposure" of children in desert places was almost a virtue, since it gave the child some slight chance of surviving. Not a few, but thousands and tens of thousands of children were thus "exposed." They fell a prey to wild beasts or to men still more ferocious, who took the children to make slaves or criminals of them. Jesus came, and a miracle was wrought—a miracle that no man will deny. This was the miracle: Jesus said, "For I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." Jesus spoke, and thousands of millions of men through nineteen centuries have believed and obeyed the command. Every man was warned that the child dying goes straightway into the presence of God, and there, looking upon his face, bears witness of the treatment meted out to him here. Well might it be said of the man who mistreated such a child: "It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."

THE BRAVE AT HOME

It is ofttimes a braver heart that stays at home, that carries the prosaic burdens of every day in the quiet round of domestic life, than the one who goes

forth to the music of drums in all the glory of war. Some poet elaborates this thought:

The maid who binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well the pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry teardrop hangs and trembles,
Tho heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory!

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What tho her heart be rent asunder;
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Has shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on freedom's field of honor.

THE PUBLIC CONSCIENCE

President Hadley, of Yale College, in his recent address before the University of California, said some very interesting things concerning the power

of public opinion. This plea for public spirit among young men is worthy of being repeated in every pulpit in the land: "The possibility of maintaining democracy is due to the fact that increased readiness to accept self-imposed burdens has gone hand in hand with increase of commercial and political power. It is for the young men who are just growing up to carry into the larger worlds of business and legislation the spirit which will subordinate personal convenience to collective honor. In this development of the principle of political trusteeship lies the hope of the republic for its future."

A CROWN AT THE PAWN-SHOP

The press despatches have recently told the story that King Carlos of Portugal, during his stay in London in connection with the funeral of Queen Victoria, received a loan from the King of England and other members of the royal family to enable him to take out of pawn the crown jewels of Portugal which were pledged for four million dollars. Of these crown jewels the most important was the crown, which is the most valuable from a money standpoint of any crown in the world, the precious stones with which the crown is set being estimated at the immense sum of six million dollars. The crown and other crown jewels have been in pawn in London for many years. It seems strange for a king to put his crown in pawn, but after all there

are plenty of Americans who are doing the same thing. Every man who yields to sin has pawned the crown of his manhood. There is no more earnest Scriptural appeal than which says, "Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."

THE RECKLESSNESS OF SIN

In New Jersey recently a horse raced for seven miles on the railroad track in front of a train. The horse was evidently mad and the train never caught up to him. On coming to a junction he raced down another track and dashed head foremost into the locomotive of an express train and was killed. Sin gives to men and women a madness like that. It is the commonplace of every day to see men and women dashing headlong into sin that can only mean the loss of everything worth having. Surely sin is a madness!

WHO IS YOUR NEIGHBOR?

Mr. Jacob A. Riis, whom President Roosevelt once declared to be the most useful citizen in New York City, tells an interesting story concerning his work among the poor in New York. A while ago he went to visit a friend in a suburban town. On the evening of his arrival, as they sat at his table, the host looked around at his flock of five

healthy children and said: "I wish you could find for me in the city some poor family—if possible, a widow with children about the age of these—who would be ours to work and advise with and to help over the rough places when they came along. Then each of mine could have his own friend, and he could get more out of it than he would give, I know. Here they are shut off, as you see, from that. All the neighbors are well-to-do." Mr. Riis promised to try, for he knew the man was right. They were sadly handicapped. The best in them was being starved by the ultra-respectability of their surroundings. So one day he found in a tenement-house on the East Side a brave little woman who was making a noble fight to keep her flock together. The oldest boy was about old enough to go into an office, and his face fairly shone with delight at the prospect that he was soon to "help mamma." She was a scrub-woman, she told Mr. Riis, and worked in a public building a couple of miles away, on the west side of town. Mr. Riis started for his office to telephone to his friend that he had found what he wanted. On the way it struck him that he had forgotten to ask where the widow scrubbed and he went back to find out. "Once or twice," says Mr. Riis, "in my life it has been given to me to see, as it were, the veil rent asunder and the hand of the Almighty working in my sight. This was one of those times. I shall not soon get over the thrill that went through me when I learned that she

worked in the Mission Building, at my friend's very door. Just the thickness of it, two inches of wood, separated the two, each in need of the other, and asking vainly, as the years went by, "Where is the neighbor who will give me a hand?'"

THE PATH THROUGH THE VALLEY

Ada Melville Shaw writes a beautiful poem, showing the compensations of the life that does not reach the mountain top or the high upland of success. Every life must have some experience that might be comforted by this song:

I followed the path through the valley;
The sumachs blazed red at my side,
The oaks wore a mantle of crimson,
The maples in glory were dyed,
Brown acorns dropped down from the branches,
In earnest of forests to be,
A cricket chirped clear from its hiding,
The katydids could not agree.

I followed the path through the valley;
The bright leaves lay thick at my feet,
Pale meadow-rue long had been waiting,
And goldenrod's reign was complete;
Soft silk from the milkweed was bursting,
Wild nest-cries were hushed for the year;
A squirrel was busily hiding
His nut-store for winter's good cheer.

I followed the path through the valley;
How holy the hush of the glade!
What balm in the breath of the autumn!
What portent in seed-pod and blade!
I followed the path through the valley,
I stood by the shore of the sea;
The voice of those wide-rolling waters
Came fraught with a message for me.

Life's path leads me down through the valley;
Love's promises brighten my way,
The harvest of hope grows to fulness,
Sweet peace crowns the close of the day;
The path leads me onward and outward,
It leads to the fathomless sea
That fear has called "death," but those waters
Mean life more abundant for me!

Friend, fear not the way of the valley,
Shrink not from the fulness of time;
God's promise made lovely thy morning,
At evening that promise shall shine.
What tho thy path leads to the waters?
Their stormiest billows but prove
The height and the depth and the wonder
Of God's inexhaustible love.

THE NEED OF PATIENCE

Dr. Theodore Cuyler, in a recent article, calls attention to the fact that the Bible puts a great premium on plodding. "Be not weary in well doing." "Ye have need of patience." "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise."

"Let patience have her perfect work." There is need in these days for these sober counsels, for we live amid an atmosphere of rush and hurry. Speed is more esteemed than safety, and the very word "slow" is often a term of reproach. This rage for rapid money-getting, rapid social advancement, and fast living is very demoralizing. People will sit up till midnight at a concert or a play or a party, but an instructive Gospel discourse must be cut down to the minute! Religion catches too often this prevailing fervor. There is an unwholesome demand for pulpit sensations, hasty methods, superficial church joinings, which end in a half-way, halting, and feeble piety.

THE TEST OF LIFE

A manufacturer of paint, who was very enthusiastic over the superior merits of his composition, painted the port bottom of a certain vessel, and on her return from an Eastern voyage, before she entered the dry dock, he invited all the ship-owners of the locality to take a trip down the river to a summer resort near the dock, and see for themselves the superior value of such an article as he sold. But when the dock was pumped out the starboard bottom was seen to be almost clean after a four months' voyage, while the port bottom, which had been covered with his paint, was thickly covered with barnacles and long green grass. Your religion

must stand the same test. It must show clean in the life, it must show clean in business, in society, and in politics, or it will have no influence to win others to it.

THE UPWARD STEPS

None make a greater blunder than those who think they can only climb upward through prosperity and happiness. Upward climbing is always at the cost of trial and of victories won by struggle. Mrs. Farningham, the English poet, makes this very clear in a recent song:

Take the guide's strong hand, and go!
If his name be Sorrow,
Do not fear to climb with him
To a clearer morrow.
He can take thee where the night
Passes to divinest light.

Pain holds out a hand to thee,
Take it, never shrinking;
Lift thy feet and rise with him
Higher than thy thinking.
He who follows Pain's behest
Has at length most perfect rest.

It is God's hand all the time
Urging upward ever;
Oh, be brave through faith and trust,
Rising by endeavor.
Are the steps dark? Yet go on,
Every step is victory won.

God has heard thy prayers. Be glad.
Thou art in his keeping,
Morning songs may sweetest be
After nights of weeping.
Sad one, thou shalt sing again
In the sunshine after rain.

Does the mist bewilder thee?
Climbing make thee weary?
Yet go forward, braced by hope,
Confident and cheery.
To thy many guides is given
Power to lead thee up to heaven.

A LIVING TOMB

Workmen removing a cellar wall under a dilapidated building in Vermont not long ago unearthed evidence which solves a murder mystery of seventy years since. The discovery was made by accident, the laborers having fallen into a pit while trying to lift some heavy stones. The pit was about eight feet deep, with a stone wall surrounding it. In the center of the pit was an iron post with a heavy iron chain and a pair of handcuffs attached. Near by was a heap of human bones. Inquiry disclosed the fact that in 1831 Perry Borden, a young Frenchman, brought his wife to Poultney to live in the house which the workmen are tearing down. Borden became jealous and forbade her visiting a certain tavern near by. One night her husband found her there. She left the place with him and was

never seen again. Borden said his wife had deserted him and fled to Canada. After a year Borden went away and was not heard of again until 1882, when he suddenly reappeared. He said he had been at sea for fifty years. His mind seemed shattered. He went to the little house and remained two years, neighbors supplying him with provisions. He died in 1887 and was buried in the Potter's Field. Every one in the community believes Borden chained his wife in the cellar and left her to die a horrible death. There are many men who do not murder their wives or children, so far as taking the life of the body is concerned, who nevertheless seal them up in a living tomb through their selfishness and unkindness, which represses the natural hopefulness and courage of the heart. One of the saddest things in human life is to note the repressed lives, where every green bough that would run over the wall in gladness is forced back and given no chance to grow.

CHRIST'S MISSION

Jesus came to earth not only to die for our sins, but to arouse in our hearts everything that is good and holy. He who knew what was in man saw the slumbering qualities that others could not see. As Dr. Hepworth puts it: "He saw that smothered spark in the penitent thief on the cross, and he saw it in the Magdalen who tearfully sought his aid. The great central truth in his teaching is the dig-

nity of human nature, the possibilities of the soul when selfishness is rooted out and love is substituted. His mission on earth was to emancipate the divine from its worldly enthralment; to wake up the soul; to tell us that we must live like God's children because we were born members of God's great family. He opened the very gates of heaven in order to disclose our eternal destiny, knowing that if we properly appreciate ourselves all mean and sordid motives will drop like frost-bitten leaves; that when one gets a glimpse of God he must needs become God-like."

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GOSPEL

From Palestine a beautiful Greek copy of the Gospel of St. Matthew was recently sent to the National Library in Paris. It is written in letters of gold on purple parchment and consists of forty-three large quarto pages, which contain about one-third of the Gospel. It is supposed to be the oldest document in existence which is written in gold letters. The lower border of five pages of this document is decorated with miniatures, of which four are specially noteworthy. They represent the following scenes from the New Testament: Herodias and the beheading of John, the miracle of the loaves and fishes, the blind men of Jericho, and the withered fig-tree. The officials of the National Library believe the document was written during the closing

years of the reign of Justinian. This is certainly very interesting, but there is a more beautiful Gospel than that written on the tablets of every true Christian heart. It is written not in gold, but in letters of living light, traced by the pencil of divine love. That Gospel will live and be read in heaven long after the one written in golden letters shall have perished with age.

THE SECRET PRAYER

One of the great needs of our time and of all times is for religious meditation, for more quiet communion with God in one's own heart. Christ's command to go alone and shut the door upon the outward life has in it the secret of rich blessings. Some poet whose name is unknown to me puts strong emphasis on it in this little song:

Lord, I have shut my door—
Shut out life's busy cares and fretting noise
Here in this silence, they intrude no more,
Speak thou, and heavenly joys
Shall fill my heart with music, sweet and calm—
A holy psalm.

Yes, I have shut my door,
Even on all the beauty of thine earth—
To its blue ceiling, from its emerald floor,
Filled with spring's bloom and mirth;
From these, thy works, I turn, thyself I seek,
To thee I speak.

Lord, I have shut my door!
Come thou and visit me: I am alone!
Come, as when doors were shut, thou cam'st of yore
And visited thine own.
My Lord, I kneel with reverent love and fear,
For thou art here.

STEALING A TRAP

On a certain farm in Connecticut there is kept a fine flock of pigeons. Recently the farmer detected a large chicken-hawk making off with one of his pets. He set a trap, and the next day he found the trap gone, and with it four feet of chain with which it had been fastened. A few days after a large hawk was seen circling around, high up from the ground, and as he turned and circled something glistened in the sun just below his body. A week later the big bird was seen to alight in a large tree not far from the house. When the farmer approached the tree the bird did not fly, and it was perceived that he was securely held. As the hawk lit on the tree, a small branch ran through the trap, holding it fast. Thus held, he proved an easy victim to the farmer's vengeance. Many a sinner's career is like that of the hawk. A man breaks the law of God and goes into sin because he wants greater freedom, but instead of getting greater freedom in that way he thrusts his feet into a trap and his sins handicap him at every step.

FOOD FOR THE MOTHS

We may marvel at grubs growing fat and succulent upon such unpromising fare as old timber affords, but that achievement is improved upon by the insects that prefer to draw their entire nutrition from woolen fabrics, fur, horsehair, feathers, tanned leather, and the like, and apparently never have any desire to partake of anything of a juicy nature. There are spiritual moths that prey upon Christians out of whom the juice of the spiritual life has evaporated. Let a man or a woman get prayerless and indifferent and the devil's moths find them rich pasturage. No grub ever got fatter on an oak log than these moths of Satan in honeycombing a Christian out of whom the juice of devotion has gone. It is a very pertinent and solemn question to ask one's self, "Am I in danger of being moth-eaten?"

THE FRAGRANCE OF A KIND HEART

The tact and kindness of heart of Queen Victoria are illustrated in this story: A young American girl who was being presented to the queen, in making her court courtesy, committed the error of kissing the queen. Instantly realizing her blunder, the poor girl nearly fainted, and hurried home in a most distressed state of mind. Next day the American minister was asked by her parents to present her apologies through the proper channels. Simul-

taneously there reached the legation a note for our minister from Her Majesty's secretary, stating that, comprehending the young American's embarrassment, Queen Victoria sent her an invitation to a state dinner. Needless to say that this kindness not only silenced adverse criticism, but gave the American girl an open sesame to the London season. That was a beautiful deed and very Christian. To save others from sorrow and turn their blunders into blessings is Christlike indeed.

THE TEST OF PERSPECTIVE

The comprehensive character of the preeminent sculptor, Phidias, is well attested by his contest with Alcamenes. It was designed to place a statue of Minerva on a column of great height in the city of Athens. Both these artists were employed to produce images for the purpose, the choice between which was to be made by the citizens. When the statues were completed, the universal preference was given to the work of Alcamenes, which appeared elegantly finished, while that of Phidias appeared rude and sketchy, with coarse and ill-proportioned features. However, at the request of Phidias, the statues were successively exhibited on the elevation for which they were intended, when all the minute beauties of his rival's work completely disappeared, together with the seeming defects of his own, and the latter, tho previously despised, seemed perfect

in its proportions. How often really worthy work fails to receive the popular verdict, which is given rather to that which is immeasurably inferior. But when the true perspective is obtained the verdict is set right and genius vindicated. The showy hero of the hour is speedily forgotten, while the quiet worker for immortality wins the matchless prize.

OUR MODEL

A practical mechanic once submitted the plan of a new invention to an expert for criticism. After a very careful survey of the matter, the expert asked: "Have you made a model?" The answer was, "No." "Then," said the expert, "I can give no decided opinion. So far as your theory goes, it seems clear and logical, but it is only a theory. Neither you nor any one else can estimate the value of your new idea until you embody it in wood and metal. That is the crucial test. If your machine can do good work, then your fortune is made. The promise of your plan is well enough, but what I want to know is whether your machine can make good the prophecy of your theory." Our Christian religion we know to be workable because we have a perfect model in Jesus Christ, and all the people since his day who have modeled their lives closely after him have shown it to be the noblest and happiest life known to man.

THE MOTHER

Sir W. W. Hunter, writing of Thackeray, declares that the tenderness of his beautiful mother went with him through his whole life, and that the greatest single influence of Thackeray's lifework was his mother. The lofty tenderness for women which he learned from that mother he lavished on his wife until parted from her by her dark malady; it overflowed to his daughters and breathes in his works. The mother was the mightiest influence in forming the manliest and tenderest man of letters of his age. Let no mother think lightly of herself, no matter how retired may be her position nor how persistently she may be held back from prominence before the world. She has her throne beside the fireside, the best throne in the world, and if she do well there she shall be immortal. It is a glorious thing for a woman to so live that the words of Solomon concerning the wise woman, "Her children arise up, and call her blessed," are realized.

SOCIAL CRUELTY

A village in Sarawak, Borneo, usually consists of a single house of immense size, which affords accommodation to all the inhabitants. The house is built on posts ten or fifteen feet high. It has a veranda along its entire length, in which is centered nearly all the social life of the community, and from this

veranda open out the private rooms devoted to each family. Cannibalism does not exist in Borneo, but strips of flesh are cut from the bodies of enemies, stored in bamboos, and used as an offering to the hawks from which the omens are taken. Gossippers and slanderers in social circles in our own civilized land do worse than that. They cut slices, not from their enemies only, but from their acquaintances, and even from those whom they call their friends, and offer them up to please the social vultures with whom they converse. Surely the cruelty of much that is called "society" is hard to match even among the heathen.

A SEARCH FOR GOLD

A prospector who has just discovered a great mine in Arizona tells a wonderful story of its discovery. In the bottom of a gulch he ran across a rock about the size of a man's head. He knew at a glance that it was live rock. He was wildly excited. He abandoned all else and began a search for the ledge or outcropping from which the chunk in the gulch had been detached. He crawled up and down the barren, scorched hillside many times. He crept over wide areas on his hands and knees, looking, scrutinizing, and gazing all about him. He turned over hundreds of bits of oxidized rocks there. He chipped away pieces of outcroppings and he pulled up dried sage-brush and peered into

the holes left by the roots. In his feverish restlessness he forgot all about hunger, and he paid little attention to the sun's burning heat which beat upon his back. When noon came he was no nearer finding the spot from which the float-rock had been displaced. He slid down the hillside and climbed up the opposite side of the gulch, all the time scrutinizing everything about him with the nicety of a bird examining a flower. Not a thing anywhere to indicate whence the float had come. But with the patience of prospectors he stuck to the search. He went all over the hillside and found nothing. He retraced his steps and went down into the gulch to resurvey the topography of the locality. He gazed up and down, before and back. Suddenly he saw in the late afternoon's sunlight a protruding mass of rocks a half-mile farther up the gulch that resembled in color the float he had come across early in the morning. He hastened up the gulch and climbed over boulders and through sage-brush. He knew he was at last going to his golden find. Just at sunset he reached the outcropping—a sharp, rugged, reddish-brown boulder jutting from out a steep area of yellow, sterile soil. He drew himself up to it and excitedly knocked off a chunk. It was identical with the float of early morning. The golden specks were everywhere abundant where oxidation had not dulled the precious metallic deposits. Oh, that we were wise to hunt for human gold in the great gold-mines of life about us with as much en-

thusiasm and zeal as this prospector showed in his search for the "gold that perisheth"!

THE CALL FOR HEROES

Lieutenant-Commander Gillmore, in his story of "A Prisoner Among the Filipinos," relates a very remarkable story of heroism: "There was blood everywhere—on men, oars, thwarts, guns. Still, those of us who survived, and who were able to handle a rifle, managed to return the enemy's fire. The worst was we could not see the smoke from the insurgents' rifles, so warily did they cling to their ambush in the thick undergrowth. I remember most vividly the fierce desire I had at that moment to get back at the foe—to see some of them fall and bite the dust and writhe in pain, as our men were doing. For a short time the fighting instinct crowded out of my mind pity and fear. Having no other weapon than a revolver, useless at that range, I reached for a rifle dropped by one of the dead. It had been hit in the lock, and the clip was jammed in. Venville, one of our apprentice boys, attempted to fix it. A bullet went through the flesh of his neck. 'Mr. Gillmore, I am hit,' he said. But he continued working at the rifle. A second shot plowed through the boy's breast and came out in his armpit. 'I am hit again, Mr. Gillmore!' He was still trying to pull out the jammed clip when a ball cut a furrow in the left side of his

head. Mr. Gillmore, they have hit me again!' He wiped the blood from his brow and eyes with his coat-sleeve, and then returned to his task as calmly as if it were only a mosquito that had stung him. It was not three minutes till a ball crashed into his ankle, inflicting a painful hurt. There was just a slight quiver in the lad's voice as he looked up to me and said: 'Mr. Gillmore, I am hit once more. But I have fixed the gun, sir.' This beardless boy of seventeen had never been under fire before." We need heroes like that in the Christian church. Some one has said: "A man who will live earnestly must stand the racket." And we need soldiers in the army of the Lord who will not be afraid of bullets, who will not cease to fight because they have been hit in battle. Such heroism will win more abiding glory there than anywhere else.

NEGLECTED CHILDREN

Some hunters in the vicinity of Temple, Ind., were called to a tree by the barking of their dogs. The tree was hollow, and as the hunters came up they got their guns ready, but found the unknown animal to be a baby but two or three days old and still alive. The child had evidently been abandoned to its fate. One of the hunters carried the little one to his home, and there is every prospect that it may be successfully reared. In our great cities there are

multitudes of children older than that who are turned loose on the streets and practically abandoned to whatever fate may bring them. Surely it is glorious Christian work to hunt out these little ones and, bringing them to Jesus, give them a fair chance.

THE TRIALS THAT STRENGTHEN CHARACTER

For a long time the tanners who handled the hides of Western steers were puzzled by the fact that one side of the hide was usually perceptibly thicker and heavier than the other. A thoughtful cowboy who was visiting an Eastern tannery was told of the fact and accounted for it in the following way: Every steer is branded on one of its flanks with its owner's particular device. The branding produces a painful burn, and it is several days before the hide entirely heals. While the burn is healing the steer naturally takes all possible precautions to favor the sore side, and, therefore, lies down with the branded flank uppermost. A few days suffice to form the habit of lying only on the unbranded side. This, of course, protects one side from the biting winds of winter, and at the same time interferes more or less with the circulation of the blood and the normal development of the tissue. The other side, on the contrary, exposed to every wind and with perfect circulation, becomes thick, tough, and healthy. The same thing is strongly in evi-

dence in human character. It is on the sides of our nature where we have winced under the branding-iron of trial that we become strong and able to overcome all difficulty. We should thank God for the trials and afflictions that make nobler men and women of us.

A CROMWELL SOLDIER'S BIBLE

There is a good collection of Bibles in the National Museum at Washington, and, among others, one of Cromwell's pocket Bibles, which he gave to every soldier in his army, with instructions to carry it in the waistcoat over the heart, in a pocket made especially for that purpose. Every Christian should have much of the Bible committed to memory. It will ward off many a bullet of the enemy which would otherwise pierce the heart.

THE SINNER'S FRIENDS

A man recently died in Paris in a fit of delirium tremens, having deliberately committed suicide by absinthe because he had lost his fortune. It took him two months of wonderfully hard drinking to accomplish his object. During that time two men who called themselves his friends, medical students, who knew his purpose, watched the progressive effects of the deadly green drug, never once attempting to restrain him. They now announce that they

will jointly write a book upon the experiment. That is the kind of friends which sin brings to a man. They are like the friends of the prodigal whom Christ tells us about, who had nothing left but the swine after his money was gone. The man who wants good friends who will stick close to the end must find them through friendship with Jesus Christ.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEORY AND ACTION

Dr. George H. Hepworth, in one of his New York *Herald* sermons, says that "Religion is positively good for nothing as long as it remains a theory. You must take it into your heart, just as you put a seed into the ground. When the seed throws up its shoots and you can judge whether it is a thistle or a rose, you know what you can always depend on when you plant that kind of a seed. Your belief concerning Christ has very little influence on your life; it is simply your creed. For that matter, you may believe everything that is good about him and yet live millions of miles away—so far, indeed, that not a ray of his light penetrates your darkness. But if you follow his example, make his precepts the basis of your action, then you know with perfect certainty whether he has told you the truth. No one can ever appreciate Christianity until he lives it."

UNIQUE RECORDS

The phonograph is about to make its début in a Parisian law court. It is a suit between a music publisher and the leader of an orchestra. The conductor sold the music of a song to the publisher. The publisher thought he detected resemblances to an air already published in America. The question was taken into court and the phonograph has been subpœnaed. First it will play the American air, and then the French, and the magistrates will have to say whether there has been plagiarism. The Bible assures us that a record of all our deeds is being made, which we shall have to face by and by. That is the reason men will cry for the mountains and the rocks to fall upon them in the Great Day. But he who accepts the pardon of his sins through Jesus Christ is able to sing with the old poet:

> Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
> For who aught to my charge shall lay?
> Fully absolved through thee I am,
> From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

THE DECISION OF CHARACTER OF STRONG MEN

At Harper's Ferry on one occasion the flood in the Potomac was so great that it threatened the destruction of the costly railroad bridge, which was seen to shake in its unsteadiness. When everybody

present was looking each moment to see the bridge go down, President John W. Garrett, of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, arrived upon the scene. Appreciating the necessity of instant action, he gave an abrupt order for a loaded train of freight cars standing on a side track to be run with the locomotive on to the bridge and kept there. "But, Mr. Garrett, that is a train-load of silk," said the local superintendent. "I don't care; run out the cars!" commanded the great master of railroads. "It would be easier to pay for the silks than to build a new bridge." The silk-train was run on to the bridge and the structure was saved. The difference between the success of one man and the disaster which comes to another often lies just at that point. The one is vacillating and uncertain, and the other bold to dare whatever is necessary in order to win. A certain holy boldness and audacity of faith is necessary to great triumph in spiritual matters.

COURAGE ON QUIET DAYS

There are a great many helps to courage in numbers and display. The music of marching feet, the brilliancy of uniform and flag, and, above all, the military band with its martial tunes which make the air vibrate with martial feeling. A woman in an American town hurried to the window not long ago at the sound of the band, to see the soldiers marching. "If I were a man," she exclaimed, "I

should be a soldier myself! I know I could shoot if they kept the band playing all the time." How many who can fight the battle of life while the band plays faint by the wayside when they must go out in cold blood and sternly struggle with the hard duties of quiet days! But the noblest heroes among men and women are those who in silence and in quiet, unreported battles do their duty for Christ's sake and for the love of their fellow men. The newspapers may not herald their bravery, but God recognizes it, and they shall have something better than the medal of the Legion of Honor in God's good time.

WON BY PERSONAL MOTIVES

At the close of the Civil War Col. John S. Mosby was exempted from the amnesty that was extended to most of those who had been in the Southern army. But as he was a dangerous man he was not arrested. There was always danger in the air, however, and his wife lived on a high tension of apprehension all the time. One day she announced her intention of going to Washington to see Grant. The proud and high-strung old war-horse swore that she should not. He repeated his determination to ask no favors of the government. But Mrs. Mosby was made out of the same stern stuff as her husband. She was resolute. Quietly she was driven to the station, and she went to Washington, where

she was promptly given an audience with Grant. He received her with marked courtesy, and spoke of her husband in generous terms such as one brave man so naturally uses toward another. He heard her pathetic story, and immediately issued a general order extending to Colonel Mosby the benefits of the amnesty. He went further, and asked if there was anything more he could do. When she returned home and informed her husband of what she had done, and detailed to him the gentle and courteous manner in which she had been received, the old warrior's heart melted with gratitude. He went to Washington in person and thanked General Grant. From that day forward they were fast friends. This friendship for General Grant led Mosby to become a devoted adherent of the party he had always hated. We may see in this a suggestion of how it is possible for the Christian, through kindness, to win the personal love of the sinner, and through that personal feeling to win his new-found friend to love Christ.

THE INNER LIFE

Christ came that men might have more abundant life than they had ever known before. No man has ever known from any other source a life so sweet and rich and full as that which comes to him whose life is "hid with Christ in God" and who sups daily with Jesus at the head of the table of his heart. How

beautifully James McLeod characterizes the richness of such fellowship:

Purer than the purest fountain,
  Wider than the widest sea,
Sweeter than the sweetest music,
  Is God's love in Christ to me.
    Why love me so?
    I do not know;
    I only know
That nothing less than love divine
Could save this sinful soul of mine.

KEEP SWEET

It makes all the difference, many times, between being a helpful personality whom men and women thank God for, and a demoralizing force that weakens the already tried and struggling pilgrims, whether through forbearance and reverent patience we keep sweet-tempered and cheerful under the annoyances of life. W. C. Martin sings a very truthful and suggestive little song entitled "Keep Sweet":

Suppose a world of troubles do
  Annoy you day by day;
Suppose that friends considered true
  Your trust in them betray;
And rocks may bruise and thorns may tear
  Your worn and weary feet,
And every day you meet a snare—
    Keep sweet.

Suppose you have not each desire
That forms within your mind;
And earth denies you half your hire,
And heaven seems quite unkind;
And you have not the best to wear,
Nor yet the best to eat;
You seem to have the meanest fare—
Keep sweet.

A sour heart will make things worse
And harder still to bear.
A merry heart destroys the curse
And makes the heavens fair.
So I advise, whate'er your case—
Whatever you may meet,
Dwell on the good—forget the base—
Keep sweet.

THE UNCHAINED SOUL

The Champs Elysées in Paris, one of its most famous avenues, witnessed a strange sight recently. The avenue was thronged with a stream of equipages when a police officer rushed into the roadway and seized by the head a horse drawing a carriage in which were seated an elderly man and woman and a little boy about four years of age. A woman sprang to the side of the carriage and attempted to drag the child from the vehicle. The child cried to go with her, but was held back. A crowd soon surrounded the struggling group. The newcomer explained that the boy was her child, whom the old

people refused to give up. The crowd immediately took sides with the mother, and the old woman, bursting into tears, relinquished her hold. The child sprang toward his mother, but could not get away, it being found that his body was girdled with an iron chain which was padlocked to the man and woman in the carriage. As the old people refused to unfasten the padlock the commissary of police ordered the chain filed in two. Then the little fellow was restored to his mother, to their mutual joy. You may chain the body, but you never can chain the soul by any outward links that may be forged. Paul, in closing one of his letters, noting, no doubt, the imperfect handwriting with which he signed his name, adds, pathetically, "Remember my bonds." Many people are hindered from doing what they would like to do, but they can have this comfort, that God is not chained, and he who sees the heart and purpose can give wings to the faithful service they do in their narrow lives, and nothing can chain their thoughts and hopes from winging their way into the loftiest fellowship.

THE BECKONING ANGELS

After the battle of Fort Donelson, as the hospital corps went over the field searching for the wounded, they discovered a little drummer boy, one of the many lads who ought to have been at home with their mothers, but who, in those awful days of car-

nage, found their way in scores and hundreds to the front. He had been fearfully wounded, one arm having been entirely carried away by a cannon ball. The brave boy died before they could carry him off the field, but he kept up a cheerful heart and comforted himself by singing Mrs. Adams' precious hymn. Up from the blood-stained battle-field, and through the murky clouds of powder-smoke, rang the half-childish voice, as he sang:

"There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!"

This hymn is always sung by caravans of pilgrims from Christian lands when, in making the tour of Palestine, they camp at Bethel. It is surely a sweet immortality for this Christian woman that her song should thus linger about the Holy Land, the stories of which were so dear to her, and continue to interpret the worshipful thoughts of Christian travelers long after she has ceased to sing on earth. No American, and, indeed, no well-informed person in the civilized world, will ever again sing this hymn without associating with it the comfort which it gave President William McKinley, also, in his last hours.

CHASTISED CHILDREN

A wise father found it necessary recently to punish his little daughter. Later in the day the little girl, who had been greatly offended at first, came to where he was and, climbing into his lap, threw her arms around his neck, and said: "Papa, I do love you." "Why do you love me, my child?" the father asked. "Because you try to make me good, papa." We ought to keep that childlike wisdom throughout all our maturer years. If God chastises us it is because he loves us as children, and in all his dealings with us is ever trying to make us good.

AN INDIAN PHILOSOPHER

Rev. W. H. Pierce, writing in the *Christian Endeavor World*, tells a good story which illustrates how keenly the Christian Indians discerned the spurious from the genuine in religion: A Klondike traveler came to the mission house with his toes very badly frozen; but, to the astonishment of the missionary, he refused to have anything done for them. Altho his feet began to swell, and the pain became excruciating, he resolutely declined to accept treatment, on the plea that he was a Christian Scientist. Several of the Indians came in and had some conversation with the man, who did his best to explain his creed. It was evident that his learned disquisition had little effect upon their unsophisti-

cated minds, for a young chief tapped the scientist on the brow as he said: "Stranger, there is something wrong with your head, your brain is crooked"; and then significantly added, "Tell the missionary what size box you want, and we will bring it over for you." When the young man saw death staring him in the face, he relinquished his Christian Science foolishness and allowed Mr. Pierce to treat his toes.

GIVE YOURSELF

Some one has recently retold the beautiful fable of Poussa, the Chinese potter. He was required to produce a work for the emperor. He summoned to his aid all his genius and taste and skill; executed one after another task in porcelain, each a masterpiece, yet none worthy to be presented to his sovereign. His last work was in the oven for the finishing process. But in despair of being able to produce anything of sufficient merit to adorn the imperial table, he threw himself into the furnace, and lo! there came out the most beautiful and perfect porcelain ever known. To be sure, this is only a fable, but it represents to us a faint picture of Christ giving himself for the world. Despairing of ever saving men in any other way, Jesus laid down his life a ransom for all. He beautifully illustrated his own words, "Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it." Self-denial like this inspires a world

with love for Jesus Christ. With such a Savior, we can not wonder that the words are being fulfilled, "Behold, the world is gone after him."

A KING IN AN ALLEY

What we are is infinitely more important than where we are. Many people are fretting about their narrow sphere when they would help their fortunes more rapidly if they would give their attention to living so nobly that they would be worthy of any sphere. Whether your life is broad or narrow depends on the character of your manhood and not on the particular round of your daily employment. When King Charles sent rare old Ben Jonson a belated and far from generous gratuity, the poet returned the money. "The king sends me this," he said, "because he thinks I live in an alley. Tell him his soul lives in an alley!" If you have a slum soul, not even a royal palace can make a king of you; while if your soul is filled with lofty spirit, tho you dwell in an alley, you will still be a king.

A RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

Hezekiah Butterworth, in writing about the Christian faith of Abraham Lincoln, tells this story: "One day Mr. Lincoln met an army nurse, a woman of true Christian character. 'I have a question to ask you,' he said, in effect. 'What is a religious

experience?' It was the most important question that one can ask in the world. The woman answered: 'It is to feel one's need of divine help and to cast one's self on God in perfect trust and know his presence,' or words to that effect. 'Then I have it,' he answered. 'I have it, and I intend to make a public profession of it.' About the same time, or later, he said to Harriet Beecher Stowe: 'When I entered the White House I was not a Christian. Now I am a Christian.' In this period of divine trust he made a vow to God to free the slaves by a proclamation. At a cabinet meeting he said: 'The time has come to issue a proclamation of emancipation; the people are ready for it, and I promised God on my knees I would do it.'"

THE PLUMB-LINE IN CHARACTER

Dr. George H. Hepworth, in one of his recent New York *Herald* sermons, commenting on the text: "And behold, the Lord stood upon a wall, made by a plumb-line, with a plumb-line in his hand," says some very strong, illuminating things. He declares that to live comfortably, and with as few regrets as possible, we need to buy a plumb-line at as early a stage as may be and use it in our daily lives. No builder of a house would be without it; neither should a builder of character. The constant application of the plumb-line reveals the security or insecurity of our work. A piece of lead and a string

will serve the purpose of the mason, and a conscience the purpose of the soul. It is a mistake to lay bricks except under the dictation of this plumb-line, because evil consequences are sure to follow and our bad work will cost us dear in the end. It is a worse folly for a man to live his own life in his own narrow way when God has told him that he must live it in the right way or be buried under a heap of remorse. The plumb-line is the autocrat in every star that floats in space as well as on the earth. Do your task with it in your hand, you will get on; lay it aside and let your task look out for itself, you will end badly as sure as logic is logic. The straightforward man is the only ideal man. There is no success outside of clean-handed honesty. Every dollar which has not the stamp of manly honor is a curse. It is a great privilege to have money, but it must be good money.

THE STEADY GROWTH OF GOODNESS

A recent writer uses a rather novel and striking illustration of the way we are likely to be deceived, and think the evil in the community much more abundant and powerful than it really is. He says the devil blows his trumpet like a megaphone, shouting aloud his power, while the good in the world is modest because it is good. It can not shout through all the earth that it is "better than this poor publican," but there is virtue enough

among men to make the earth a fitting visiting-spot for the angels of heaven. And virtue grows year by year; slowly, it may be, but still it grows; not like the mushroom, which springs forth in a night and is gone by noon, but like the sturdy oak which grows stronger through the century.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S FAVORITE HYMN

The secular papers have printed more about hymns in the last few months than in a score of years before, all because of President McKinley's dying words. Mrs. Adams' great hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," has been sung over and over again everywhere, and many beautiful incidents have come to the front, telling of the good cheer and comfort it has brought to those in sorrow and perplexity. The distinguished Bishop Marvin relates that during the Civil War he was once traveling in a wild region in Arkansas. He had been driven from home by the Union troops, and was greatly depressed. But as he drew near a dilapidated log cabin, he heard some one singing, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." He got down from his horse and entered the house. There he found an old widow woman singing in the midst of such poverty as he had never before found. His fears and despondency vanished, and he went on his way happy and trustful because of the faith which he had seen and the hymn which he had heard.

EVERY-DAY LOVE

A writer in the *Congregationalist* tells of a group of little girls who were talking of the love each felt for her mother; and, as the testimony went on, the strength of the statements grew. Finally, one said positively, "I love my mother so much I would die for her." The impressiveness of this declaration subdued the circle. The climax had been reached. A wholesome turn was given the situation by the quiet observation of a lady sitting near, "It seems very strange to me that a little girl who loves her mother enough to die for her doesn't love her enough to wash the dishes for her." We who are older and know better require just such homely reminders to bring us back from our theories to our conditions. The love that is to "the level of every day's most common needs" is the only genuine kind.

AN IMPERIAL JEWEL

A gentleman from Australia has now on exhibition in London a great opal which is about two inches long and one and one-half inches in depth and weighs two hundred and fifty carats. It was discovered about two years ago in Western Queensland. It is one of the largest opals ever seen, and displays most brilliantly all the colors of the rainbow. The owner desires to present it to King

Edward of England in honor of Federated Australia, and it will, no doubt, be a greatly appreciated gift. What a suggestive illustration of God's appreciation of the love and devotion of human hearts when he says of them, "They shall be mine . . . when I make up my jewels."

THE SMILE CURE

A well-known doctor in a Western city who has made a specialty of nervous diseases has found a new remedy for the "blues." As no drugs are administered, he has felt safe in experimenting with at least half a hundred melancholy patients, and now declares himself thoroughly satisfied with the good results of his treatment. His prescription reads something like this: "If you keep the corners of your mouth turned up you can't feel blue." The directions for taking are: "Smile—keep on smiling —don't stop smiling." It sounds ridiculous, doesn't it? Well, just try turning up the corners of your mouth, regardless of your mood, and see how it makes you feel; then draw the corners of your mouth down and note the effect, and you will be willing to declare there's something in it. The doctor treats his nervous patients to medicine when necessary, but when the case is one of pure melancholy, without bodily ill, he simply recommends the smile cure. The doctor declares that if persons will only draw down the corners of their mouths and use

sufficient will-power they can actually shed tears. On the other hand, if they will persistently keep the corners of the mouth turned up, pleasant thoughts will chase away the gloomy forebodings. Whatever wisdom or folly there may be in this philosophy, all human experience and observation bear witness to the fact that if men and women will with earnest determination look on the bright side of their work, and if things are bad make the best of them, they can often bring victory out of what threatened only defeat. I am sure it is better to take the "smile cure" than the frown cure or the whine remedy.

THE COMMON TRAGEDY

On one of the registration days during the recent municipal campaign in New York City a well-dressed man fifty-five years old went into the registration booth, carefully filled out the blank that was given him, and then took from his pocket a revolver and shot himself through the head. "Why?" do you ask? Suppose I should say it was because he had been reading his Bible too much, or attending church regularly, or that he had formed the habit of drinking tea and coffee, or that he had become very much interested in anything that the world knows is wholesome and good—you would be astonished and full of wonder. But when I reply that he had for several weeks been drinking heavily of intoxicating liquors, and was on the verge of

delirium tremens, you turn away with a sigh of indifference, because it is such a common thing for that to happen.

THE BEGINNING OF A GENTLEMAN

Some boys were playing ball the other day in a shady street. Among their number was a little fellow, seemingly about twelve years old—a pale, sickly looking child, supported on two crutches, and who evidently found much difficulty in walking even with such assistance. The lame boy wished to join the game, for he did not seem to see how much his infirmity would be in his way, nor how much it would hinder the progress of such an active sport. "Why, Jimmie," said one, "you can not run, you know." "Oh, hush!" said another, the tallest in the party. "Never mind, I will run for him;" and he took his place by Jimmie's side, preparing to act. "If you were lame like him," he said to the other boys, "you would not want to be told of it all the time." There was the beginning of a true gentleman.

HAVE YOU GOT YOUR SWITCH-KEY?

Mr. A. J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania Railway, was making a quiet tour over one of the branches of the system recently, and wandered into an out-of-the-way switch-yard, where something one

of the yard men was doing did not meet with his approbation. He made some suggestions to the man, who asked: "Who are you that's trying to teach me my business?" "I am an officer of the road," replied Mr. Cassatt. "Let's see your switch-key, then," said the man, suspiciously. Mr. Cassatt pulled from his hip-pocket his key-ring, to which was attached the switch-key, which no railroad man in service is ever without. It was sufficient proof for the switchman, who then did as he was told. This story suggests a great spiritual lesson. If you are going to have any real leadership in dealing with the souls of men, they must see in your conversation, in the tone of your character, in the spirit of your life, that you possess the "switch-key" of the Holy Spirit.

REASONS FOR THANKSGIVING

William Kitching has written a song of praise which will give any Christian abundant suggestion as an encouragement to gratitude on Thanksgiving Day:

O Lord! around thy glorious throne
We bow the knee,
To sing thy saving power alone,
And worship thee!

We praise thee for thy pardoning love
The grace divine,
That did our grievous bonds remove,
And made us thine!

We praise thee for the bliss supreme
  Thy people share;
The sunshine gladdening with its beam
  Thy house of prayer.

We praise thee for the hope divine,
  The assurance blest,
That cheers us, e'en tho foes combine
  To mar our rest.

We praise thee for the joys unseen
  We yet shall know,
When clouds no more shall intervene,
  Or storm-winds blow.

Accept our worship, gracious Lord,
  Thy grace outpour
On hearts that wait with one accord,
  And thee adore.

Our spirits wilt thou richly bless,
  Who life hast given;
Our only source of righteousness,
  Our hope of heaven.

COLOR BLINDNESS

One of the interesting and severe tests which a candidate for a naval career has to meet on his entrance to the Naval Academy at Annapolis is his power to detect colors. On a table there is a tumbled-up and confused mass of worsteds—probably waste from a worsted mill, odds and ends of every conceivable color and shade. At one side there are

several full skeins of yarn, one for each of the principal colors—red, blue, green, yellow, and so on. The examining doctor picks up one of the latter—we'll say, for instance, the red one—and asks, "What color is that?" You say, "Red." Then he points to the big pile and tells you to pick out such pieces as appear to you to be of the same color as the large skein. You go ahead and select the reds of various shades. "All right," interrupts the doctor. "Now, what is this?" at the same time handing you another of the skeins. "Green," you answer. "Well, pick some out of the pile like it." You place at one side several of the small pieces which look green to you, and the doctor, pointing to your selections, says: "Now, do all of these seem to you to be of the same color?" You answer in the affirmative, and your next experience is to get an envelope containing a small slip of paper, with instructions to report at the commandant's office. There the envelope is opened, and you are told that you have been rejected because you are partially color-blind. It is, of course, very important, that an officer of the navy should not be color-blind. A defective eyesight like that might cause him the loss of his ship through a failure to read signals correctly. But there is a moral color-blindness which is far more serious in its results. It is this that Jesus was speaking about when he said: "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!"

HOW A FORTUNE WAS LOST

The correspondent of a Boston journal describes an incident of business life that is full of significance. It relates to the engagement of a boy in a large department store. He was employed, as was customary in the house with new beginners, in the lowest capacity. But the two partners at the head of the house began life in just that position, and they, being both childless, were looking out for the right kind of boy whom they could train to reach the highest office and eventually become a partner. This boy was exceedingly bright, active, and industrious. Both partners liked his appearance and habits, and agreed between themselves to watch him closely. If he proved to be the right kind of a boy his promotion was to be rapid. The head of the department was instructed to watch him also and report. He did so from time to time and his report was always favorable. After a few weeks the partners consulted and agreed to give the boy six months' trial, and if at the end of that time he had still a good record, his promotion would begin. Of course, no intimation of his good fortune was given to the boy, and the scrutiny was continued. The last week of the six months' probation arrived, when one morning the superintendent saw the boy slip something slyly into his pocket. He insisted on knowing what it was, and ultimately the boy

confessed that he had stolen a quarter of a dollar. He was of course dismissed, and never learned how near he had been to the highway of fortune. He had sold the splendid position he might have attained for a quarter of a dollar. How foolish an act! But the time will yet come when many who would never have committed an act like that will realize that they have sold an eternal possession for as beggarly a pittance. There is only one way of safety in this world and that is the way of rugged honesty. Sham of any sort will in the end be detected. Only the real character that is true and pure will finally endure. The devil who promises success in any false way is a liar, and whoever is deceived by him will come to disaster.

THE BEST GOLD

The biggest nugget of gold ever received at the assay office in Wall Street, according to Superintendent Mason, arrived recently from a mining company in British Columbia. It was consigned to the New York agents of the Bank of Montreal. The nugget contains a fraction over 753 pounds of the solid yellow metal and is valued at $154,000. It came in a solid cone and stood about two feet high. The cone was wrapped in canvas and fitted with an oblong box made of two-inch planks and heavily bound with iron. The gold was held firmly in the box by two wooden wedges driven in from the top.

Two heavy iron rings were set in the sides of the rough box and through these were fitted wooden bars by which the box was lifted. It required four men to remove it from the truck in the assay office to the scales. I suppose many people think they would be perfectly happy if they were the possessors of a nugget of gold as big as that, and yet any man or woman who has a pure character, steadfast and wholesome, true to God and man, is the possessor of gold of infinitely more value. That gold nugget is only valuable in this world, and even here will not buy the best things; but the true gold of a noble character will pass in all worlds.

A GREAT WELL

On Bahrein Island, twenty miles off the coast of Arabia in the Persian Gulf, there is to be found what is perhaps the largest well in the world. This well, called the Adari, is the great sight of the Bahrein Island, being a deep basin of water twenty-two by forty yards in size, and beautifully clear and full of prismatic colors. There has been much discussion as to the source of the water which constantly fills this great well and serves to make fruitful many miles of desert by covering it with date-palms. It is now believed that the water comes from the far-off slopes of the Persian mountains, where the rainfall sinks into the earth and runs under the sea and comes up under this little island.

Thus wonderfully God has fitted the world for his children. But the God who took so much trouble to prepare for the well of Adari has not failed in preparing wells of salvation from which every thirsting soul may have in abundance the Water of Life.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE PLODDER

Rev. Peter Ainslie says that a few months ago he was at Rotterdam. The museum there contains the first painting of Rembrandt. It was only a rough, unartistic daubing, and you wonder why such a thing should be in a frame until you read in the corner that it was the first painting of the great Dutch artist. On the other side are the masterpieces of his genius. And then you find yourself thinking of the boy faithfully applying himself to his passion through years of hardest toil, until you can fairly see the great artist putting his finishing touches on "The Presentation in the Temple" or "The Night Watch." A great distance intervenes between beginning and success, but fidelity can bridge the chasm. When Carey was asked the secret of his success, he said: "I can plod." Edison has well said that diligent application lays hold upon achievement, and with little regard for day or night he bends all of his energies to the consummation of his thought, that electricity may do some new thing. For him to wish is only a step from possession. Nothing wrong in human life is be-

yond correction if that life will bend faithfully to the task. The difference in final results often depends more on patient persistence in effort than on the different measure of talent given at the start.

CHANNELS FOR THE WATER OF LIFE

On the coast of Arabia, where there is almost no rainfall, the natives find water in springs that burst forth at the bottom of the sea. In some places divers have to go down with goatskin bottles under their arms, but other springs are so strong that when hollow bamboo poles are pushed down into them the water rises through the tubes, delivering the fresh water directly into vessels that are held by men and women who are sitting in the boats that brought them from the land. In this rushing life of toil, with its salt sea of business and struggle, we need to give ourselves often to secret prayer, which is God's most perfect channel through which the Water of Life, sweet and pure, may come to our thirsty souls.

A HIGH COMPLIMENT

Perhaps the late Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock never received a higher compliment on the power of his preaching than that offered by a richly dressed woman, who was overheard to say to her companion one Sunday morning as the congregation was leav-

ing the Brick Church, in New York City: "I don't like that church; I am not going there any more." "Why not? Don't you like Dr. Babcock's preaching?" "Yes; but I can't get rid of him all the week."

THE HEAVENLY DOORKEEPER

There was never written a sweeter story of Christian faith than this: An Indian baby was dying. It lay in its father's arms, while near by stood another little daughter, a few years older, who was a Christian. "Father," said the little girl, "little sister is going to heaven to-night. Let us pray." As she said this she kneeled at her father's knee, and this sweet little prayer fell from her lips: "Father God, little sister is coming to see you to-night. Please open the door softly and let her in. Amen."

AGGRESSIVE CHRISTIANITY

Nothing is more needed than that sort of intense Christianity which realizes Paul's injunction to "Abhor that which it evil; cleave to that which is good." Christianity could conquer modern cities with its present numbers if all who call themselves Christians were positive, aggressive, Christian forces. Nobody has said anything better for a long time than Dr. Lyman Abbott in a recent address to the

students of Yale College. Here are some of Dr. Abbott's ringing words: "The young man to-day starts out with enthusiasm and is laughed at. He is told that drunkenness, licentiousness, and lawlessness have come to stay. I say they lie! It is courage and virtue that have come to stay. No compromise must be made with wrong. What are we here for? First, to get control of the world. That is civilization. Second, to overcome moral evil. That is Christianity. But the fight is a long one. My father used to say that if all the lukewarm Christians could be taken out of the churches, and each one of them turned into ten blatant infidels, the church could appoint a day of rejoicing. I agree with him."

THE SECOND PLACE

Susan Marr Spalding sings a very pretty song, entitled "The Second Place," which brings out its own strong lesson with unique power.

Unto my loved ones have I given all—
The tireless service of my willing hands,
The strength of swift feet running to their call,
Each pulse of this fond heart whose love commands
The busy brain unto their use—each grace,
Each gift, the flower and fruit of life. To me
They give with gracious hearts and tenderly,
The second place.

Such joy as my glad service may dispense,
They spend to make some brighter life more blest;
The grief that comes despite my frail defense,
They seek to soothe upon a dearer breast.
Love veils his deepest glories from my face:
I dimly dream how fair the light may be
Beyond the shade where I hold, longingly,
The second place.

And yet 'tis sweet to know that, tho I make
No soul's supremest bliss, no life shall lie
Ruined and desolated for my sake,
Nor any heart be broken when I die.
And sweet it is to see my little space
Grow wider hour by hour; and gratefully
I thank the tender fate that granteth me
The second place.

CLOSE TO NATURE'S HEART

Henry Van Dyke prints in the *Atlantic Monthly* a poem under the title "Two Schools," which is wholesome medicine for all of us:

I put my heart to school,
In the world where men grow wise,
"Go out," I said, "and learn the rule;
Come back when you win the prize."

My heart came back again,
"And where is the prize?" I cried.
"The rule was false, and the prize was pain,
And the teacher's name was Pride."

I put my heart to school
In the woods where wild birds sing,
In the fields where flowers spring,
Where brooks run cool and clear,
And the blue of heaven bends near,
"Go out," I said, "you are only a fool,
But perhaps they can teach you here."

"And why do you stay so long,
My heart, and where did you roam?"
The answer came with a laugh and a song—
"I find this school is home."

DODGING THE ISSUE

It never pays to dodge the issue, for in the long run we always have to meet it. A bill is never paid by hiding it away. An obligation is never satisfied by forgetting it. Sin is never forgiven by refusing to think of it. Professor Peabody, of Harvard, speaking to the students, brings this truth out very clearly. Most of the trouble and most of the tragedy of human life come from trying to dodge the facts of life; and most of the peace which is possible to any soul comes from habitually looking experiences squarely in the face. Sometimes you see this in the moral life. A man goes on trying to believe that wrong is right and evil good, and that somehow he is not going to reap just what he sows, and then some day the angel of his duty stands before him and he hides his face from the vision. Then begins that man's real

tragedy. He does not want to face the angel because it is a stern and serious presence; and in that refusal to look facts in the face lies his whole future of regret and reproach and shame. Sometimes this same thing happens in one's experience of trouble. A man or a woman goes on trying to play that life is all soft and sunny and gay, and one day the angel of trouble enters into the midst of the frivolity and thoughtlessness, and the poor limp soul does not want to face it. "Alas! alas!" it cries, "for I have seen the angel of trouble face to face." Half the sorrow and the despair of such experiences comes from this turning away from the visitation of trouble, and the blank and terrible hostility with which the angel of darkness is so often met.

GOD'S WAY IS BEST

Annie F. Burnham has a sweet poem, full of insight into God's providence, entitled, "His Way."

God lets us go our way alone,
  Till we are homesick and distressed
And humbly, then, come back to own
  His way is best.

He lets us thirst by Horeb's rock,
  And hunger in the wilderness;
Yet, at our feeblest, faintest knock,
  He waits to bless.

He lets us faint in far-off lands,
And feed on husks, and feel the smart,
Till we come home with empty hands
And swelling heart.

But then for us the robe and ring,
The Father's welcome and the feast,
While over us the angels sing—
Tho last and least.

THE RADIANT CHRIST

Rev. Robert Collyer, in a recent sermon, says he well remembers a face he saw in the cathedral at Cologne done on a panel, the verger said in the fifth century of our era. "It was a face of Jesus, dim now with age, woe-worn and shorn of strength or beauty, so that the thing touched me with dismay; and I said in my heart, This may have been the ideal of his face in the closing scenes of the great tragedy, but I would like to find another portrait of him in the earlier years, as he appears in our Gospels, before the shadows of the cross and passion began to touch his soul—the man so radiant, so strong, and, when the need came, so masterful, yet so tender withal, and sweet. This seems to be only the man the prophet saw in his vision, and said, 'He shall grow up . . . as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.'" Dr. Collyer says that

he can not be content with this likeness alone of one who seems to be dying of wasting sickness, or those eyes looking out on a world he has done with forever; for, of all the sons of God, he stands first to his vision as the perfect man and the instance of whatever is noblest and finest in our human form and presence.

LOVE IN SERVICE

Some one I have been reading lately uses a very beautiful figure to describe the love which manifests itself in service. The figure is that of the lark which nests on the ground in the low grass, and from it rises, singing as it soars, the song becoming more marvelously rapturous as it mounts skyward. The thought is that perhaps it sings all the more beautifully because it nests so low. However that may be, it is certainly true that the love which stoops like the love of Christ, coming down from heaven's glory to earth's poverty, gives forth a music the most beautiful of any harmony earth can ever know.

WAR'S CRUEL TRAGEDIES

The cruel and horrible side of war is often illustrated to us in these recent days. A South African contributor to the *Christian Endeavor World* tells a sad story of a noble young Boer, named Philip

Cronje, a prisoner at Green Point, who met his death one night while leading a prayer-meeting among his fellow captives. Around their quarters was a wire fence called the "dead line," and the sentries had orders to shoot any prisoner who touched this wire after being warned. One night, when young Cronje led the meeting, the subject was "Our Enemies," and they were praying for them. As he held the hymn-book in his hand and gave out the hymn, "When I survey the wondrous cross," he stepped back to get a better light, and came close to the wire fence without noticing it. The sentry called out, but the Boers, who were singing heartily, did not hear. Suddenly the praying band were startled by the report of a gun, and the young leader, whom they loved, fell down in their midst with his hymn-book still clasped in his hand. He died in the night, after telling the doctor he did not hear the sentry.

THE SALT OF THE EARTH

Last year the whole nation was saddened and surprised by the news of the sudden collapse of the wife of President McKinley in San Francisco. Her sudden recovery was even more surprising. It was due to the quick injections of salt into her veins. Nearly a quart of hot salt water—prepared by stirring one heaping teaspoonful of

common salt into exactly a quart of hot water—was allowed to flow directly into a vein in her arm. This stimulated and rendered fluid the almost congealed blood in the veins of Mrs. McKinley, energizing the blood corpuscles, and by its action upon the heart muscles excited that organ to return actively to its full duty. This supply of hot salt water which Mrs. McKinley received into her veins brought her out of the very jaws of death. What a striking example this is of the strength of the illustration used by Christ when he said to his disciples, "Ye are the salt of the earth." The true Christian is to be so vitally and aggressively Christian that he will stir up the sluggish blood of the world and save it from stagnation and death.

THE "SLAP DAYS" OF LIFE

Every year at Yale College they have what they call a "slap day." It is a very important occasion. All the two thousand students gather on the campus and await the verdict of the out-going seniors as to who shall receive the coveted honor of election to the famous college societies. The windows of dormitories are crowded with spectators. As each name is determined, a senior comes out into the crowd, and striking the lucky individual a terrific slap on the back, says, "Go to your room." And the happy and honored man immediately retires to his room. In real life, no man can

tell when his "slap day" will come. But it comes to many men, and they let it pass unheeded. Opportunities are of no value unless entered upon profitably and with decision.

THE MANGLED CHILDREN

Not long ago three children wandered away from their home in the mountains of West Virginia, and were overtaken in the forest by a huge black bear. The cruel beast crushed the children in its ruthless grasp and mangled them with its claws. One can hardly imagine the horror of the parents when, after a long search, they found the bodies of their dear ones so ruthlessly torn and marred. And yet the sorrow in such a case can not be so terrible as where the liquor-saloon has laid its cruel clutches on the youth of the home and mangled and destroyed not only the physical strength and beauty, but degraded the mind and debauched and demoralized the soul as well. The bear we hunt to its death, but the saloon-keeper we license and protect to continue his destructive career.

FROM EARTH'S POVERTY TO HEAVEN'S GLORY

Caroline Bowles Southey has a beautiful poem, entitled "The Pauper's Death-bed," which reminds us of that marvelous story told by the Christ of the

death of Lazarus and the coming of the angels to carry him home to heaven.

Tread softly; bow the head—
  In reverent silence bow!
No passing bell doth toll;
Yet an immortal soul
  Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,
  With lowly reverence bow!
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
  Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
  Lo! Death doth keep his state!
Enter! No crowds attend—
Enter! No guards defend
  This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
  No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meager hands
  A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
  An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again
That short deep gasp—and then
  The parting groan.

Oh! change—oh! wondrous change!
  Burst are thy prison-bars!
This moment there, so low,
So agonized—and now
  Beyond the stars!

Oh! change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod!
The sun eternal breaks;
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

HUMANITY'S "MIDNIGHT SUN"

The illumination which comes to the soul of man through the assurance of immortality in Jesus Christ is beautifully described by Siri E. Swanander. He says:

I stood in the land of the midnight sun,
And tried to say "good-night";
But as this day was never done
Those useless words took flight.

How can we ever say "good-night"?
There is no night at all;
For every shadow takes its flight
When at God's feet we fall.

SAVE THE BOYS

The land is full of heroic boys worth saving. Every day tells some story of a heroic boy. Merritt Lindsey, an Ohio country boy, saw a torn-up rail on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and flagged the next train with a red handkerchief. He is to have a place in the company's employ. A boy at Pittston

Junction ran a greater personal risk to save a Lehigh Valley train from accident. He found a big oaken mine "sprag" in a "frog," and had no red handkerchief. The train passed by just after he had knocked the obstruction out, and both he and the train had a narrow escape. The preacher who does not strive to capture every boy within his reach and win his youthful admiration and love for the heroic Christ is making a very sad and serious blunder.

THE WELCOME HOME

A singular case of suspended consciousness was reported from Marion, Ind. Two months before a business man in Geneva, N. Y., suddenly disappeared from his store and home. For some time previous he had shown signs of worry. Some transactions in which he had been engaged had not resulted to his satisfaction and he brooded until he imagined himself on the verge of ruin. One morning he went to business as usual, but later in the day he was missing and no trace of him could be found. For two months search was made for him in vain, and his family came to the conclusion that he had committed suicide. But at this point one of his brothers received a visit from a haggard, bearded man, with his clothes in tatters, who had just arrived at Buffalo, N. Y., and instantly recognized him as the missing man. The returned wanderer

said that he remembered going to the store on that February morning, but recollected nothing more until, sitting on a stoop, with his head in his hands, he realized that he was in a strange place. He asked a man who was passing what town he was in, and was informed that he was in Marion, Ind. How he reached a place so far from his home he had no idea. He was dazed, but gradually his mind cleared up and his accustomed intelligence returned to him. His pockets were empty, and he had a hard time getting home, but at last reached Buffalo, and went to the house of his brother. He received a joyful welcome, as of one recovered from the dead. This story recalls that striking phrase in Christ's story of the "Prodigal Son"—"When he came to himself." Sin robs men of their true power of judgment, and they go on without realizing their great folly until some revelation of the Holy Spirit brings them to see their condition.

INCREASING BY GIVING

The story of how a man made money by spending it comes from Lincoln, Neb. He is under arrest in that city for a curious offense, which he contends is no crime. The man has an agent in Mexico who has been shipping to him four hundred Mexican dollars monthly. These coins look much like the American dollar, and the fact that they are worth only half the American dollar is unknown to many.

His plan was to make a ten-cent purchase, pay for it with the Mexican dollar and receive ninety cents change, giving him a net profit of forty cents. The more he spent the more he made, and he has been making a fine income. Unhappily, other people had to lose the money, which proves that his practise was fraudulent. There is, however, a divine alchemy by which what a man gives to help his fellow men and to bless the poor is multiplied, and the man has more than he gave. Solomon said, "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth."

The Reformer's Quiver

The Reformer's Quiver

WHICH WAY ARE YOU HEADED?

A bicycle-rider, who was bent double after the fashion of some riders of the wheel, rode up to a wayside watering-trough, steadied himself by resting one foot on it, and called to the farmer on the other side of the fence, "Can you tell me how far it is to the next town?"

"Not till I know which way you are traveling," answered the farmer. "Raise your head a minute so I can see which end it is fastened on to. I am a little near-sighted."

It is that way with a good many men in regard to the temperance question. They talk one way in the prayer-meeting and another way in the party convention. They talk one way in the Sunday-school class and altogether in another way in the heat of a political canvass. Whenever Christian citizens are faced toward sobriety and the prohibition of the liquor traffic, we shall get somewhere. But so long as near-sighted politicians can't tell which end our heads are on, we shall make but little advancement.

WHY NOT TAKE THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY?

In order to defend the outrageous and shameful canteen law every little whipper-snapper of an officer in the army that could be dragged into saying a good word for the canteen law has been quoted; but it is very noticeable that when the Secretary of War sent in his expert opinions from army officers about the canteen to a committee of Congress, he very shrewdly omitted what the great soldiers at the head of the army have to say about it. Is it not probable that Lieutenant-General Miles at the head of the army would be a good authority on the subject? Here is what the best authority says, the man who is more responsible for the army than anybody else:

> It is a matter of general recognition that the use of intoxicating drinks of any kind in the tropics conduces effectively to attack from disease. It is believed by this department that absolute prohibition is imperative. In almost every case of yellow fever developed thus far among the American troops in Cuba it has been found that the patient was in the habit of drinking. It is particularly important, where a large proportion of the troops are recruits, that nothing be officially done to create in them the habits of using intoxicants. To establish canteens at the posts in the tropics is to render the temptation of sociability and companionship practically irresistible, and the habit of drinking is readily acquired.

This is the opinion of the general in command of the army.

WHY THE YOUNG MAN FAILS

A young man who had failed in an examination for admission to the Marine Corps appealed to his Congressman for assistance, and together they went to see the Secretary of the Navy, in the hope of slipping him through some way.

"How many more chances do you want?" asked Secretary Long. "This is your third time." And before the young fellow had a chance to answer, the Secretary continued: "How do you expect to get along in the world when you smoke so many cigarettes? Your clothes are saturated with their odor. Pull off your glove and let me see your fingers. There, see how yellow they are!" pointing to the sides of the first and second fingers.

Before the young man found his tongue to offer an explanation, the Secretary asked him if he drank.

"Only once in a while," was his shamed reply.

Secretary Long then invited the Congressman into his private office, and while offering to do everything that he could consistently, added: "I am sick of trying to make anything of these boys that are loaded with cigarette smoke and 'drink once in a while.' They are about hopeless, it seems to me."

When they left the department the young man, half-apologizing for his poor showing, remarked: "Drinking, my father says, is the bane of the navy."

"I guess it is," replied the Congressman, dryly. "It is the bane everywhere else, and I should think quite likely it would be in the navy."

And yet we license men to carry on the business of tempting silly boys and immature young men into a way that dooms them to failure. Could anything be more inconsistent?

HOW DID YOU WIN YOUR MEDALS?

The chief officer of a Yorkshire Yeomanry regiment, while congratulating one of the troops on its appearance, made a stirring allusion to the medals worn by some army veterans in the ranks. One of the men afterward went home in a very thoughtful frame of mind, and next morning he came on parade with several medals on his breast.

Said the officer: "I didn't know you had been in the regulars."

"No, I ain't," said the man.

"Well, how about the medals then, my good fellow? They can't be yours."

The man promptly answered: "Can't they! Aye, but they be. My old coo won 'em all at the Otley show."

One of the curses of every reform movement are the people who come into them just to show their medals. It makes no difference whether they have really served the cause or not, if they can make a display. What every great cause needs is men and

women so devoted to the truth itself that they are willing to do the work with all their hearts without quarreling about who gets the credit for it.

THE EFFECT OF LIGHT WINES

There have always been a lot of people in this country who have argued that there was a great deal less drunkenness among the country people in wine-raising France than in water-drinking America, and we have been urged to cultivate beer-drinking and wine-drinking as an aid to temperance. The utter folly of all this is illustrated by what is occurring in country districts in France. A recent French writer, who has been making tours through the country to get the actual facts, writes in the famous *Figaro* as follows: "You should see them coming out of the saloons of Rouen in the evening. The father, the mother, the children, friends, supporting one another, dragging one another, and staggering all together. One can not imagine, without having seen it, what a laboring man's home becomes when the mother drinks. I have lived in a village two hours' ride from Paris, where half the population of both sexes was addicted to drink. My neighbors on my right fought like dogs. The husband had his face plowed by his wife's fingernails. The woman never touched the broom or did a stroke of cooking. There were three children—three poor little ones, dirty and almost naked—who

never had anything to eat but dry bread and a little cold meat. All that the father earned went to the saloon and the mother was too shaky on her legs to do anything at all. What an enduring race these Normans are not to have disappeared! But that will hardly be slow to come. Already they cite the canton of the Orne, where the council of revision did not find one single recruit having the required height. In the next generation they will all be Tom Thumbs, and the end of the race will be near.''

In the face of these facts it will be in order for somebody to rise and make a speech in favor of introducing the light wines of the country to strengthen the physical manhood of our six-footers and two hundred pounders—broad-shouldered men whom we have been growing on buttermilk and who we have been assured needed a little wine for their stomachs' sake.

THE TEMPERANCE ISSUE IN FRANCE

A momentous decision was taken recently in the French Chamber. The government is authorized to issue a decree tabooing all drink of which the consumption, in the opinion of the Academy of Medicine, is a danger to the public health. The author of the resolution says that during the past twenty years the habit of strong drink has attained to appalling proportions in France. It is

calculated that in Paris alone six hundred thousand persons consider it to be impossible to dine until they have swallowed a glass of strong liquor as an appetizer. It would have been an astounding thing for the American Congress to have passed such a vote, but how much more marvelous to have it come from France, the land of wine.

A YACHT WHICH NEVER SAILS

There lives in Great Britain an American who is very rich and very eccentric. One of his eccentricities is that he resides in a beautiful steam-yacht moored fast in the tideway off Brightlingsea, in the mouth of the Colne River. For twelve years this Mr. Bayard Brown has lived thus. Regular watches are kept on board by a full crew of twenty-one men. There are the regular officers, a captain and mates, sailors, ordinary seamen, two firemen, a cook, and a steward. An engine provides power for the electric lights. The yacht's sails are furled, her compass and engine-room telegraph covered in canvas. Year after year she has lain thus, always in perfect order, ready to up anchor and away, and yet never moving. Her engines are regularly overhauled, her hull is scraped and cleaned by divers, her brass-work is polished and paint renewed; but she has never moved since the day Bayard Brown brought her to her present anchorage.

It seems to me that the church is a good deal like

that to-day in its attitude toward the liquor traffic. Most of the Christian denominations are beautiful temperance societies; in fact, they are models. They are well rigged for rapid sailing toward the port of sobriety and prohibition. From captain to sailor they believe that the liquor traffic is vicious and devilish and ought to be destroyed. Their prayers, their sermons, the editorials of their religious organs, indeed, all the sails and furniture of a first-class temperance ship, are at hand. But, like that anchored yacht of the eccentric millionaire, the church never sails on its prohibition voyage. It spreads its sails, but it never weighs anchor. It looks like a ship about to take to sea, but it never gets out of sight of land. It is always promising to go, but it does not go. May God raise up somebody to send the church ship to sea, that it may use its power to destroy the liquor traffic!

DRINK, INSANITY, AND SUICIDE

A writer in the Paris *Figaro* says that there is certain proof that in every country the number of insane people as well as the number of suicides increases with the consumption of alcohol. From 1861 to 1865 14,983 lunatics were entered in the public asylums of France. Twenty years after there were entered more than 57,000 in the same space of time, and one may see upon the register at Sainte Anne what was the part played by alcohol-

ism in this frightful increase—the lion's part, you may be sure. Doctor Serieux, of the insane asylums of the Seine, has made investigation with regard to convicts from the viewpoint of alcoholism. He has found of those sent back for a second offense, 78 per cent. were drinkers; of those condemned for assault and battery, 88 per cent. In Germany 60 per cent. of the crimes in general have been committed under the influence of drink.

THE SALOON FUNGUS

A remarkably large fungus, one of the kind which grows on the trunks of trees or stumps, shaped like a bracket, has recently been added to the Free City Museum in Portland, Oreg. It is four feet six inches lengthwise the surface, three feet across, and eighteen inches deep, and weighs about two hundred and fifty pounds. It took eight men to get it out of the woods to the road. The surface of this giant fungus, originally smooth and velvety, has become mossy from old age, and has been soiled in handling, but it is wonderful on account of its great size.

The liquor-saloon is the giant fungus of our time. It eats on the life of the people as a fungus does on the life of a tree. It grows large as it fattens on the rich life of the community. Manhood must shrink and shrivel that the fungus may fatten and expand. The multiplication and enlargement of the saloon

always mean the degradation and the shrinking of manhood. Kill the fungus and save the man!

THE INSTITUTIONS THAT FOLLOW THE FLAG

The eloquent Senator Beveridge of Indiana, in a great speech, said that the expression "Our Constitution follows the flag" is only partly true. He declared that the whole truth is that our institutions follow the flag. Our Constitution is only one of our institutions. Our Constitution, he says, did not give us our institutions; our institutions gave us our Constitution. Our institutions follow the flag, the simplest first, later the more complex, and finally, when the way is prepared, our noblest institution, the American Constitution, follows the flag. Free schools, equal laws, impartial justice, social order, and, at last, when these have done their work and our wards are ready to understand and rightly use it, our Constitution.

There is another institution which Senator Beveridge did not speak of which seems to follow our flag in recent years with more conspicuousness than anything else. That is our infernal, soul-destroying, liquor traffic. The shame of the American saloon system in Manila has been a lasting disgrace and has done more to prejudice us among the native population than anything else. But if we do not want such an institution to follow the flag we must kill the institution.

A FAIR CHANCE TO CLIMB

An editorial writer says: "There is but one way to rise in the world; that is, to climb." That is true, and one of the greatest problems before the American people just now is how to give every one a fair chance to climb, with nobody to keep him down and pull him off the ladder. The saloon is forever pulling men off the ladder of growth and advancement. I saw a good cartoon the other day of a great American eagle trying to fly with a saloon tied to its feet. That is a good and fair illustration of the relation of the saloon to the public good as well as to the individual.

THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE

A Boston architect spent several hours devising a way to rescue a kitten which had fallen into one of the ventilating flues in the walls of the large subtreasury department in the Boston post-office building, and had been imprisoned five days without food or water. The flue was forty feet in depth from the ceiling level of the apartment. Notice of the kitten's misfortune was conveyed through its cries, which could be faintly heard. The architect's first impulse was to cut through the marble facing of the apartment in which the flue was located. But a suggestion being made that perhaps the prisoner in its desperation might seize the

end of a line weighted and of a bulky shape at the lower end, this experiment was tried. Strange to say, the nearly starved creature almost instantly took fast hold with its claws, when it was very carefully and slowly drawn up the entire height of forty feet and safely delivered. Every generous heart will rejoice in that story of kindness to the little kitten, but if it is right and just and Christ-like to do that way with little helpless animals, how much more should we bestir ourselves when it is not a kitten, but a little boy or girl, with the possibilities of becoming a noble man or a glorious woman, at the other end of the line. How the little cries are going up from the deep flues of sin and vice where they suffer. Let us make haste to save them !

THE TEMPTATION OF HIGH LIVING

St. Clair McKelway, the editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, speaking on Forefathers' Day in New York City to the toast, "The New England Spirit in Press and Pulpit," said some very striking and earnest things which may well give us pause. Mr. McKelway says that it is imperative for us to see that the old spirit becomes not a mere tradition. The old order has changed, giving place unto the new, but the old spirit in the new order must be the salvation of the times that are and of those that are to be. When the Puritan spirit was born here,

poverty was universal. That made simplicity obligatory. Out of that plain living was developed high thinking. But in our age of high living we are under constant temptation to sordid thinking. Against that we must set ourselves. For spiritual thinking, altruistic thinking, will be the best antidote to the moneybags in politics, to smooth preaching, to a journalism of selfishness, to a time-serving art, and to a fawning attitude of culture toward money.

THE RUIN OF THE BOYS

During the Spanish-American War, and later in the Philippines, here and there through the country there has been ever and anon a thrill of sympathy and pity for the mother whose boy has gone down before the enemy in battle. But how few have there been of these compared to the number of those who every year go down wounded and dying through the saloon. Some one has written about it, giving the mother's story of "How My Boy Went Down":

'Tis only the same old story
  That mothers so often tell,
With accents of infinite sadness,
  Like the tones of a funeral bell;
But I never thought, once, when I heard it,
  I should learn all its meaning myself;
I thought he'd be true to his mother,
  I thought he'd be true to himself.

But, alas, for my hopes, all delusion!
Alas! for his youthful pride!
Alas! who are safe when danger
Is open on every side?
Oh, can nothing destroy this great evil?
No bar in its pathway be thrown,
To save from the terrible maelstrom
The thousands of boys going down?

It was not on the field of battle,
It was not with a ship at sea,
But a fate far worse than either
That stole him away from me.
'Twas the death in the tempting dram
That the reason and senses drown;
He drank the alluring poison,
And thus my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood
To the depths of disgrace and sin;
Down to a worthless being,
From the hope of what might have been.
For the brand of a beast besotted
He bartered his manhood's crown;
Through the gate of a sinful pleasure
My poor, weak boy went down.

THE REAL REFORMER

Recent arrivals from South Africa have brought the most wondrous specimens of "diamonds" with them, beautiful to behold, but, alas! they will not scratch glass, while some of the most beautiful

of all can be cut with a pocket-knife. It is tolerably simple to say whether a stone is a diamond or not. If you can scratch a sapphire with it you want no further test; it is a diamond. If you rub it with wool or on wood in the dark and it phosphoresces, it is a diamond. If you look through it at a light and see only one light, it is most probably a diamond.

You can judge reformers the same way. Men who pose as reformers, but who never cut into the heart of public corruption enough to stir up the saloon-keepers and the gamblers or the boodlers, may be very pretty stones, but they are not diamonds. The real reformer stands by his gun in the dark as well as in the light, and he has an eye single to the great purpose he has in view—the building up of righteousness among men. He is frank and translucent and open as the day.

THE GROWING PUBLIC SENTIMENT AGAINST DRINKING AT CHRISTMAS

A Cleveland, Ohio, saloon-keeper, talking to a reporter on Christmas eve, made the following significant statement: "Ten or fifteen years ago Cleveland had a great crowd of rounders. They made the circuit of the down-town saloons in squads. In summer they drank beer, brandy-and-water, and light wines. In winter their favorite drinks were Tom and Jerry, hot rum, and foghorns. They

played pool and billiards as long as their legs would hold them. They sang songs and told stories until two o'clock in the morning, when hack-drivers, waiting conveniently about, would take them home. Christmas, Thanksgiving, and New Year's were banner days in the saloons. In some places two or three extra barkeepers would be hired for such occasions. It is no longer necessary. Selling booze isn't the business it used to be. Money in it yet; but the kind of people who patronize you has changed. Ten or fifteen years ago the fact that a young man went out and crooked his elbow a dozen times at night didn't interfere with the permanence of his position in office, store, or factory, so long as he was on hand the next morning. It's different now. When a fellow seeks a job nowadays the man who does the hiring generally asks him, the very first shot out of the box, 'Do you drink?' If the applicant says he does, it is all off with him. If he says 'No,' and falls down in his work, an effort is made to find out if he is visiting saloons. If he is, he gets a blue envelope and goes hunting for another job."

That saloon-keeper told the truth, and the facts he states are full of hope and encouragement for the future. It will soon be true that we shall have in America the mightiest industrial army in the world, composed almost entirely of sober men. Who is so blind that he can not read what that portends for the liquor traffic?

HEROIC PUBLIC SPIRIT

A remarkable example of nerve and self-sacrifice has been exhibited in the experiments that are being conducted with mosquito inoculation by the army surgeons in Cuba. There has been no doubt in the medical profession for several years that yellow fever could be communicated by flies, mosquitoes, and other insects, and it has recently been discovered that inoculation can be used to protect people from yellow fever, just as smallpox can be prevented by vaccination. The matter is still in an experimental stage, and has not yet reached that development under which medical men generally can safely use it. In order to accomplish practical ends and ascertain how the discovery could best be utilized for human welfare in countries subject to yellow fever epidemics, several surgeons of the United States army offered their lives. It was quite as heroic as the act of Hobson in sinking the *Merrimac* to obstruct the channel of Santiago Harbor, but comparatively few people will ever hear of their heroism. Mosquitoes were fed upon the bodies of yellow fever patients in the hospital at Havana, and then two of these men deliberately allowed these mosquitoes to attack their arms. The infection of both was promptly discovered, and they were treated with all the skill and care that their associates could devise, while the study of their symptoms and the course of the disease was carefully

observed. One of them died, but the other survived, and his report is one of the most important contributions to the vast literature concerning contagious diseases.

That was a rare exhibition of public spirit. What we need in every town and city in the country, in order to overthrow the rum traffic and bring about a reign of sobriety and righteousness, is men and women of equally heroic spirit in political life.

THE SILENT PARTNERS

When some awful tragedy bursts forth like a volcano, pouring its hot lava of ruin into the midst of an excited public, many people look below the surface and see what is the real truth, that if the good people of the community had been doing their duty by boldly standing for public righteousness and insisting on the enforcement of laws intended to crush out vice and prohibit crime, the explosion never would have come. A newspaper, commenting on the murder of a girl by some rich but debauched young men, declares that such crimes will not be committed in a community where public opinion sharply condemns the practices which lead up to them. The community is horrified when a career of unchecked license accidently ends in murder; but if the vices which lead up to the tragical end are winked at by what are called respectable elements in society, the shame and guilt of the

tragedy belong in part to those who silently permitted the evil to go on. To how many towns and cities this message ought to come! Men and women of Christian honesty and uprightness know that the law is being violated in their town, and that the youth of the town are being debauched because of it, and yet they hold their peace rather than risk the criticism and reproach which they would be compelled to face if they stood out to challenge the iniquitous condition. And so it happens that the saloon-keeper and the gambler and the debaucher of public morals have many silent partners in Christian and respectable circles who might have thwarted them if they had been brave enough and self-denying enough to do so.

THE CHURCH THE SAVING SALT OF THE CITY

God was willing to save Sodom provided there were ten righteous men in it, and a Boston paper declares that the church has that saving quality today. The clean city, it says, will be one in which the churches are sufficiently numerous and active and are filled with men and women who are sincere. The wicked city will be one in which the churches are not attending to their proper business, are not creating public opinion of the right sort, and in which there is a covert tolerance of evil things. In the clean city the church will supply officials who will do their duty, and it will create a public senti-

ment which will make it impossible for vice to flaunt itself upon the highways. The sure method of the church is the increase of the forces of moral help in the community. When the church does its full duty evil slinks away and hides itself. When the church does not exert its rightful influence no other institution can take its place and no reforms of any kind will be more than temporary expedients. There are cities which, in spite of the inevitable evils which hide themselves in every community, are fairly described as clean cities. The sowing of wild oats is not winked at, the standards of social life are distinctly clean, good government is taken for granted, law-breakers are not honored, and there is a strong public sentiment which is entirely favorable to all things which are of good report. And this Boston editor says: "Traced to its source, we believe that in every case the fountain-head of this wholesome life and effective public opinion will be found in the church, and that the steady influence of the good men and women it produces is the only source of the best public opinion which nourishes virtue and discourages vice."

A SECOND MORDECAI

It has been widely published that the Czar of Russia has decided to signalize his recovery by repealing many of the most oppressive laws and decrees against the Jews, of whom there are

more than five million in the Russian Empire. Both the emperor and empress ascribe his preservation from death to the cleverness and care of his principal physician, Dr. Hirsch, who is not only a member of the Hebrew race but likewise a most orthodox Jew.

The czarina, in expressing her profound sense of obligation to the doctor, who first joined the imperial household before the death of Alexander III., and who has remained with the present czar and czarina ever since, sounded him as to what form he would wish the imperial recognition of his inestimable services to take. Dr. Hirsch, with all that love for his race which distinguished Mordecai of old, realizing the opportunity within his grasp of conferring lasting benefits upon his people, intimated to the young empress that he asked for nothing but the repeal of certain of the most oppressive measures against the Jews. He added that not only would he prefer this to any personal distinction or honor in the power of the crown to bestow, but that it would constitute in the eyes of the world a thank-offering on the part of their majesties for the divine mercies accorded to them in the marvelous recovery of the czar.

The emperor is reported to have acceded readily to the suggestion, and it is expected that before long an imperial ukase will be issued, placing the Hebrew subjects of the czar on the same civic and political level as the rest of their fellow citizens.

This Jewish doctor has given the Christians of the world a good example of public spirit. If the Christians of the United States could live in that unselfish spirit for the next four years the liquor-saloon would be banished from American soil.

A COSTLY TARGET

It will cost the government $81,900 to erect a target for a new gun, if Congress will stand the expense. The target will be used for experimental purposes only, and will be a dead loss after it is shot at. The experiment of which this target is a part will be conducted at Sandy Hook, and will be interesting and unique. The gun to be tested is called the Gathman gun, and is designed for coast defense purposes. It is forty-four feet long, weighs fifty-nine tons, and is made of nickel steel. It is claimed for it that no armor is strong enough to resist its shells, and that any battle-ship getting within range of it is doomed to certain destruction. In order to test this, it is proposed to build a target representing the shape of the side of a battle-ship. The target will be four hundred feet long and twenty-five feet high. It will have steel masts and a fighting-top seventy-five feet above the ground. It will be propped up on shore with sufficient braces to furnish the resistance that a battle-ship would present. It will be eighteen inches thick, and thirteen inches of this will be armor-plate of the very

latest construction. Up to this time no gun has been invented capable of discharging a missile that would penetrate such a thickness of armor.

It is a laudable thing to develop the coast defenses, and this target may be a necessary expense; but it would be infinitely more interesting and important if the liquor-saloon could be taken for a target, and all the moral energy of the country concentrated against it. In the case of which we have been speaking the target is a dead loss; but if the saloon were a target its destruction would be like the opening of a gold-mine in the resulting blessings which would multiply for a sober people.

THE MURDERER OF THE BOYS

"Hey, mister, dere's two kids dead drunk down in Minetta Lane," chirruped a street urchin to a policeman one evening in New York not long ago. The policeman followed up the suggestion, and, sure enough, he soon found, stretched out at length in the damp gutter, oblivious to the rain that fell on him, dead to the world, a lad of tender years. Sitting on the curb near by was another boy not more than twelve years old. At his feet lay a half-empty bottle of whisky. A curious crowd surrounded them, some merely inquisitive, but others uttering expressions of pity that boys so young should have sunk so low. The policeman rang for a patrol-wagon and the boys were taken to the

station-house, and soon after the older one was hurried to Bellevue Hospital and placed in the alcoholic ward. And yet New York has several thousand agencies licensed and protected to produce such results. True, their license does not cover the right to sell to fourteen-year-old boys, but how little does the average saloon-keeper care for the law!

A BRILLIANT MAN WHO DIED LIKE A FOOL

Some years ago Oscar Wilde was the fad of the upper-ten social crust from one end of America to the other. He was given great receptions and was the social lion of "the four hundred" in the large cities. Perhaps he never had a right to such distinction, and yet he was a man of good parts and of some degree of intellectual brilliancy. But he was a man of the flesh. He was led away and controlled by his baser appetites. Instead of the spirit ruling the body, the flesh was master. After years in prison for unspeakable sins and crimes, he died amid the most squalid surroundings. The secret of this man's ruin was the liquor that fed his baser passions and brought them into mastery. The immediate cause of his death was declared to be brandy and morphia. The drink had killed all his finer intellectual and moral qualities long before; it finished the business by closing out the mortgage on the poor ruined body. Drink destroys many brilliant men every year. It is not

only the knots on the log of society that are ruined by the drink curse. Many of its strongest and most fruitful boughs wither and slough off every year from this cause.

THE EMPTY WHISKY BOTTLE

A man was found dead in a Cleveland, Ohio, hotel, recently, under circumstances that made it seem certain that he had taken his own life. One of the significant features of the newspaper reports of the case was—and they all agreed on this—that on the table beside the bed on which the dead man lay there was an empty whisky bottle. Ah, the tragedy of the empty whisky bottle! What stories of sin and crime, of insanity and suicide, might be appropriately introduced with the empty whisky bottle as an opening illustration!

A MOTHER'S FIGHT FOR HER CHILD

A woman in the mountains of Pennsylvania had a terrific fight one day with an eagle, which attempted to carry away her two-year-old child. The bird attacked the little tot furiously, and the baby's cries attracted the mother to the scene. She was astounded to behold the eagle clawing and flapping the little one, who was attempting to break away from her antagonist. Once the eagle caught the child's dress in its talons, but the weight

of the little one and its desperate struggles for freedom frustrated the bird. The mother, tho possessing a rifle, dared not shoot, lest the bullet strike her child, so she got a cudgel and ran to the rescue of the almost exhausted baby. The eagle let go the child and turned its attention to the parent. It flew into the woman's face and pecked at her eyes and nose, but a well-directed blow from her club felled the bird, which after a moment's scrambling took to the air and sailed away.

I thought of that story one night when, in an interior town in Ohio, a mother came to me to ask about her daughter, who is the very apple of her eye, but who is married to a man who has become a drunkard—not a man who is drunk every day or who drinks every day, but who every little while goes on a debauch until his noble young wife is almost crazed with anguish and grief. And the mother, helpless to do anything to save her child, has had her life, as well as her daughter's, utterly broken through this foul bird of prey from the saloon which has so cruelly torn and mangled them both.

THE GROWING SERPENT

It is said that not long ago some workmen, while busily engaged in storing a show in winter quarters in an Ohio town, discovered in one corner of the immense building a bundle of rubbish moving as if

some live object were under it. They held a consultation and planned an attack. After tearing away a large amount of rubbish they found snugly tucked away for the winter a huge boa-constrictor that had escaped from the winter quarters two years before. A diligent search for the snake had been made at the time, but it was given up for lost, and the attachés of the show were instructed by the owner to keep the knowledge of the snake's escape a secret, lest the neighbors should object to wild animals being stored so near them. But here was the lost snake, and none the worse for her escape. By her side in her winter nest lay eight healthy young boas ranging in weight from twenty to thirty-five pounds and supposed to be one and a half years old. Upon discovery the mother snake showed a pugnacious spirit, and gave the entire party of workmen all the fight they wanted for five long hours. In some unaccountable way one of the large educated Dane dogs, valued at two hundred and fifty dollars, got too near her snakeship, and with lightning-like rapidity she coiled about it, crushing out its life before assistance could be rendered. The young snakes took a heavy part in the fight, and it was only by the greatest efforts that the men succeeded in landing them all in the cage from which the mother had escaped. When the mother escaped she was twelve feet long and weighed thirty-five pounds. When recaptured she measured nineteen feet and scaled sixty-eight pounds.

There is a serpent in the wine-glass which grows in the same way. Let no man imagine that he can play with that serpent and always keep it small and docile and within his power. It grows with every day's indulgence. There never yet was a man who fondled that snake who did not expect to be master of it and keep it only for a pet as long as he lived. And so he could keep it for a pet if it did not grow; but the serpent in the glass grows, and before he knows it he no longer has the wine serpent for a pet, but he is the pet of the serpent. The mastership has changed hands. A workman came to my door late one night. He had his dinner-pail under his arm. He was staggering drunk, and yet he was sobering up enough in the cold winter air to have a great despair about himself. He wanted to sign the pledge. He said: "I have a wife and five children; I got my pay at five o'clock and I have not been home yet, and my pay is all gone." Think of that man's home-coming to that wife and mother and to those children! There was a time when that strong, broad-shouldered young fellow petted the wine serpent and played with it, but now he is its victim. How wise the Wise Man of the Bible was when he said: "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

EVERY MAN'S DEBT OF CITIZENSHIP

Young Cornelius Vanderbilt, altho six or eight times a millionaire, is determined to make his mark in the railroad world. He has invented, after many years of most self-sacrificing work, a greatly improved fire-box, which is so important an invention that it has been adopted by the great locomotive works. This is very creditable in every way. Many rich men seem to think that because they have plenty of money they are under no obligation to work with either their mind or body to help the world upward and onward. But every man must do his part, and use the gift that is in him, if the world is to be rolled up into the light. This is especially true of our duty as citizens. Many men of old families and great wealth imagine that their blood is too blue to jostle with the common herd in the primary or the caucus or at the ballot-box. It is not blue-blooded men we need so much as men who have the red blood of patriotism flowing warm with sympathy and courage through their veins.

A LIGHT THAT WENT OUT IN DARKNESS

Edward Dunbar, who wrote the old Sunday-school song, "There's a light in the window for thee, brother," sleeps in a pauper's grave at Coffeyville, Kansas, where he died a tramp. One night in the spring of 1890 Dunbar called at the jail for lodg-

ing. He was ill, and the authorities took him in. He died the next day. Papers in his pocket revealed his identity and showed that he had tramped all over the country. Some church people have erected a marble slab over his grave on which these words are inscribed: "Here Lies Edward Dunbar, Who Wrote 'There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother.'" The drink did it. Alas, it is not the mere knots on the branches of society that are destroyed by the drink. The most brilliant lights have gone out in darkness through the accursed draft that blows from the saloon door.

STICK TO THE DUTY AT HAND

A gentleman relates that he was once driving across the country with a certain bishop. The bishop fell into a discussion concerning the nature of the soul. The bishop and the gentleman were on the rear seat of a wagon, with the driver on the front seat. It was a very dark night. In the middle of the bishop's exposition the wagon took a wild plunge, there was a crash, and all went over into the muddy ditch. "I beg your pardon, gents," said the driver, who had retained control of the horses, as they scrambled to their feet, "I was so interested in hearing the little man discussin' my immortal soul, which I hardly ever knowed that I had one before, that I clean forgot where we was, and drove you plump into the ditch." A good

many people in their interest about other world affairs forget that it is as much their duty to bring about the kingdom of heaven in the town where they live as it is to be ready to go to the kingdom of heaven in the future. Some people through their indifference let their own community become a perfect hell on earth while they are busy packing their trunks for heaven. We shall be better fitted for heaven if we try to clean up the streets where we live

GOVERNMENT SNAKE-BREEDING

A writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* declares that from reports on the destruction of wild animals and snakes in India it appears that for a period of ten years an average of 21,000 human beings have been killed annually by venomous snakes; or, in other words, no less than sixty people on an average die every twenty-four hours from snake bite in British India. With a view to mitigating this heavy mortality the government of India has for many years past been in the habit of offering rewards, or "head money," for the slaughter of all known species of venomous snakes—fourpence for each cobra and twopence for each viper or kerait. Notwithstanding the payment of large sums annually for the destruction of these reptiles, the results have hitherto been most discouraging, and of late it has become a serious question whether any benefit is to

be derived from the payment of these rewards. The mortality still continues very heavy and snakes appear to be as plentiful as ever. On the principle that where there is a demand a supply is forthcoming, it has for some time been suspected that the natives of the country have in some places resorted to breeding snakes for the sake of the rewards offered for them.

Now if the British government wants to go about the business in the scientific way in which we in America deal with the liquor traffic, it will start government snake-breeding farms in all parts of India and license them at so much a farm. In that way they would of course greatly increase the number of people who die from snake bite, but they would bring a lot of money into the till from these licensed farms. It would be just as moral and just as sensible as the way we license the liquor traffic.

THE BIBLE AND THE LABOR QUESTION

I am sure I shall earn the thanks of ministers and reform workers generally by calling to their attention a very remarkable collection of Scripture quotations which Governor George W. Atkinson, of West Virginia, recently included in his Labor Day Proclamation. They are as follows: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou

return." (Genesis 3 : 19.) "Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work." (Exodus 20 : 9.) "For thou shall eat the labor of thine hands: happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee." (Psalm 128 : 2.) "In all labor there is profit: but the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury." (Proverbs 14 : 23.) "The labor of the righteous tendeth to life: the fruit of the wicked to sin." (Proverbs 10 : 16.) "Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening." (Psalm 104 : 23.) "He that gathereth in summer is a wise son: but he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame." (Proverbs 10 : 5.) "He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread: but he that followeth after vain persons shall have poverty enough." (Proverbs 28 : 19.) "Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished: but he that gathereth by labor shall increase." (Proverbs 13 : 11.) "There is nothing better for a man, than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labor. This also I saw, that it was from the hand of God." (Ecclesiastes 2 : 24.) "Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labor." (Ecclesiastes 4 : 9.) "The sleep of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much: but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep." (Ecclesiastes 5 : 12.) "So built we the wall; and all the wall was joined together unto the half thereof: for the people had

a mind to work." (Nehemiah 4 : 6.) "Let him that stole steal no more : but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth." (Ephesians 4 : 28.) "And labor, working with our own hands : being reviled, we bless ; being persecuted, we suffer it." (1 Corinthians 4 : 12.) "Now he that planteth and he that watereth are one : and every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labor." (1 Corinthians 3 : 8.) "The husbandman that laboreth must be first partaker of the fruits." (2 Timothy 2 : 6.) "But what think ye? A certain man had two sons ; and he came to the first and said, Son, go work to-day in my vineyard." (Matthew 21 : 28.) "And that ye study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands, as we commanded you." (1 Thessalonians 4 : 11.) "For even when we were with you, this we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat." (2 Thessalonians 3 : 10.) "For the workman is worthy of his meat." (Matthew 10 : 10.)

THE WEB OF LIFE

Many people are willing to buy peace at far too great a cost. Some seem to feel that a life is all spoiled if it is compelled to meet discord and strife. They forget that trees never grow strong and the fields never grow fertile in any other way. There

are many colorless lives, dull and unattractive, which if they could only be roused to earnestness and made to stand as soldiers for a great principle would take on coloring that would add greatly to their charms. Clinton Scollard has a striking little poem, entitled "The Weaver," suggesting something of our thought:

In a dim little room
I saw a weaver plying at his loom
That ran as swiftly as an iterant rhyme;
And lo! the workman at the loom was Time
Weaving the web of Life.
'Twas party-colored, wrought of Peace and Strife;
And through the warp thereof
Shot little golden threads of Joy and Love.
And one stood by whose eyes were brimmed with tears,
Poising the mighty shears
Wherewith, when seemed the weaver's will at ebb,
He cut the wondrous web.
Time weaves and weaves; and his dark brother, he
Will one day cut the web for you and me.

MR. TOBE JONES

Booker T. Washington, in urging the fact that the interests of white men and negroes are intertwined threads and that neither can suffer without pain to the other and neither can rise without helping the other, says, in "The Future of the American Negro": "Not long ago I overheard a conversation among three white men. Two of them were

berating the negro, saying he was shiftless and lazy. The third man listened to their remarks for a time, and then he said: 'I don't know what your experience has been, but there is a "nigger" down our way who owns a good house and lot with about fifty acres of ground. His house is well furnished, and he has splendid horses and cattle. He is intelligent and has a bank account. I don't know what the "niggers" are in your community, but Tobe Jones is a gentleman!' Again, a certain colored man was walking through the streets of a little Southern town when he chanced to meet two white men. The negro has a good education, a comfortable bank account, and owns two or three houses and lots, and the white men knew it. One of them turned to the other, and said: 'It's all I can do to keep from calling that nigger "mister."' Now, what we want to do is to multiply 'Tobe Joneses,' and place them in every Southern community, and to sow broadcast the type which deserves to be called 'mister.' Then the race question will disappear."

A COLD WATER QUEEN

The young Queen of Holland is said, by so good an authority as the *Christian World* of London, to be a total abstainer and a hard worker in the temperance cause. She has made a convert also of her great friend, the Princess Paulina of Wurtemberg,

and both royal ladies actively use their influence on the side of temperance and of the Woman's Social Purity League. The indications are that Wilhelmina of Holland may become the most influential queen of Europe, and her attitude as a total abstainer and friend of the temperance cause can not but have a most marvelous influence. Her attitude will make total abstinence from the use of strong drinks not only popular at her own court, but her powerful example will strengthen the courage of temperance men and women at the other courts of Europe.

MAKING A BROTHER'S LOAD LIGHTER

A beautiful story is told of Leighton the artist: After a certain prize-day at the Academy a student was passing through the first room on his way to the entrance. He looked the picture of dejection and disappointed wretchedness, poorly and shabbily dressed, and slinking away as if he wished to pass out of the place unnoticed. Millais and Leighton, walking arm in arm, came along, pictures of prosperity. Leighton caught sight of the poor downcast student. Leaving Millais, he darted across the vestibule to him, and, taking the student's arm, drew him back into the first room, and made him sit down on the ottoman beside him. Putting his arm on the top of the ottoman, and resting his head on his hand, Leighton began to talk as he alone could talk, pouring forth volumes of earnest,

rapid utterances as if everything in the world depended on his words conveying what he wanted them to convey. He went on and on. The shabby figure gradually seemed to pull itself together, and at last, when they both rose, he seemed to have become another creature. Leighton shook hands with him, and the youth went on his way rejoicing. It is certain that if other help than advice were needed it was given. But it was the extraordinary zest and vitality which Leighton put into his help which made it unlike any other. He fought every one's cause as others fight their own.

We all ought to live in that sort of sympathy toward our fellow men. Many a poor soul goes down in despair that would take hope again if we only gave him the smile and word of good cheer and the strong grip of the hand at the right time.

WOMEN IN REFORM WORK

We must never forget that women are peculiarly fitted for great influence in helping on all questions of reform. Let no woman for a moment imagine that it is an indifferent matter what attitude she takes on a question of public righteousness. When Miss Caroline Hazzard assumed the duties of president of Wellesley Ladies' College she said in her address: "It is because I believe with all my heart in the holiness of life that I stand here to-day. I believe that woman has an increasingly important part to

play in this life. With enlarged opportunities come increased responsibilities—responsibilities as yet unadjusted to unaccustomed shoulders. It is because I believe in divine life among men, in the direct and personal connection of each soul with its Maker, that I dare to take up the great work you are committing to my care. Humanity without divinity is of the dust that perishes. Humanity joined to divinity can accomplish the impossible. Therefore, on this day, at this solemn hour of accepting a trust, I speak not of knowledge, wide and profitable as is that great field, but I speak of wisdom, the gift of heaven, which must descend like gentle rain to fructify and fertilize, or there can be no harvest fit for the nourishment of man."

A HUMAN LIGHTSHIP

Extending out into the Atlantic Ocean for thirteen miles and paralleling the Cape Hatteras coast for a considerable distance are the much-dreaded Diamond Shoals, where the government is arranging to place the greatest lightship ever built. During the last three years a light vessel has successfully ridden out many of the severest gales sweeping that part of the ocean, breaking away occasionally, but always managing to make safe harbor except in one instance, when she ran on the beach and was damaged. Now a new lightship is to be located there, designed to hold fast, no matter how the

winds blow and the seas run. Her masts will be hollow steel, through which will be run the wiring of the masthead flash-lights which will throw rays many miles out over the sea. Every Christian citizen ought to be like that lightship; his very masts, which carry the sails of life, should also be illuminated by the Spirit which permeates his being and controls and masters his life. Christ surely meant something like that when he said to his disciples, "Ye are the light of the world."

THE GRIT THAT IS NEEDED

A young woman of Trenton, N. J., recently rode thirty miles on the narrow step of a vestibuled express train. The distance was covered at the rate of a mile a minute. She clambered aboard the steps just as the train was pulling out from Philadelphia. Much to her surprise she found the vestibule doors securely locked. At first this did not give her any worry, because she fully expected the porter or some passenger would soon release her from her perilous position. She rapped on the glass doors, but the noise of the train prevented her knocking from being heard. Finally she stopped rapping on the door and crouched low to maintain her position on the narrow step. The cinders from the engine kept blowing in her eyes, yet she dared not loose her hold to brush them out. The smoke, too, blew in her face, often choking her. Finally,

as the train was nearing a station, a man entered the vestibule and stopped just a moment. She managed to make a feeble rap with her umbrella. The gentleman saw her and hurried away. In a few minutes he returned with the conductor. When the doors were unbarred the two men grasped the young lady firmly and drew her into the car. She was not frightened and did not faint, but was stiff and weak from her cramped position. When she was seen about it she said: "I am sorry that this has got out. It wasn't much. I just hung on; that was all I could do."

There are many crises like that in the career of every earnest worker for righteousness and reform. All one can do is to just hang on and be sure not to let go. The train will stop some time; the reaction will come; and our opportunity to make ourselves felt for righteousness will come if we simply hang on.

A SOLID FRONT TO THE ENEMY

A hunter, writing in a sportsman's paper, tells how, with a companion, he came upon a herd of elk and was attracted by the strange antics of the animals. There were cows, calves, and spike bulls. When the hunters first saw them they were huddled together in a round bunch like cattle in a round-up. As they stood looking at them the elk broke into a run, going one hundred yards or so, then knotted

up again. At first they could not make out what the matter was, but on going closer to them they saw that they were being harrassed by a couple of big wolves. The elk would bunch, with the cows and young bulls on the outside, heads out, calves in the center, the wolves circling round the outside and trying to break up and scatter the herd so they could single out a calf. The wolves charged again and again, but for a long time the elk stood firm. At last the wolves withdrew and seemed to give it up. At this the elk broke into a run again. When their organization was broken the wolves returned to the charge, and this time succeeded in cutting out a two-year old heifer. As soon as the heifer was separated from the bunch her fate was sealed, as the wolves kept between her and the rest until they were well out of the way, and then closed with her. One of the wolves seized her by the ham, and in an instant she was down, with hamstring severed. The other wolf then sprang at her throat, and the jugular vein was cut as quickly as it could be done with a knife.

It is like that that the saloon-keepers prey upon society. If all the people who hate the liquor-saloon, and who wish it was destroyed, would unite together, and keep an unbroken front to the enemy, they could not only defend society from its ravages, but they could stamp the liquor traffic to death. It is when our ranks are broken, and we run from the foe, that we are helpless. Oh, for some one wise

enough to coalesce all the hosts of righteousness into one solid front against the liquor-saloons!

THE FIRE DANCE

The Mesa Grande Indians of San Diego, California, have a fire dance which is horrible in the extreme. It is practised at night. In the middle of a plaza a great fire of logs is lighted. The flickering light falls upon the excited faces of the squatting squaws and standing Indians, all hideously and grotesquely painted, and all grimly watching the darkness from whence the dancers are to come. Finally two great Indians come slowly out of the shadows, crouching and stooping as they come, and approach the fire, uttering wild, strange gutteral cries. They are naked to the waist, and their great, dark, sinuous bodies are painted hideously with a white paste. They wear a head-dress of owl feathers and a festoon of eagle plumes draped from the shoulders to the waist. In their strange, savage, crouching position they dance slowly and solemnly about the fire three times, bowing, kneeling, and gesticulating to it with barbaric cries and yells, and then disappearing in the shadows whence they came. They come and go in this way until, after a little, the whole band come forth about the fire and begin a furious dance, accompanied by yells and shrieks of maddened excitement. As the dance grows wilder the chants grow

louder and more frantic, and for hours the braves dance, until they can hardly stand. At last comes the most hideous part of the whole hideous performance. Suddenly, with deep grunts and gutteral snarls of excitement, the whole band sit down around the fire and thrust their feet into the blaze. The place is filled with a sickening odor of burning flesh, while they continue to dance until the live coals are danced out.

Horrible! you say. Yes, indeed, but you have grown accustomed to something far more horrible in the very heart of civilization. Have you never seen a young man make his bow to the wine-cup? Have you never seen him play and dally with the beer-mug? Have you never seen the habit grow on a man until, losing all shame and all self-control, he thrusts himself into the fires of intoxication? And men see and know and shudder, not at the smell of burning flesh only, but to behold the horror of a burning soul. That is what the story of a drunkard means, and no liquor-saloon can ever be licensed without bringing about orgies like that. And yet Christian men are duped into giving these licenses. May God teach us wisdom!

A COLD WATER CANTEEN

Those who advocate liquor-selling in the canteens of the American army do so in utter defiance of the best lessons of modern warfare. Lord Kitchener's

two-year campaign in the Soudan is one of the marvels of the century. As commander of the Egyptian Khedive's army he brought it to perfection as a fighting force and kept his men singularly free from disease in their desert life. Lord Kitchener did not allow one drop of intoxicants of any kind in his canteens, and to that fact he attributes his success more than to anything else. "Of sickness there was practically none, the average being far below home-station rates," says a well-known war correspondent who was with the army on its travels. "No beer or rum rations were issued, nor were liquors of any kind allowed to be sold. Mineral water was freely sold and much used. Once when a big brewery firm concern sent out a hundred barrels of beer in the vain hope that Kitchener might yet relent, they received them all back again at the double-quick, and shipped at their own expense, too."

THE GREATEST DANGER OF ALL

General Philip Sheridan was once asked by a friend: "Phil, if you could choose for your little son from all the temptations which will beset him the one most to be feared, what would it be?"

General Sheridan leaned his head on his hand and said soberly: "It would be the curse of strong drink. Boys are not saints. We are all self-willed, strong-willed, maybe, full of courage, and thrift, and push,

and kindness, and charity; but woe be to the man or boy who becomes a slave of liquor! Oh, I would rather see my little son die to-day than to see him carried in to his mother drunk! One of my brave soldier boys on the field said to me just before battle, when he gave me his message to his mother, if he should be killed: 'Tell her I have kept my promise to her. Not one drink have I tasted.' The boy was killed. I carried the message with my own lips to the mother. She said: 'General, that is more glory for my boy than if he had taken a city.'"

THE SALOON DISGRACE

A little boy with his dog, "Colonel," was going past a liquor-saloon, the door of which was wide open. The dog, not knowing any better, went in, but the little boy rushed after him with some good advice: "Come out of there, Colonel! Don't be disgracing the family."

HELPERS OF CIVILIZATION

In the Biological Laboratory of an Eastern college one of the college officials one day met a woman who was handling some bit of dead matter which was not at all pleasant to the eye and may not have been pleasant to at least one other sense. He said to her, "What are you doing that for?"

Her simple answer was, "I am doing this to help on." Through that simple service in the Biological Laboratory, unpleasant and disagreeable as it was, she was preparing herself to be helpful to humanity. That is the spirit we need to permeate society everywhere. The Christian citizen must be a helpful citizen.

THE CHINESE DRAGON

If a Chinaman wishes for happiness and peace in this world and the next, he feels obliged to consult His Majesty the Dragon as to where his house shall be built and his grave be made. The liquor traffic is the dragon of politics in the United States. No Chinaman was ever more careful to conciliate his dragon than the average American politician is to keep on good terms with the saloon vote. In every sense the liquor-saloon is the dragon and devil of American politics.

DANGER IN THE SOIL

The story of a young South African farmer who plowed up a bundle of Mauser rifles, ammunition, and provisions recalls an excellent story concerning a settler in Yakato, Africa. He was engaged one day in the peaceful occupation of plowing, when he suddenly heard a loud explosion and felt a blow that completely stunned him. On coming to his

senses he found that his plow was broken to pieces and that his horse had suffered a similar fate. He had, as a matter of fact, struck upon a live shell, which had been buried during the Maori war. The story suggests the dangers that are sown in our American soil by the liquor-saloon. The dangerous shells of anarchy and political corruption are being embedded in all the fields of our American life.

THE WASTES OF MODERN LIFE

A great deal of interest has been aroused in London by the granting of a license to a commercial company for the manufacture of fuel from waste material. It is found that street refuse, sewage, and mud from rivers can be chemically treated so as to become combustible. This product when compressed resembles blocks of dull ebony and burns readily, leaving only about twenty-five per cent. of firm ash. Street sweepings, mixed with a small percentage of cheap chemicals, pressed into blocks, and sterilized by being subjected to a great heat, make most excellent fuel. So with sewage. It can be manufactured into fuel very much like the best coal, and can be made for about two dollars a ton.

But the worst wastage of the city—the waste of brain and heart, the waste of character from vice and sin—no one has discovered how to get good out of that except to redeem it by reformation. Yet

there is a way much better than that, and that is the way of prevention. We can stop licensing liquor-saloons to break down manhood and destroy womanhood, and thus stop the fountain that pours its tide of mental and moral sewage through the town and city. Of all the wastages in the world there is none so terrible, none so beyond repair, as the wastage of human lives through the desolating liquor traffic.

HARDER THAN THE BEASTS

A four-year-old girl wandered away from home in an Oregon forest, and was lost in the mountains for forty-eighth ours. When discovered she was quite unharmed. She told of having seen a big black dog with two puppies, which she tried to catch, "but they ran away after their mamma." The "dog" was a bear, and the "puppies" were her cubs.

Even the wild beasts will often spare little children, but the liquor traffic spares no one. Old age will not touch its heart with compassion and innocent childhood has no power to win its pity.

THE SALOON AND THE POOR-HOUSE

In a fight for the last drink of alcohol from a bottle, one inmate of a New Haven almshouse killed another not long since. The drink had sent the men to the poor-house in the first place, and they

had both been ill as a result of their dissipation. They were in the convalescent ward, and great friendship existed between them until one of the attendants carelessly left in the ward a bottle of raw alcohol. The two men divided the liquor into many small drinks. Weak from their illness, soon they were both drunk. They fought for the last drink, and the stronger beat and kicked the other until he was unconscious. How harmonious is this in the relation between the drink and the poor-house. They always belong together. The road between them is a highway, and, alas! has many travelers.

MONEY IN POLITICS

Consternation has been caused in Madrid by the discovery that Spain is practically without a navy. That fact was patent to the rest of the world at the end of the Spanish-American War. The pride of Spain was humbled to the dust by the easy victory of the United States, but the nation at that time did not realize that the real cause was the official corruption which had existed for many years. There seems to be at least one man in the kingdom who has discovered the truth. He is the premier and minister of marine of the government, Señor Silvelas. He has been investigating the navy and has announced that it has practically ceased to exist. He has condemned fifty war vessels as useless. Among these is the first-class cruiser Lepanto, which

was launched only two years ago. Money appropriated for the navy has either been foolishly expended or diverted to the pockets of officials.

It is very easy to stand off and look at Spain in that condition, but we ought to find a warning in it as well. There can be no doubt that there is more money used in American politics in city councils and legislatures to-day than ever before. The giant corporations that exist now must be made to obey the law or the country will be poisoned from center to circumference with official rottenness and political corruption.

SCORPIONS ON BOARD

A ship recently came into New York Harbor from Jamaica that was simply a floating nest of scorpions, and almost the entire trip was one of horror on the part of the officers and crew. The captain says that one night when he turned down the blanket in his berth he found twenty-two scorpions in his bed. He did not dare lie down in the berth after that, but spent the nights on a couch, dreaming of scorpions, centipedes, and tarantulas.

The saloon is making something like that out of our Ship of State—a floating nest of poison. If a heathen people come under our flag we multiply the liquor-saloons and debauch them instead of uplifting them in the scale of being. The captain of the *Emita* ran his ship into port, and had a thor-

ough house-cleaning, and killed every scorpion that could be found before he went to sea again. That is what the United States government needs to do. The liquor-saloons are monstrous scorpions, full of deadly poison to every interest of humanity and civilization.

DRINK AND SKILL

The French workman, formerly so intelligent and so skilful—in reality, one of the ornaments of France—is fast losing his industrial value in the districts where he drinks. He is unlearning. He has no longer either ambition or will. He is falling, from one generation to another, from the rank of foreman to that of simple laboring man, knowingly and voluntarily, without even trying to struggle. Normandy is one of the provinces of France where there is the most drinking. A cotton manufacturer of Rouen said to Doctor Brunon that he had at the present time much difficulty to find young men willing to learn the delicate parts of the trade. They are not capable of the least initiative, he said. The slightest responsibility is too heavy for them. They prefer pushing a wheelbarrow in a mill to handling a trade. The intellectual standard is lowering rapidly, like the standard of height. The people are more or less given to drinking throughout Normandy, the women as well as the men, and the children like their parents. They drag the children to drink from

the cradle. They give them brandy in their nursing-bottles. They give them soup flavored with brandy, and cognac with their coffee. This is true in regard to girls as well as boys. In a number of districts the women are more drunken than the men. No wonder their skill is gone!

THE MAN WHO NEVER DRANK

When General Grant was in command of the army before Vicksburg, several officers were once gathered at his headquarters. One of the number invited the others to a social glass. All accepted except one. He asked to be excused, remarking, "I never drink." A few days afterward this total abstainer received a note from General Grant, requesting him to report at headquarters. Upon his doing so, Grant said: "You are the officer, I believe, who said the other day that you never drank." The young man replied, modestly, that he was. "Then," continued the general, "you are the man I have been looking for to take charge of the commissary department, and I order you to be detailed for that duty." All through the remainder of the war he served in that capacity, and after General Grant became President the young man who never drank was again in demand. The President, needing a very trustworthy man for some important position, gave him the appointment.

This requirement of total abstinence for employ-

ment in important positions is becoming more universal every year. In my position as pastor of a large city congregation I help to get employment for hundreds of men, and I know how utterly useless it is to try to get a man in anywhere if, after describing what he is able to do, you are compelled to say, "But he sometimes drinks." Employers will no longer listen about that kind of men. Let every young man heed that, and let every voter note the diabolical deed that is performed by the community when it licenses a man to sell that which will make it impossible for the purchaser to get a fair opportunity to earn his daily bread.

KNOWN BY THE COMPANY IT KEEPS

An institution or a business is known by the company it keeps as truly as is an individual. It is impressive to judge the liquor-saloon in that way, and it is the only way to get at its true character. Everybody knows that gambling-hells are always carried on in connection with the saloon. If they are not in the same room with the bar they are in the rear, or just overhead, and are in connection with the bar-room. A gambling-hell could not be run without the stimulation of liquor. Houses of prostitution always have close connection with the liquor-saloon. Liquor is nearly always sold in them. Every form of vice and crime finds a natural breeding-place in the saloon. If the police want to find a burglar, or

a highwayman, or a murderer, or any sort of vile criminal, they shadow the saloons. If there is to be a prize-fight arranged, or if a city council is to be bought up in the interest of some steal of the people's money, the saloon always has a hand in it. Judging the saloon by the company it keeps, a wayfaring man, tho a fool, can see that it is the rotten plague-spot of American municipal life.

LAWLESSNESS

Dr. Lyman Abbott, in a heart-searching sermon on the subject of "sin," recently gave utterance to some striking sentences that go to the root of some of our present troubles. Among other things Dr. Abbott said: "Sin and ignorance are not the same; therefore education will not cure sin. There is a great difference between ignorance and sin. So there is between a green apple and an apple with a worm at the core. But both are bad. Virtue is a victory of character, while sin is a failure of character. Sin is lawlessness, and lawlessness is sin. Those who live without attention to the law of God are lawless. Lawlessness is living as though there were no law of God. Virtue is living in conformity with the law of God. The law of virtue in industry is distribution so that all may reap some benefit. It is the law of a good man to do all the good he can in his community. A great deal of the present national discussion is caused by employers trying

to see how little wages they can give their employees, and employees trying to see how little work they can give their employers. Wherever there is greed there is lawlessness, which is sin."

HAWKS IN TOWN

Not long ago an immense flock of hawks settled around a small town in the northern part of Ohio. Every gun in the town was brought into requisition and several hundred were killed before the flock resumed its flight. It attracted great attention because it is so unusual for these birds to flock together.

The most common town hawk is the saloon-keeper. He specially takes to the town, and in the great cities he flocks by the thousand. He is essentially a bird of prey. He lives by tearing and devouring not only the substance but the health and brain and character of his victims. Let all good citizens get out their guns against the saloon-hawk. The most effective gun known to modern civilization is the ballot.

MORAL MALARIA BREEDERS

The mosquito is having a remarkable inning with the English scientists. Three thousand mosquitos, gathered from the British crown colonies and by British consuls abroad, have recently arrived at the

Natural History Museum in London for classification. Meanwhile the experiments in the malaria sections about Rome, Italy, have convinced not only the doctors but the Italian authorities that the mosquito carries malaria wherever it goes.

The saloon is like the mosquito in that respect, except that the malaria that it carries is not only physical, but mental, moral, and political as well. There is an atmosphere of disease rising from the liquor-saloon. It can not exist in the community without giving forth a pestilential breath that is most destructive to every human interest.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS

It always pays to live up to the law of kindness. One can not always tell what great results will come in the train of seemingly small deeds that are performed with a desire to be helpful. An engineer of a passenger-train on a Mississippi railroad was driving through a snow-storm, eagerly scanning the track as far as he could see, when, half-way through a deep cut, something appeared lying on the rails. It was a sheep with her two little lambs. His first thought was that he could rush on without any damage to his train; but the sight of the innocent family cowering in the storm touched him, and he pulled the air-brake and sent his fireman ahead. In a few minutes the fireman came back with a terrified face. There had been a landslide, and just beyond

the cut the track was covered with rocks. It seemed certain that if the train had gone on at full speed, in the blinding snow, it would have been impossible to stop in time to escape disaster.

In the absolute sense the incident was providential; but circumstantially the passengers on that railway owed their safety, if not their lives, to an engineer who was too tender-hearted to kill a sheep and her lambs. So many men and women who have given their earnest, faithful service to make a safer path for the neighbor's boy, or bring greater happiness to the neighbor's girl, have been thus saving their own dear ones. Unselfish devotion to the good of others is the surest way to take care of ourselves, for this is God's world and not the devil's.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

A two-year-old child near Perryville, Kentucky, was out playing in the yard recently, and returned to the house with a snake writhing and coiling in its hand. When almost to the house the snake bit the little one, who dropped the deadly plaything, which disappeared into the bushes. The child died a few hours later in agony.

That is terrible; but after all it is a merciful death compared to the slow poisoning which thousands of mothers are compelled to watch going on in their children from the fangs of the liquor-saloon.

THE WALLS OF THE CITY

Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves, an English poet, publishes in the London *Spectator* an interesting little poem on the occasion of the return of some of the troops to London from South Africa. His theme is that it is not walls but true men who make a city. Americans may well read and heed it, and if we were to apply it to one of our own cities, or to the nation as a whole, it would be full of instructive power. How careful we ought to be to save our people from anything that will destroy the walls of the nation! Mr. Graves' song is well worth reading:

London Town, hear a ditty,
While we crown our comrades true.
"Men, not walls, make a city";
Ill befalls when men are few.

Ill, indeed, when from his duty
Into greed the burgess falls,
Every hand on bribe and booty—
How shall stand that city's walls?

Never yet upon thine annals
Hath been written such a shame;
Never down such crooked channels,
London Town, thy commerce came.

On the poor no tyrant burden,
Debt secure and sacred trust,
Honest gain and generous guerdon,
These remain thy record just.

Therefore still through all thy story
Loyal will thy trained bands lead
Forth to feats of patriot glory,
Back through streets with bays o'erspread.

Therefore last when loud with warning
Blast on blast the muster rang,
As of old all peril scorning
Forth thy bold young burghers sprang:

Faced the fight, endured the prison,
Through the night of dark and gloom,
Till the empire's star new risen
Chased afar the clouds of doom.

Therefore, when their ranks come marching
Home again with flashing feet,
Under bays of triumph arching
City ways and city street;

London, lift to God thanksgiving
For his gift that passes all—
For thy heroes, dead and living,
Who have made the city wall.

THE WAR AT HOME

Lord Rosebery, speaking in London recently, said that his hearers were about to welcome their brothers and their sons home from the battle-field, but assured them that there are battle-fields in London as well as in South Africa. Said the eloquent orator: "War here is more strenuous because it is eternal. You may put an end to your South

African war; you may make peace with your enemy; but in London you have a war which you will not end in your lives, for your enemies are longer lived than you are. You have to fight the ignorance, the apathy, the vice, the corruption, aye, and the crime of London. Are those battles not worth winning? Is it not worth while for the Christian Social Union and all the bodies and all the individuals at work on this inexhaustible subject—is it not worth their while to redouble their efforts in view of the dangers they have to face? The chairman pointed out that this is an imperial question. There is no question so imperial as this. The empire is not South Africa alone, Canada alone, Australia alone, or India alone. The heart of the empire is Britain, and the heart of Britain is London, and you can not afford to allow that center and source of empire to decay or be poisoned by the want of vigilance or supervision on your part. In another sense, even more vital, this is an imperial question. What is an empire unless it is a pillar of an imperial race, and what are you doing if you allow this imperial race to be vitiated and poisoned in the dens of crime and horror in which too many of them are reared? Why, if you are an imperial race be an imperial race indeed; say that you will not see these proud citizens of yours brought up in a manner which must inevitably lead to crime, disease, and death."

Every word of that could be applied with equal

wisdom to our own affairs. We must not expand so much in width that we shall fail to see the need of expansion in height in our own citizens. If we are to send good blood out to the finger-tips of this great American nation we must have clean-hearted men at home.

THE JUNGLES OF AMERICA

From India, in 1901, came these official figures relating to deaths caused in the constant war which reigns there between man and beast: In the year 1900, 128,000 wild beasts were killed and rewards claimed for their slaughter; during the same period 25,000 men, women, and children met their death through tooth, claw, and the poison of snakes. It is interesting to note how the deaths are apportioned among the wild beasts. First comes the terrible man-eating tiger, which is responsible for 927 victims; the wolves come next, with a total of 462; while the leopard claims 394. Under the heading, "Other Wild Beasts," are computed 1,482 human deaths. The rest of the grand total, nearly 22,000 items of this terrible death-list, are set down to snake bites. It is almost futile to expect any great reduction in the annual loss of life from poisonous snakes, for the natives will never kill one of these creatures if they can avoid doing so.

That is a terrible showing for the jungles of India, but the jungles of America have a far worse

showing than that. Instead of twenty-two thousand, the liquor-saloon destroys over one hundred thousand men and women every year. And here, too, we have the horrible sight of men who are licensed and protected in the work of destruction for so much money paid into the public treasury. If a man in the Indian jungle were licensed to grow snakes to feed on the villages, it would be no more immoral and devilish than is the licensing of the liquor-saloons for that purpose here.

THE DEAD DRUNKARDS

Winston Spencer Churchill has this striking paragraph in his report of the South African war. He writes: "Near a clump of rock eighteen Gordon Highlanders lay dead in a row. Their faces were covered with blankets, but their gray-stockinged feet—for the boots had been removed—looked very pitiful. There they lay stiff and cold on the surface of the great Banket Reef. I know how much more precious their lives had been to their countrymen than all the gold-mines the lying foreigners say this war was fought to win. And yet, in view of the dead and the ground they lay on, neither I nor the officer who rode with me could control an emotion of illogical anger, and we scowled at the tall chimney of the Rand."

And yet every year the American people see a hundred thousand lying stiff and cold and dead in

their drunkenness, they see thousands of others in insane asylums, still other thousands in jails and chain-gangs and penitentiaries, and how little anger, how little hot blood of indignation, is aroused! When will we have the grace to get mad at this accursed evil?

THE CHRISTIAN'S POSSUM

The Christian people of the country do not make themselves felt as they ought to in controlling government on behalf of Christian ethics because they are scattered through all parties and are whipped in detachments. Christian men constantly help political parties into power, only to see the saloon growing fat on their labor. They have all the work, but get no good out of it. It is like the story which a Mississippi Congressman tells of a negro epicure who caught a fine, large 'possum, skinned, dressed, and hung it before a blazing fire under a spreading tree, and while it was baking to a delectable brown, lay down on the ground and went to sleep beside it. About the time the 'possum was done a slick little darkey happening that way stole the 'possum and ate it up. Then he took the bones and laid them down in front of his sleeping brother, greased his lips with 'possum grease and smeared 'possum grease over his fingers. When the owner of the 'possum awoke he looked about, dazed and surprised to find his dinner gone; but the bones lay in

front of him, he saw the grease on his fingers and tasted it on his lips. "Is it pos'ble," he said, "I dun eat dat 'possum when I was 'sleep? I smell 'possum, I taste 'possum, and dar is de bones. It sartinly do look like I mus' hab eat him; but dat der 'possum dun hab less 'fect on my con'stution den enny ole 'possum I ever did eat befo'."

LORD WOLSELEY AND THE BOYS

Lord Wolseley, who has just returned from the command of the English army, after carefully inspecting five hundred and forty boys in the Duke of York's Royal Military School at Chelsea, and after watching them in marching and drill evolutions, made an address to the boys. Having spoken of the need of absolute obedience, he laid the greatest emphasis on his words as he said: "Be temperate in your habits; in fact, I should say to you: Be teetotalers. The curse of the army has been drink, and those who do not drink have an enormous advantage over those who do drink. Let every boy among you adhere to temperance principles wherever he goes."

IN HIS BROTHER'S PLACE

Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff, of New York, while visiting one of the State prisons recently, asked, out of curiosity, to be locked up in one of

the dark cells which are used as punishment for the infraction of the rules. He had not been in the cell more than a minute before he called out to be released. He said that the brief time he had been in the Stygian darkness had seemed like an hour and was long enough to last a lifetime. With what wisdom Paul speaks when he assures us that in order to have the proper feeling of sympathy and pity for our fellow beings who are in sorrow and trouble we must put ourselves in their place, feel ourselves as bound with them in their bonds.

THE SHADOW OF THE SALOONS

While under the influence of liquor a man in an interior Ohio town recently made a murderous assault on his wife with a butcher-knife. He made several attempts to stab her, but she managed to get out of his way, and he quieted down. His wife then started from the room, when he again noiselessly and stealthily seized the knife and struck her upon the head with the blade. She saw the shadow of his arm upon the wall and dodged in time to avoid receiving anything more serious than a deep flesh cut.

Oh, the shadows on American womanhood, thrown there by the liquor-saloon! How the sunlight would fall into hearts and homes that are now dark and black with shadows if the liquor-saloon were only wiped out of existence!

A HORRIBLE EXAMPLE IN THE PULPIT

In an Indiana town not long ago, where a revival was in progress, conducted by an earnest evangelist, a most dramatic scene was witnessed. On a front seat near the pulpit sat a drunken saloon porter, who had wandered into the place in a dazed condition. The preacher was waxing earnest and eloquent on the temperance question, when the intoxicated man arose and in a stentorian tone denounced him as a scoundrel and a liar. A number of women fainted. "Don't take him out!" exclaimed the evangelist, as the janitor was pushing the man toward the door. "It is not the man, but the liquor in him, that speaks. He is no worse than I was once." With the sot standing there beside him in the pulpit the minister continued his discourse with the living subject for a horrible example. After the outburst the man repented and wept. And yet the saloon is all the time taking decent, good men and making them into horrible examples like that. It can not exist without doing so.

LONG YEARS OF BONDAGE

President Roosevelt, when Governor of New York, pardoned from Sing Sing a man who had been incarcerated thirty-three years. He entered prison in the heyday of youth, and emerged a broken, decrepit old man. In the long years that

had elapsed he had been deserted by wife and friends and was alone and friendless. A man who interviewed him said that he was old with an age that is not known to free men. His eyes had a haunting eagerness. Pain was stamped upon his face in an infinity of lines. His voice was pitifully low and husky, and sank away into a mere breath, as if conversation were a lost art with him. He had the timidity which we might look for in a man who had been cast away for many years upon a desert island, who had hoped daily and hourly for the ship of rescue, but who, when at last his hopes are fulfilled and he is again among men, finds that he can not understand them.

Do you ask what caused this life-long imprisonment? The liquor-saloon caused it, of course. While intoxicated he committed the crime that has blackened his whole life. An old man who knew him before he was imprisoned said, "Cody was not a bad sort of fellow, but when he was drinking he was liable to do anything." The country is full of men like that to-day. Shut up the liquor-saloons and they will be good citizens; leave the saloons open, and they are liable to do anything that is bad.

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